

CHRISTMAS NUMBER.

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THE CHRIST-CHILD.

I.



ONE is the day of care.
Into the shadowy room
Flows the pure evening light,
To stem the gathering gloom,
The lily's flame illumine,
And the bowed heads make bright—
The heads bowed low in prayer.

II.

See how the level rays
Through the white garments pour
Of the holy child, who stands,
With bending brow, to implore
Grace on the toilers' store;
Oh, see those sinless hands!
Behold, the Christ-child prays!

III.

Wait, wait, ye lingering rays,
Stand still, O Earth and Sun,
Draw near, thou Soul of God—
This is the suffering one!
Already the way is begun
The pierced Saviour trod;
And now the Christ-child prays—
The holy Christ-child prays.



ITALIAN OLD MASTERS.

RAPHAEL.—1483-1520.

(RAFAELLO DI GIOVANNI SANTI.)



UNDISPUTED prince of painters for more than three centuries, not another of the magnates in art of the Italian Renaissance has been in the last two generations so belittled and belauded, by turns and by sects, as Raphael. And not another shows so luminously the advantages and the dangers of the system of art education which made the Renaissance what it was. When he began to paint we do not know, nor is it certain under whom, but probably his father, Giovanni Santi, was his first master. Vasari's love of the marvelous always led him to an overcoloring of what he most admired or disliked, so that none of his statements can be accepted implicitly when his sympathies or antipathies are enlisted; and his admiration of Raphael was unbounded. It was in part the reflection of the tone of his time, in which the personal charm of the brilliant painter, who died when all the world of Rome considered him at the threshold of a greater destiny, still prejudiced all criticism. Late and scientific investigation has furnished some confirmation and some contradiction of Vasari, and for the last half-century Raphael has become the subject of antagonistic appreciations—the logical consequence of unintelligent laudation.

He was born at Urbino,—so much seems certain,—and in the year 1483; Vasari says on the 28th of March, a Good Friday, though Grimm and later researches make it April 6; but there is no record of the event by contemporary authority, nor do those who make pilgrimages to the house where he is supposed to have been born have any assurance of its being his birthplace. His name appears for the first time in his father's will, and all the details of Vasari concerning his infancy are questionable, or even disproved by positive evidence. Raphael's mother, Magia, died in 1491, and his father married again in the following year, and died in 1494, when the boy was eleven. Of what had been done before that by his father to educate him in the practice of art, or what was done immediately after, we know nothing; all the marvels of Vasari, Passavant, and Grimm are of the very lightest authority.

What we can, with some chance of probability, conclude under the circumstances which we know is that, as Raphael's father had taken up painting with a reverential feeling for the art which is betrayed in his poetry, he would hail the first signs of a devotion to it in his only son, and would give him full play for his early efforts, which, from the general evidence we possess of the precocity of the youth, we may conclude to have been of high promise. It would be quite beyond all human probability that under those circumstances the father should not have imparted such education as was in his power; and as the artistic training of that time was in its early stages a purely technical one, full of conventional rules and methods mainly calculated to develop facility of execution and produce a stereotyped result in which, with all the acumen of modern investigation of styles and methods of execution, it is often impossible to determine the authorship of a work, the requisite education must have been quite within the father's competence. Colors were combined according to formula for all objects; the shadows of flesh had certain pigments, and the lights certain others; the conception of an imitation of nature in the modern sense had not entered into art; and the early training of the apprentice was in grinding colors, preparing grounds, tracing the designs of the master on the panel, and, as power increased, in doing by rule more or less of the actual painting. These processes Giovanni Santi must have learned before he could be considered a painter, and these he must have been competent to teach his son; and as we know that in the case of some of the masters of the epoch the studio-training began at the age of eight, when the boys were sent away from home to the master's house, we need strain no probabilities in supposing that the young Raphael might have been indulging his precocity at seven, or even at six, in his home and under his father's eye, and that at the time of his reception in the studio of Perugino (which we have no data to place earlier than 1500, though it may have taken place in 1495 immediately after his father's death) he knew already the elements of the painter's art well enough to become a valuable assistant. The question where Raphael spent the years

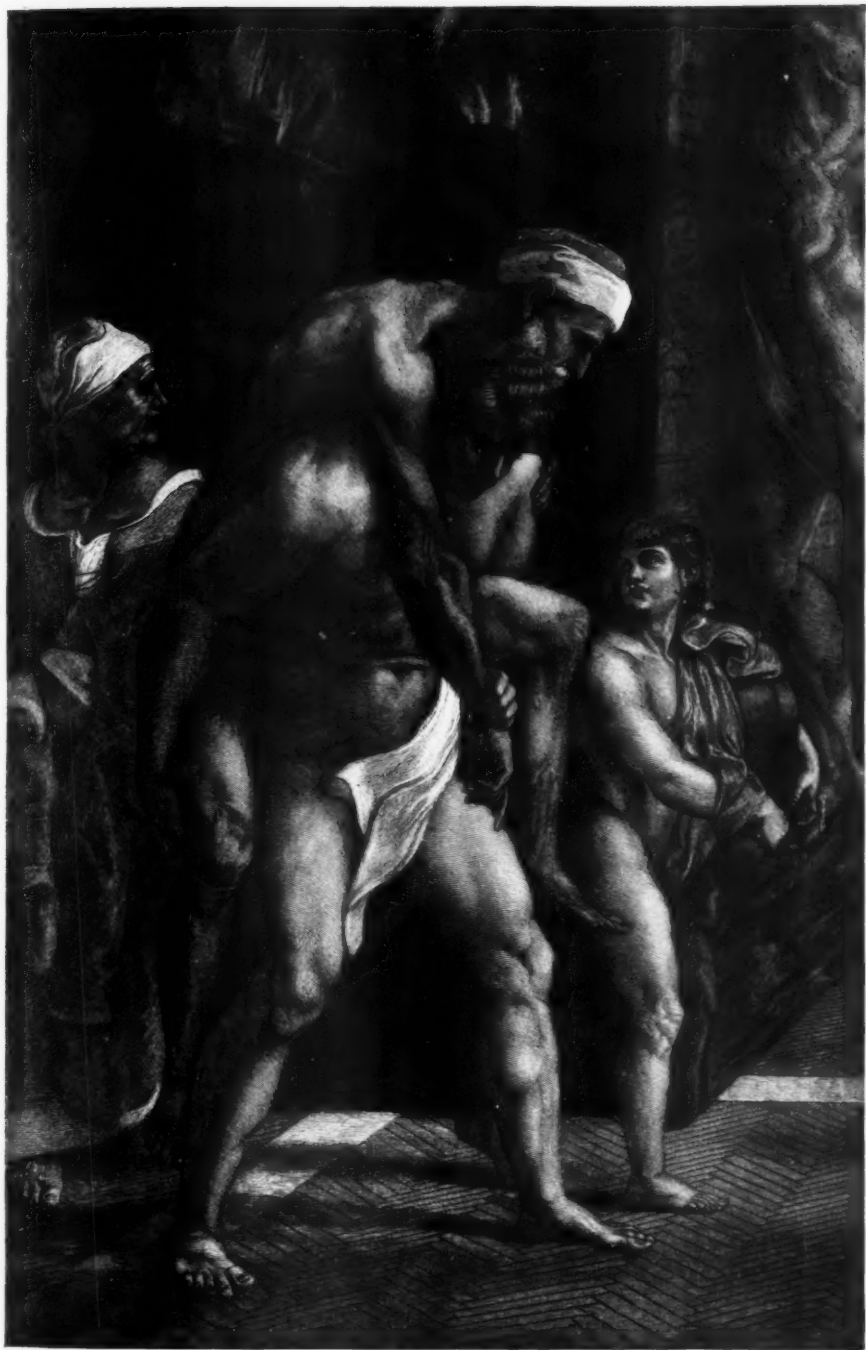


THE MADONNA OF THE GOLDFINCH, BY RAPHAEL.

ENGRAVED BY T. COLE, FROM THE PRINTING IN THE UFFIZI GALLERY, FLORENCE.



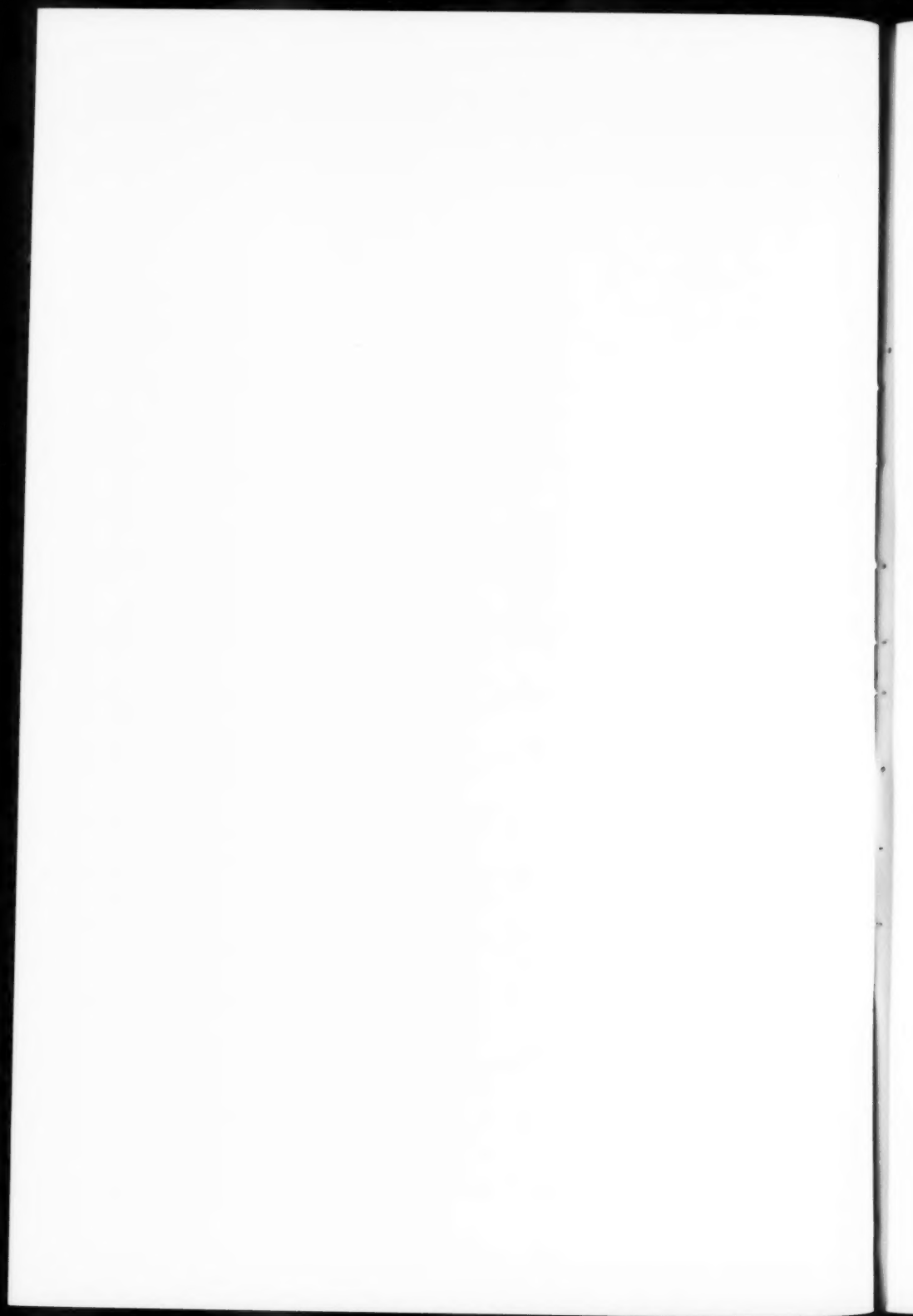
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ÆNEAS GROUP FROM THE "INCENDIO DEL BORGO," BY RAPHAEL.

ENGRAVED BY T. COLE, FROM THE ORIGINAL FRESCO IN THE VATICAN.





between his father's death and the recognized date (1500) of his being at work with Perugino has been discussed with a superabundance of hypothesis. He has been assigned to Timoteo della Vite and to Signorelli, but on no evidence whatever. We have no trace of the influence of any other painter than Perugino in his work, for as we know nothing of the style or attainments of Giovanni Santi we cannot pretend to find his manner in it. But it is not difficult to account for the probability of the earliest influence of Perugino, because we know from the poem of Giovanni that he regarded that master as the peer of Leonardo, who at that time was the highest of all the painters of the day in the general estimation; and if Giovanni's own induction into the technic of the art was not due to Perugino, there can be no question that he absorbed what was possible from that master's work and carried it into his own. What he taught Raphael then was certain to be, as far as he could make it, what he had learned from Perugino; and there is another consideration which adds strength to this hypothesis—the fact that Perugino was the master of the day who taught most successfully those technical attainments which were the elements by which a painter was judged and his rank assigned. Originality of conception or treatment stood for little in comparison with good workmanship, the possession of a correct method of using the colors, and the ability to design harmoniously. Perugino was generally recognized as the strongest painter of the time in fresco; he knew how to do better what he set before himself to do than any other painter, and this was the standard by which the artist of that time was assigned his rank. Nor is there any foundation for the assumption that Giovanni, considering his knowledge of art insufficient, himself sent the boy to Perugino. Supposing him to have been a bad artist, which we have no right to assume, he was less likely to hold this opinion of himself than if he had been a good one, and all that we really know of the matter tends to indicate that he was the only master Raphael had before going to work with the greater one.

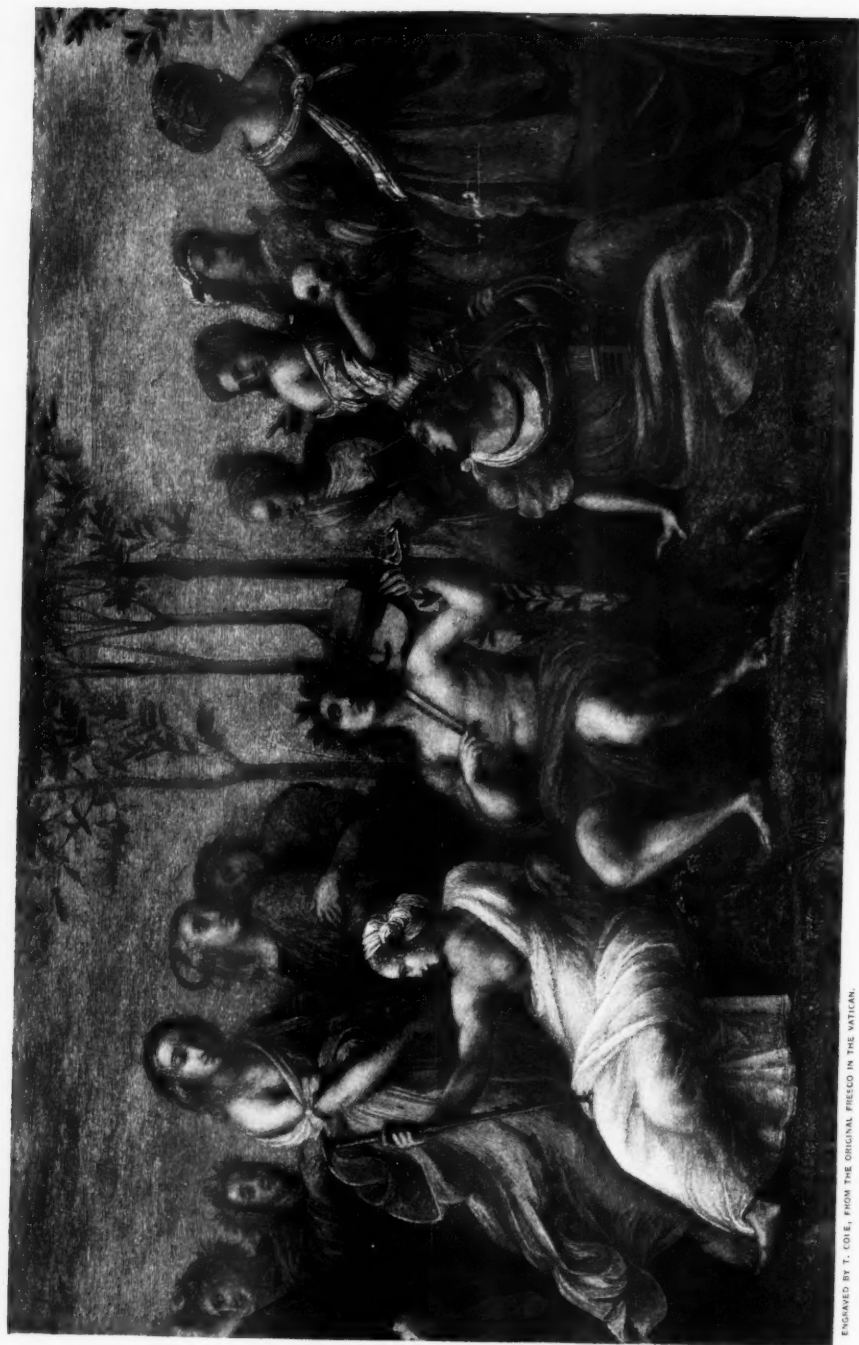
The "Sposalizio," as it is called, the "Marriage of the Virgin," a picture which shows the extent of his obligation to Perugino, is the first of Raphael's works to which we can fix a date. It was painted in 1504, and in the main is a refinement on, and a more complete carrying out of, the same subject as painted by Perugino, and must be considered as a tribute to the master. About this time Raphael went to Florence, and returning to Perugia he painted the "Entombment" for Baglioni, the head of the ruling family in that city. This picture was painted in 1507, and the progress, or modifi-

cation, of his ideas during the interval between it and the "Sposalizio" indicates the effect that Florentine art had had on him. He returned to Florence, and after what must have been a very short stay there was called to Rome by Julius II. We do not know the date, but it was between 1508 and 1510. Julius summoned to Rome all young artists who gave promise of great abilities, to assist in carrying out the grand schemes of decoration which he had conceived for the Vatican.

To Raphael was first assigned for decoration the room of the Signature. Here he showed that his intercourse with men of letters and the more liberal artists of Florence had opened another world of thought and art interest to him, and the series of what may be called his philosophical allegories has nothing to do with the world of Perugino, or with the purely religious art of the preceding generation. The mystic meanings and the lofty speculation which some of the German critics find in the frescos of the Vatican have nothing to do with art. If I accepted them I should lay to their charge the decay in the art itself which the latest work of Raphael shows; but I believe that the hidden philosophy was not put there by the painter, that he simply tried to arrange his subjects so as to make the most harmonious arrangement, and that the philosophy, theology, and mythology were borrowed from his society and surroundings.¹ He had seen the great compositions of Masaccio at Florence, and in them learned a lesson Perugino never knew; he carried the motive of this lesson further, and in some respects worked it out more completely. But to admit that he meant what Grimm finds in the compositions is to me impossible—so much speculation would have killed the art. The fact is that Raphael had an extraordinary and, so far as we can judge by the history of painting, unique power of absorbing the ideas and feelings of other men. He caught the color of every great artist he approached, and the marvelous facility of design he had acquired by his early training, seconded by a phenomenal power of invention, enabled him sometimes to surpass in their own way the work of the men he emulated.

The second room of the Vatican—that of the Heliodorus, etc.—is designed more in accordance with the artist's individual feeling, and furnishes some passages of composition which must remain as the highest attainment of Raphael's invention in this vein. Before it was finished Julius died, and was succeeded by Leo X., under whose pontificate Raphael became the arbiter of art in Rome. Michelangelo was driven by neglect from the pontifical court, and

¹ It is well determined that his inspirer in philosophy and archæology was Cardinal Bembo.



ENGRAVED BY T. COLE, FROM THE ORIGINAL, FRESCO IN THE VATICAN.

RAPHAEL'S FRESCO "PARNASSUS."

retired to Florence, leaving Raphael alone and supreme.

The room of the Stanze was begun in 1515, and was followed by the hall of Constantine and the Loggia in a sequence of design and execution which for its extent, even with allowance for the aid of his pupils, is incomprehensible to the modern painter. During this period he was introduced by stealth into the Sistine Chapel, as the legend goes, and saw the ceiling of Michelangelo, which once more modified his art in a manner which is more remarkable than all the previous developments. The effect of this is seen in the frescos in the church of Sta. Maria della Pace in Rome. The Cartoons give us what on the whole seems to me the most triumphant achievement of Raphael in this vein of design, and I should rank them as the highest examples of what is generally understood as academic composition, that art which being still pure art approaches the region of artifice so closely as to be, to certain minds, indefensible. I shall not discuss the matter here, but simply say that, in my opinion, to exclude this phase of Raphael's art from the classics of art would be as absurd as to exclude the "Paradise Lost" from classical English literature. What shows the real decadence of the painter is the purely mythological work of his later years, the Galatea, and the Cupid and Psyche in the Farnesina. The Cartoons were finished in 1516. Raphael had now grown rich and famous as no artist of his epoch had dreamed of becoming; he had made art itself a more noble profession than it had ever been admitted to be, raising what had been held only as a craft and mechanical occupation, paid by the month, like those of masons and builders, to the consideration of a liberal profession. Titian and Michelangelo had contributed to this education of society, but in a less degree than Raphael, who could by marriage have allied himself with one of the princes of the Church, a dignity of which nowadays we can hardly estimate the importance. Rome was the capital of the civilized world, the cardinals took precedence of princes of the blood, and the Pope deposed sovereigns.

Whatever one may feel in regard to any particular phase of Raphael's art, there is a wide range of choice. My personal feeling is a preference for the earlier stage of his evolution, marked most graciously by the "Madonna del Granduca." The "Madonna di San Sisto" at Munich palls somewhat on me; the "Sediola" has less of the artist's peculiar, spiritual refinement; and most of the other madonnas have something in the composition which was imposed or forced. But the Virgin of the "Granduca" has the simplicity of a Greek statue and the sweetness of a Christian saint. I cannot

follow or understand the maybe subtle, and maybe purely fantastic, analyses of Grimm in his "Life of Raphael," which seems less a biography than a metaphysical discussion of the sixteenth century, its art and its artists, in which discussion the conclusions are often based on premises in the air. Thus the conclusions he draws on the "Coronation of the Virgin" are founded on certain silver-point drawings which he considers to have been Raphael's studies for it; but a more competent technical critic than he declares these drawings to have been the work of some subsequent student of Raphael, and drawn from the picture. Yet on this premise Grimm constructs the history of the evolution of Raphael's early art! Whatever these drawings may be, or by whom, there is no evidence to connect them with Raphael himself; and the mysterious and sudden change of style in the manner of the artist on which Grimm bases such surprising conclusions, and of which he offers no satisfactory explanation, ceases to offer any difficulty if we understand that the silver-point drawings are simply studies of Raphael by one of his later admirers.

There is much that is surprising, but nothing mysterious, in the career of Raphael. His was one of those extraordinary and precocious natures which ripen quickly and decay as rapidly, condensing life and work into a fraction of the time a slower and more massive intellect would have taken to complete its evolution. He must have begun at an abnormally early age, and he finished at thirty-seven, with his best work done and his highest inspiration exhausted. He had an organization of extreme sensibility, which responded, with a docility quite unique in the history of art, to the influence of any strong mind that approached him, with a facility of invention which adapted all to his own purposes; but in his personal right he had a refinement of perception which enabled him to add to what he borrowed a subtlety and grace which made it his own. To realize fully his power of design we must study the drawings he made for his pictures. In the academical qualities of drawing he has never had an equal, and the fertility and rapidity of his invention are shown by the enormous number of works he has left. These gifts make him the great master for serious students of painting in its larger field,—that of expression of the artist's thought,—and I have heard the greatest of modern idealists, Jean François Millet, talk by the hour with the highest enthusiasm on a portfolio of the Raphael drawings as the *ne plus ultra* of design in its best sense. For the modern type of painter, the man who regards his function to be that of a mirror to nature, or who considers nature his mistress rather than his purveyor, and his brush-work



PORTRAIT OF MADDALENA DONI, BY RAPHAEL.

ENGRAVED BY T. COLE, FROM THE ORIGINAL IN THE PITTÌ GALLERY, FLORENCE.

more important than his conception, Raphael is no model, and for such he has no lesson. The tendency of all modern painting is more and more to these characteristics, so that he who will understand the Urbinate in all his breadth must turn his back on all the modern schools (if there be anything now which deserves the name of school), and build his judgments on a standard found in the range of work from Masaccio to Michelangelo. By this standard

Raphael must be given, if not the supreme rank which his contemporaries gave him, at least a place in the front rank among the half-dozen who have endowed art with a higher nobility; and among them all he stands first for the sense of beauty, and next to Michelangelo for refinement; first as academician and composer, and side by side with Giotto for fertility of invention. This is enough of honor.

W. J. Stillman.

NOTE TO THE "MADONNA DEL CARDELLINO" (GOLDFINCH).

THE gem of Florence—the "Madonna of the Goldfinch"—hangs in the Tribune of the Uffizi. It is painted on wood, and measures three feet one inch high by two feet five inches wide. The Virgin is seated upon a rock, within a quiet landscape—a portion of the environs of Florence as seen from a point of view going toward Fiesole along the stream Mugnone. To the left, spanning it, is the bridge Badia. To the right is Florence, with the Tuscan hills beyond. The whole is bathed in a soft and mellow light, as in a dream.

The child Jesus, leaning against his mother's lap, has been reciting from the book she holds, when he is interrupted by his companion, the little St. John, who has caught a bird, and, panting, has come with it in glee to Jesus. He grasps it as a child might, with both hands, regardless of hurting it. Note the roundness of his form, his shock of curls, and his animal spirits, as contrasted with the lithe figure and pensive attitude of Jesus—the deep expression of love and tenderness in his face as he raises his hand and gently caresses the bird. This is the most wonderful Christ-child that I have yet seen painted. We see the usual nimbus encircling the heads of the Madonna and the Baptist, but in the case of Jesus I could discover nothing upon first glance, and I thought this worthy of note.

My friend Mr. C. F. Murray, however, called my attention to certain fine and delicate rays of gold very close to the head—three or four at the top and the same number on each side, forming, as it were, three arms of a cross. They are barely to be seen even upon a close inspection, but doubtless they are there. They could not, however, be engraved in my coarse reduction without exaggerating their value, and this would be to the detriment of the expression of the child's face, which is of far more importance. It is plain that Raphael intends that the glory of the child shall be seen in the beauty of its figure and the expression of its face, heavy with love—as near to divinity as might be.

How placid and sweet is the Virgin! The very essence of all sweetness—classic in pose, reminding us of the antique Greek statues, and of a purity and beauty peculiar to the genius of its author. The picture was painted for Lorenzo Nasi, Raphael's friend, on the occasion of his marriage. In 1547, twenty-seven years after the death of Raphael, Nasi's palace, which stood on the hill of S. Giorgio, was ruined with many others by the sinking of the hill. This picture was then broken into twenty or thirty pieces, but was recovered and restored by the son of Lorenzo, a great lover of the arts.

Timothy Cole.

AT FIRST.

IF I should fall asleep one day,
All overworn,
And should my spirit, from the clay,
Go dreaming out the heavenward way,
Or thence be softly borne,

I pray you, angels, do not first
Assail mine ear
With that blest anthem, oft rehearsed,
"Behold, the bonds of Death are burst!"
Lest I should faint with fear.

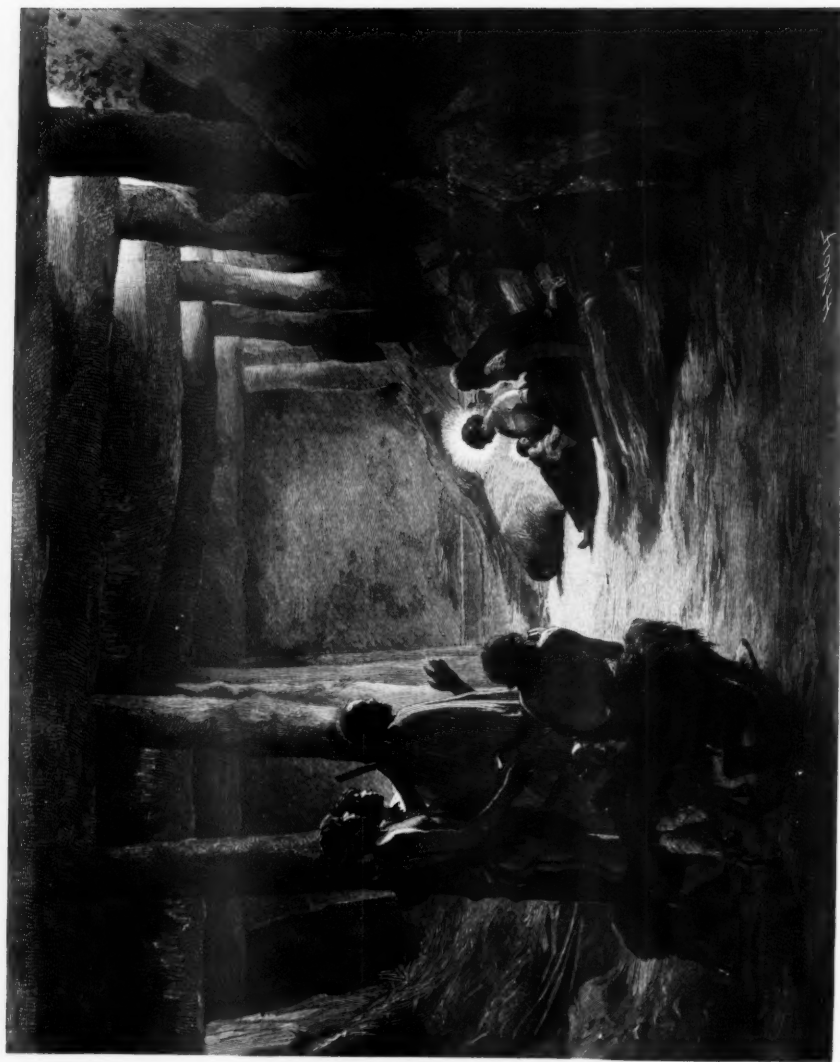
But let some happy bird, at hand,
The silence break:
So shall I dimly understand
That dawn has touched a blossoming land,
And sigh myself awake.

From that deep rest emerging so,
To lift the head
And see the bath-flower's bell of snow,
The pink arbutus, and the low
Spring-beauty streaked with red,

Will all suffice. No otherwhere
Impelled to roam,
Till some blithe wanderer, passing fair,
Will, smiling, pause—of me aware—
And murmur, "Welcome home!"

So sweetly greeted I shall rise
To kiss her cheek;
Then lightly soar in lovely guise,
As one familiar with the skies,
Who finds and need not seek.

Amanda T. Jones.



THE ARRIVAL OF THE SHEPHERDS. BY H. LEROLLE.

THE SHEPHERDS.

I SENEX.

PERCHANCE the light we followed till it stayed,
Piercing the roof, now runs along the shade.

2 SENEX.

No, no; before we came the light was here.
It blinded me, but now mine eyes are clear,
Or else the dartling splendor grows more mild,
And I behold a mother with her child.

I JUVENIS.

Upon her breast how peacefully it lies!

2 JUVENIS.

What love is shining in the mother's eyes!

I JUVENIS.

It is a dream. Such dreams at break of day
Do often come, but never will they stay.

2 JUVENIS.

Hast dreamed this dream before? The powers above
Send gracious messengers to those they love;
They love thee well—and so have sent to thee.
And I have heard that over the great sea
Some bard or singing shepherd has foretold
A child should bring again the age of gold;
And when that age was come, the vine, the field,
Unfurrowed and unpruned, their fruit should yield,
While honey-drops should break from out the oak.
Nor longer should the ox endure the yoke,
Nor flock nor keeper from the lion flee.
Dost think this little one that child could be?

I SENEX.

Hushed be those Roman tales; and mark thou well
That thou this blessed thing mayst rightly tell
To those who ask, when thou art sad and old,
And thy weak steps not far shall stray from fold.

2 JUVENIS.

Methinks I never shall be sad again,
Ev'n when I sit among the aged men.
For in that glooming time will I recall
This light that like the noon sun lights us all;
And its remembered glow shall warm and bless.

2 SENEX.

Kneel! kneel! This is the Sun of Righteousness!

Edith M. Thomas.



DRAWN BY A. B. WENZEL.

"I SPOKE OF THE SHADRACH." (SEE PAGE 179.)

ENGRAVED BY J. M. E. WHITNEY

THE CHRISTMAS SHADRACH.

BY FRANK R. STOCKTON.



W HENEVER I make a Christmas present I like it to mean something, not necessarily my sentiments toward the person to whom I give it, but sometimes an expression of what I should like that person to do or to be. In the early part of a certain winter not very long ago I found myself in a position of perplexity and anxious concern regarding a Christmas present which I wished to make.

The state of the case was this. There was a young lady, the daughter of a neighbor and old friend of my father, who had been gradually assuming relations toward me which were not only unsatisfactory to me, but were becoming more and more so. Her name was Mildred Bronze. She was between twenty and twenty-five years of age, and as fine a woman in every way as one would be likely to meet in a lifetime. She was handsome, of a tender and generous disposition, a fine intelligence, and a thoroughly well-stocked mind. We had known each other for a long time, and when fourteen or fifteen Mildred had been my favorite companion. She was a little younger than I, and I liked her better than any boy I knew. Our friendship had continued through the years, but of late there had been a change in it; Mildred had become very fond of me, and her fondness seemed to have in it certain elements which annoyed me.

As a girl to make love to no one could be better than Mildred Bronze; but I had never made love to her,—at least not earnestly,—and I did not wish that any permanent condition of loving should be established between us. Mildred did not seem to share this opinion, for every day it became plainer to me that she looked upon me as a lover, and that she was perfectly willing to return my affection.

But I had other ideas upon the subject. Into the rural town in which my family passed the greater part of the year there had recently come a young lady, Miss Janet Clinton, to whom my soul went out of my own option. In some respects, perhaps, she was not the equal of Mildred, but she was very pretty, she was small, she had a lovely mouth, was apparently of a clinging nature, and her dark eyes looked into mine with a tingling effect that no

other eyes had ever produced. I was in love with her because I wished to be, and the consciousness of this fact caused me a proud satisfaction. This affair was not the result of circumstances, but of my own free will.

I wished to retain Mildred's friendship, I wished to make her happy; and with this latter intent in view I wished very much that she should not disappoint herself in her anticipations of the future.

Each year it had been my habit to make Mildred a Christmas present, and I was now looking for something to give her which would please her and suit my purpose.

When a man wishes to select a present for a lady which, while it assures her of his kind feeling toward her, will at the same time indicate that not only has he no matrimonial inclinations in her direction, but that it would be entirely unwise for her to have any such inclinations in his direction; that no matter with what degree of fondness her heart is disposed to turn toward him, his heart does not turn toward her, and that, in spite of all sentiments induced by long association and the natural fitness of things, she need never expect to be to him anything more than a sister, he has, indeed, a difficult task before him. But such was the task which I set for myself.

Day after day I wandered through the shops. I looked at odd pieces of jewelry and bric-à-brac, and at many a quaint relic or bit of art work which seemed to have a meaning, but nothing had the meaning I wanted. As to books, I found none which satisfied me; not one which was adapted to produce the exact impression that I desired.

One afternoon I was in a little basement shop kept by a fellow in a long overcoat, who, so far as I was able to judge, bought curiosities but never sold any. For some minutes I had been looking at a beautifully decorated saucer of rare workmanship for which there was no cup to match, and for which the proprietor informed me no cup could now be found or manufactured. There were some points in the significance of an article of this sort, given as a present to a lady, which fitted to my purpose, but it would signify too much: I did not wish to suggest to Mildred that she need never expect to find a cup. It would be better, in fact, if I gave her anything of this kind, to send her a cup and saucer entirely unsuited to each other,

and which could not, under any conditions, be used together.

I put down the saucer, and continued my search among the dusty shelves and cases.

"How would you like a paper-weight?" the shopkeeper asked. "Here is something a little odd," handing me a piece of dark-colored mineral nearly as big as my fist, flat on the under side and of a pleasing irregularity above. Around the bottom was a band of arabesque work in some dingy metal, probably German silver. I smiled as I took it.

"This is not good enough for a Christmas present," I said. "I want something odd, but it must have some value."

"Well," said the man, "that has no real value, but there is a peculiarity about it which interested me when I heard of it, and so I bought it. This mineral is a piece of what the iron-workers call shadrach. It is a portion of the iron or iron ore which passes through the smelting-furnaces without being affected by the great heat, and so they have given it the name of one of the Hebrew youths who was cast into the fiery furnace by Nebuchadnezzar, and who came out unhurt. Some people think there is a sort of magical quality about this shadrach, and that it can give out to human beings something of its power to keep their minds cool when they are in danger of being overheated. The old gentleman who had this made was subject to fits of anger, and he thought this piece of shadrach helped to keep him from giving way to them. Occasionally he used to leave it in the house of a hot-tempered neighbor, believing that the testy individual would be cooled down for a time, without knowing how the change had been brought about. I bought a lot of things of the old gentleman's widow, and this among them. I thought I might try it some time, but I never have."

I held the shadrach in my hand, ideas concerning it rapidly flitting through my mind. Why would not this be a capital thing to give to Mildred? If it should, indeed, possess the quality ascribed to it; if it should be able to cool her liking for me, what better present could I give her? I did not hesitate long.

"I will buy this," I said; "but the ornamentation must be of a better sort. It is now too cheap- and tawdry-looking."

"I can attend to that for you," said the shopkeeper. "I can have it set in a band of gold or silver filigree-work like this, if you choose."

I agreed to this proposition, but ordered the band to be made of silver, the cool tone of that metal being more appropriate to the characteristics of the gift than the warmer hues of gold.

When I gave my Christmas present to Mildred she was pleased with it; its oddity struck her fancy.

"I don't believe anybody ever had such a paper-weight as that," she said, as she thanked me. "What is it made of?"

I told her, and explained what shadrach was; but I did not speak of its presumed influence over human beings, which, after all, might be nothing but the wildest fancy. I did not feel altogether at my ease, as I added that it was merely a trifle, a thing of no value except as a reminder of the season.

"The fact that it is a present from you gives it value," she said, as she smilingly raised her eyes to mine.

I left her house — we were all living in the city then — with a troubled conscience. What a deception I was practising upon this noble girl, who, if she did not already love me, was plainly on the point of doing so. She had received my present as if it indicated a warmth of feeling on my part, when, in fact, it was the result of a desire for a cooler feeling on her part.

But I called my reason to my aid, and I showed myself that what I had given Mildred — if it should prove to possess any virtue at all — was, indeed, a most valuable boon. It was something which would prevent the waste of her affections, the wreck of her hopes. No kindness could be truer, no regard for her happiness more sincere, than the motives which prompted me to give her the shadrach.

I did not soon again see Mildred, but now as often as possible I visited Janet. She always received me with a charming cordiality, and if this should develop into warmer sentiments I was not the man to wish to cool them. In many ways Janet seemed much better suited to me than Mildred. One of the greatest charms of this beautiful girl was a tender trustfulness, as if I were a being on whom she could lean and to whom she could look up. I liked this; it was very different from Mildred's manner: with the latter I had always been well satisfied if I felt myself standing on the same plane.

The weeks and months passed on, and again we were all in the country; and here I saw Mildred often. Our homes were not far apart, and our families were very intimate. With my opportunities for frequent observation I could not doubt that a change had come over her. She was always friendly when we met, and seemed as glad to see me as she was to see any other member of my family, but she was not the Mildred I used to know. It was plain that my existence did not make the same impression on her that it once made. She did not seem to consider it important whether I came or went; whether I was in the room or not; whether I joined a party or stayed away. All this had been very different. I knew well that Mildred had been used to consider my pres-

ence as a matter of much importance, and I now felt sure that my Christmas shadrach was doing its work. Mildred was cooling toward me. Her affection, or, to put it more modestly, her tendency to affection, was gently congealing into friendship. This was highly gratifying to my moral nature, for every day I was doing my best to warm the soul of Janet. Whether or not I succeeded in this I could not be sure. Janet was as tender and trustful and charming as ever, but no more so than she had been months before.

Sometimes I thought she was waiting for an indication of an increased warmth of feeling on my part before she allowed the temperature of her own sentiments to rise. But for one reason and another I delayed the solution of this problem. Janet was very fond of company, and although we saw a great deal of each other, we were not often alone. If we two had more frequently walked, driven, or rowed together, as Mildred and I used to do, I think Miss Clinton would soon have had every opportunity of making up her mind about the fervor of my passion.

The summer weeks passed on, and there was no change in the things which now principally concerned me, except that Mildred seemed to be growing more and more indifferent to me. From having seemed to care no more for me than for her other friends, she now seemed to care less for me than for most people. I do not mean that she showed a dislike, but she treated me with a sort of indifference which I did not fancy at all. This sort of thing had gone too far, and there was no knowing how much further it would go. It was plain enough that the shadrach was overdoing the business.

I was now in a state of much mental disquietude. Greatly as I desired to win the love of Janet, it grieved me to think of losing the generous friendship of Mildred — that friendship to which I had been accustomed for the greater part of my life, and on which, as I now discovered, I had grown to depend.

In this state of mind I went to see Mildred. I found her in the library writing. She received me pleasantly, and was sorry her father was not at home, and begged that I would excuse her finishing the note on which she was engaged, because she wished to get it into the post-office before the mail closed. I sat down on the other side of the table, and she finished her note, after which she went out to give it to a servant.

Glancing about me, I saw the shadrach. It was partly under a litter of papers, instead of lying on them. I took it up, and was looking at it when Mildred returned. She sat down and asked me if I had heard of the changes that were to be made in the time-table of the railroad. We talked a little on the subject, and

then I spoke of the shadrach, saying carelessly that it might be interesting to analyze the bit of metal; there was a little knob which might be filed off without injuring it in the least.

"You may take it," she said, "and make what experiments you please. I do not use it much; it is unnecessarily heavy for a paper-weight."

From her tone I might have supposed that she had forgotten that I had given it to her. I told her that I would be very glad to borrow the paper-weight for a time, and, putting it into my pocket, I went away, leaving her arranging her disordered papers on the table, and giving quite as much regard to this occupation as she had given to my little visit.

I could not feel sure that the absence of the shadrach would cause any diminution in the coolness of her feelings toward me, but there was reason to believe that it would prevent them from growing cooler. If she should keep that shadrach she might in time grow to hate me. I was very glad that I had taken it from her.

My mind easier on this subject, my heart turned more freely toward Janet, and, going to her house, the next day I was delighted to find her alone. She was as lovely as ever, and as cordial, but she was flushed and evidently annoyed.

"I am in a bad humor to-day" she said, "and I am glad you came to talk to me and quiet me. Dr. Gilbert promised to take me to drive this afternoon, and we were going over to the hills where they find the wild rhododendron. I am told that it is still in blossom up there, and I want some flowers ever so much — I am going to paint them. And besides, I am crazy to drive with his new horses; and now he sends me a note to say that he is engaged."

This communication shocked me, and I began to talk to her about Dr. Gilbert. I soon found that several times she had been driving with this handsome young physician, but never, she said, behind his new horses, nor to the rhododendron hills.

Dr. Hector Gilbert was a fine young fellow, beginning practice in town, and one of my favorite associates. I had never thought of him in connection with Janet, but I could now see that he might make a most dangerous rival. When a young and talented doctor, enthusiastic in his studies, and earnestly desirous of establishing a practice, and who, if his time were not fully occupied, would naturally wish that the neighbors would think that such were the case, deliberately devotes some hours on I know not how many days to driving a young lady into the surrounding country, it may be supposed that he is really in love with her. Moreover, judging from Janet's present mood,

this doctor's attentions were not without encouragement.

I went home; I considered the state of affairs; I ran my fingers through my hair; I gazed steadfastly upon the floor. Suddenly I rose. I had had an inspiration; I would give the shadrach to Dr. Gilbert.

I went immediately to the doctor's office, and found him there. He too was not in a very good humor.

"I have had two old ladies here nearly all the afternoon, and they have bored me to death," he said. "I could not get rid of them because I found they had made an appointment with each other to visit me to-day and talk over a hospital plan which I proposed some time ago and which is really very important to me, but I wish they had chosen some other time to come here. What is that thing?"

"That is a bit of shadrach," I said, "made into a paper-weight." And then I proceeded to explain what shadrach is, and what peculiar properties it must possess to resist the power of heat, which melts other metal apparently of the same class; and I added that I thought it might be interesting to analyze a bit of it and discover what fire-proof constituents it possessed.

"I should like to do that," said the doctor, attentively turning over the shadrach in his hand. "Can I take off a piece of it?"

"I will give it to you," said I, "and you can make what use of it you please. If you do analyze it I shall be very glad indeed to hear the results of your investigations."

The doctor demurred a little at taking the paper-weight with such a pretty silver ring around it, but I assured him that the cost of the whole affair was trifling, and I should be gratified if he would take it. He accepted the gift, and was thanking me, when a patient arrived, and I departed.

I really had no right to give away this paper-weight, which, in fact, belonged to Mildred, but there are times when a man must keep his eyes on the chief good, and not think too much about other things. Besides, it was evident that Mildred did not care in the least for the bit of metal, and she had virtually given it to me.

There was another point which I took into consideration. It might be that the shadrach might simply cool Dr. Gilbert's feelings toward me, and that would be neither pleasant nor advantageous. If I could have managed matters so that Janet could have given it to him, it would have been all right. But now all that I could do was to wait and see what would happen. If only the thing would cool the doctor in a general way, that would help. He might then give more thought to his practice and

his hospital ladies, and let other people take Janet driving.

About a week after this I met the doctor; he seemed in a hurry, but I stopped him. I had a curiosity to know if he had analyzed the shadrach, and asked him about it.

"No," said he; "I haven't done it. I haven't had time. I knocked off a piece of it, and I will attend to it when I get a chance. Good day."

Of course if the man was busy he could not be expected to give his mind to a trifling matter of that sort, but I thought that he need not have been so curt about it. I stood gazing after him as he walked rapidly down the street. Before I resumed my walk I saw him enter the Clinton house. Things were not going on well. The shadrach had not cooled Dr. Gilbert's feelings toward Janet.

But because the doctor was still warm in his attentions to the girl I loved, I would not in the least relax my attentions to her. I visited her as often as I could find an excuse to do so. There was generally some one else there, but Janet's disposition was of such gracious expansiveness that each one felt obliged to be satisfied with what he got, much as he may have wished for something different.

But one morning Janet surprised me. I met her at Mildred's house, where I had gone to borrow a book of reference. Although I had urged her not to put herself to so much trouble, Mildred was standing on a little ladder looking for the book, because, she said, she knew exactly what I wanted, and she was sure she could find the proper volume better than I could. Janet had been sitting in a window-seat reading, but when I came in she put down her book and devoted herself to conversation with me. I was a little sorry for this, because Mildred was very kindly engaged in doing me a service, and I really wanted to talk to her about the book she was looking for. Mildred showed so much of her old manner this morning that I would have been very sorry to have her think that I did not appreciate her returning interest in me. Therefore, while under other circumstances I would have been delighted to talk to Janet, I did not wish to give her so much of my attention then. But Janet Clinton was a girl who insisted on people attending to her when she wished them to do so, and, having stepped through an open door into the garden, she presently called me to her. Of course I had to go.

"I will not keep you a minute from your fellow student," she said, "but I want to ask a favor of you." And into her dark, uplifted eyes there came a look of tender trustfulness clearer than any I had yet seen there. "Don't you want to drive me to the rhododendron hills?" she said. "I suppose the flowers are all gone by

this time, but I have never been there, and I should like ever so much to go."

I could not help remarking that I thought Dr. Gilbert was going to take her there.

"Dr. Gilbert, indeed!" she said with a little laugh. "He promised once, and did n't come, and the next day he planned for it it rained. I don't think doctors make very good escorts, anyway, for you can't tell who is going to be sick just as you are about to start on a trip. Besides there is no knowing how much botany I should have to hear, and when I go on a pleasure-drive I don't care very much about studying things. But of course I don't want to trouble you."

"Trouble!" I exclaimed. "It will give me the greatest delight to take you that drive or any other, and at whatever time you please."

"You are always so good and kind," she said, with her dark eyes again upraised. "And now let us go in and see if Mildred has found the book."

I spoke the truth when I said that Janet's proposition delighted me. To take a long drive with that charming girl, and at the same time to feel that she had chosen me as her companion, was a greater joy than I had yet had reason to expect; but it would have been a more satisfying joy if she had asked me in her own house and not in Mildred's; if she had not allowed the love which I hoped was growing up between her and me to interfere with the revival of the old friendship between Mildred and me.

But when we returned to the library Mildred was sitting at a table with a book before her, opened at the passage I wanted.

"I have just found it," she said with a smile. "Draw up a chair, and we will look over these maps together. I want you to show me how he traveled when he left his ship."

"Well, if you two are going to the pole," said Janet, with her prettiest smile, "I will go back to my novel."

She did not seem in the least to object to my geographical researches with Mildred, and if the latter had even noticed my willingness to desert her at the call of Janet, she did not show it. Apparently she was as much a good comrade as she had ever been. This state of things was gratifying in the highest degree. If I could be loved by Janet and still keep Mildred as my friend, what greater earthly joys could I ask?

The drive with Janet was postponed by wet weather. Day after day it rained, or the skies were heavy, and we both agreed that it must be in the bright sunshine that we would make this excursion. When we should make it, and should be alone together on the rhododendron hill, I intended to open my soul to Janet.

It may seem strange to others, and at the time it also seemed strange to me, but there was another reason besides the rainy weather which prevented my declaration of love to Janet. This was a certain nervous anxiety in regard to my friendship for Mildred. I did not in the least waver in my intention to use the best endeavors to make the one my wife, but at the same time I was oppressed by a certain alarm that in carrying out this project I might act in such a way as to wound the feelings of the other.

This disposition to consider the feelings of Mildred became so strong that I began to think that my own sentiments were in need of control. It was not right that while making love to one woman I should give so much consideration to my relations with another. The idea struck me that in a measure I had shared the fate of those who had thrown the Hebrew youths into the fiery furnace. My heart had not been consumed by the flames, but in throwing the shadrach into what I supposed were Mildred's affections it was quite possible that I had been singed by them. At any rate my conscience told me that under the circumstances my sentiments toward Mildred were too warm; in honestly making love to Janet I ought to forget them entirely.

It might have been a good thing, I told myself, if I had not given away the shadrach, but kept it as a gift from Mildred. Very soon after I reached this conclusion it became evident to me that Mildred was again cooling in my direction as rapidly as the mercury falls after sunset on a September day. This discovery did not make my mercury fall; in fact, it brought it for a time nearly to the boiling-point. I could not imagine what had happened. I almost neglected Janet, so anxious was I to know what had made this change in Mildred.

Weeks passed on, and I discovered nothing, except that Mildred had now become more than indifferent to me. She allowed me to see that my companionship did not give her pleasure.

Janet had her drive to the rhododendron hills, but she took it with Dr. Gilbert and not with me. When I heard of this it pained me, though I could not help admitting that I deserved the punishment; but my surprise was almost as great as my pain, for Janet had recently given me reason to believe that she had a very small opinion of the young doctor. In fact, she had criticized him so severely that I had been obliged to speak in his defense. I now found myself in a most doleful quandary, and there was only one thing of which I could be certain—I needed cooling toward Mildred if I still allowed myself to hope to marry Janet.

One afternoon I was talking to Mr. Bronce in his library, when, glancing toward the table used by his daughter for writing purposes, I was

astounded to see, lying on a little pile of letters, the Christmas shadrach. As soon as I could get an opportunity I took it in my hand and eagerly examined it. I had not been mistaken. It was the paper-weight I had given Mildred. There was the silver band around it, and there was the place where a little piece had been knocked off by the doctor. Mildred was not at home, but I determined that I would wait and see her. I would dine with the Bronces; I would spend the evening; I would stay all night; I would not leave the house until I had had this mystery explained. She returned in about half an hour and greeted me in the somewhat stiff manner she had adopted of late; but when she noticed my perturbed expression and saw that I held the shadrach in my hand, she took a seat by the table, where for some time I had been waiting for her, alone.

"I suppose you want to ask me about that paper-weight," she remarked.

"Indeed I do," I replied. "How in the world did you happen to get it again?"

"Again?" she repeated satirically. "You may well say that. I will explain it to you. Some little time ago I called on Janet Clinton, and on her writing-desk I saw that paper-weight. I remembered it perfectly. It was the one you gave me last Christmas and afterward borrowed of me, saying that you wanted to analyze it, or something of the sort. I had never used it very much, and of course was willing that you should take it, and make experiments with it if you wanted to, but I must say that the sight of it on Janet Clinton's desk both shocked and angered me. I asked her where she got it, and she told me a gentleman had given it to her. I did not need to waste any words in inquiring who this gentleman was, but I determined that she should not rest under a mistake in regard to its proper ownership, and told her plainly that the person who had given it to her had previously given it to me; that it was mine, and he had no right to give it to any one else. 'Oh, if that is the case,' she exclaimed, 'take it, I beg of you. I don't care for it, and, what is more, I don't care any more for the man who gave it to me than I do for the thing itself.' So I took it and brought it home with me. Now you know how I happened to have it again."

For a moment I made no answer. Then I asked her how long it had been since she had received the shadrach from Janet Clinton.

"Oh, I don't remember exactly," she said; "it was several weeks ago."

Now I knew everything; all the mysteries of the past were revealed to me. The young doctor, fervid in his desire to please the woman he loved, had given Janet this novel paper-weight. From that moment she had begun to

regard his attentions with apathy, and finally—her nature was one which was apt to go to extremes—to dislike him. Mildred repossessed herself of the shadrach, which she took, not as a gift from Janet, but as her rightful property, presented to her by me. And this horrid little object, probably with renewed power, had cooled, almost frozen indeed, the sentiments of that dear girl toward me. Then, too, had the spell been taken from Janet's inclinations, and she had gone to the rhododendron hills with Dr. Gilbert.

One thing was certain. I must have that shadrach.

"Mildred," I exclaimed, "will you not give me this paper-weight? Give it to me for my own?"

"What do you want to do with it?" she asked sarcastically. "Analyze it again?"

"Mildred," said I, "I did not give it to Janet. I gave it to Dr. Gilbert, and he must have given it to her. I know I had no right to give it away at all, but I did not believe that you would care; but now I beg that you will let me have it. Let me have it for my own. I assure you solemnly I will never give it away. It has caused trouble enough already."

"I don't exactly understand what you mean by trouble," she said, "but take it if you want it. You are perfectly welcome." And picking up her gloves and hat from the table she left me.

As I walked home my hatred of the wretched piece of metal in my hand increased with every step. I looked at it with disgust when I went to bed that night, and when my glance lighted upon it the next morning I involuntarily shrank from it, as if it had been an evil thing. Over and over again that day I asked myself why I should keep in my possession something which would make my regard for Mildred grow less and less; which would eventually make me care for her not at all? The very thought of not caring for Mildred sent a pang through my heart.

My feelings all prompted me to rid myself of what I looked upon as a calamitous talisman, but my reason interfered. If I still wished to marry Janet it was my duty to welcome indifference to Mildred.

In this mood I went out, to stroll, to think, to decide; and that I might be ready to act on my decision I put the shadrach into my pocket. Without exactly intending it I walked toward the Bronze place, and soon found myself on the edge of a pretty pond which lay at the foot of the garden. Here, in the shade of a tree, there stood a bench, and on this lay a book, an ivory paper-cutter in its leaves as marker.

I knew that Mildred had left that book on the bench; it was her habit to come to this

place to read. As she had not taken the volume with her, it was probable that she intended soon to return. But then the sad thought came to me that if she saw me there she would not return. I picked up the book; I read the pages she had been reading. As I read I felt that I could think the very thoughts that she thought as she read. I was seized with a yearning to be with her, to read with her, to think with her. Never had my soul gone out to Mildred as at that moment, and yet, heavily dangling in my pocket, I carried—I could not bear to think of it. Seized by a sudden impulse, I put down the book; I drew out the shadrach, and, tearing off the silver band, I tossed the vile bit of metal into the pond.

"There!" I cried. "Go out of my possession, out of my sight! You shall work no charm on me. Let nature take its course, and let things happen as they may." Then, relieved from the weight on my heart and the weight in my pocket, I went home.

Nature did take its course, and in less than a fortnight from that day the engagement of Janet and Dr. Gilbert was announced. I had done nothing to prevent this, and the news did not disturb my peace of mind; but my relations with Mildred very much disturbed it. I had hoped that, released from the baleful influence of the shadrach, her friendly feelings toward me would return, and my passion for her had now grown so strong that I waited and watched, as a wrecked mariner waits and watches for the sight of a sail, for a sign that she had so far softened toward me that I might dare to speak to her of my love. But no such sign appeared.

I now seldom visited the Bronze house; no one of that family, once my best friends, seemed to care to see me. Evidently Mildred's feelings toward me had extended themselves to the rest of the household. This was not surprising, for her family had long been accustomed to think as Mildred thought.

One day I met Mr. Bronze at the post-office, and, some other gentlemen coming up, we began to talk of a proposed plan to introduce a system of water-works into the village, an improvement much desired by many of us.

"So far as I am concerned," said Mr. Bronze, "I am not now in need of anything of the sort. Since I set up my steam-pump I have supplied my house from the pond at the end of my garden with all the water we can possibly want for every purpose."

"Do you mean," asked one of the gentlemen, "that you get your drinking-water in that way?"

"Certainly," replied Mr. Bronze. "The basin of the pond is kept as clean and in as good order as any reservoir can be, and the water

comes from an excellent, rapid-flowing spring. I want nothing better."

A chill ran through me as I listened. The shadrach was in that pond. Every drop of water which Mildred drank, which touched her, was influenced by that demoniacal paper-weight, which, without knowing what I was doing, I had thus bestowed upon the whole Bronze family.

When I went home I made diligent search for a stone which might be about the size and weight of the shadrach, and having repaired to a retired spot I practised tossing it as I had tossed the bit of metal into the pond. In each instance I measured the distance which I had thrown the stone, and was at last enabled to make a very fair estimate of the distance to which I had thrown the shadrach when I had buried it under the waters of the pond.

That night there was a half-moon, and between eleven and twelve o'clock, when everybody in our village might be supposed to be in bed and asleep, I made my way over the fields to the back of the Bronze place, taking with me a long fish-cord with a knot in it, showing the average distance to which I had thrown the practice stone. When I reached the pond I stood as nearly as possible in the place by the bench from which I had hurled the shadrach, and to this spot I pegged one end of the cord. I was attired in an old tennis suit, and, having removed my shoes and stockings, I entered the water, holding the roll of cord in my hand. This I slowly unwound as I advanced toward the middle of the pond, and when I reached the knot I stopped, with the water above my waist.

I had found the bottom of the pond very smooth, and free from weeds and mud, and I now began feeling about with my bare feet, as I moved from side to side, describing a small arc; but I discovered nothing more than an occasional pebble no larger than a walnut.

Letting out some more of the cord, I advanced a little farther into the center of the pond, and slowly described another arc. The water was now nearly up to my armpits, but it was not cold, though if it had been I do not think I should have minded it in the ardor of my search. Suddenly I put my foot on something hard and as big as my fist, but in an instant it moved away from under my foot; it must have been a turtle. This occurrence made me shiver a little, but I did not swerve from my purpose, and, loosing the string a little more, I went farther into the pond. The water was now nearly up to my chin, and there was something weird, mystical, and awe-inspiring in standing thus in the depths of this silent water, my eyes so near its gently rippling surface, fantastically lighted by the setting moon, and

tenanted by nobody knew what cold and slippery creatures. But from side to side I slowly moved, reaching out with my feet in every direction, hoping to touch the thing for which I sought.

Suddenly I set my right foot upon something hard and irregular. Nervously I felt it with my toes. I patted it with my bare sole. It was as big as the shadrach! It felt like the shadrach. In a few moments I was almost convinced that the direful paper-weight was beneath my foot.

Closing my eyes, and holding my breath, I stooped down into the water, and groped on the bottom with my hands. In some way I had moved while stooping, and at first I could find nothing. A sensation of dread came over me as I felt myself in the midst of the dark solemn water,—around me, above me, everywhere,—almost suffocated, and apparently deserted even by the shadrach. But just as I felt that I could hold my breath no longer my fingers touched the thing that had been under my foot, and, clutching it, I rose and thrust my head out of the water. I could do nothing until I had taken two or three long breaths; then, holding up the object in my hand to the light of the expiring moon, I saw that it was like the shadrach; so like, indeed, that I felt that it must be it.

Turning, I made my way out of the water as rapidly as possible, and, dropping on my knees on the ground, I tremblingly lighted the lantern which I had left on the bench, and turned its light on the thing I had found. There must be no mistake; if this was not the shadrach I would go in again. But there was no necessity for reëntering the pond; it *was* the shadrach.

With the extinguished lantern in one hand and the lump of mineral evil in the other, I hurried home. My wet clothes were sticky and chilly in the night air. Several times in my haste I stumbled over clods and briers, and my shoes, which I had not taken time to tie, flopped up and down as I ran. But I cared for none of these discomforts; the shadrach was in my power.

Crossing a wide field I heard, not far away, the tramping of hoofs, as of a horseman approaching at full speed. I stopped and looked in the direction of the sound. My eyes had now become so accustomed to the dim light that I could distinguish objects somewhat plainly, and I quickly perceived that the animal that was galloping toward me was a bull. I well knew what bull it was; this was Squire Starling's pasture-field, and that was his great Alderney bull, Ramping Sir John of Ramapo II.

I was well acquainted with that bull, renowned throughout the neighborhood for his savage temper and his noble pedigree—son of

Ramping Sir John of Ramapo I., whose sire was the Great Rodolphin, son of Prince Maximus of Granby, one of whose daughters averaged eighteen pounds of butter a week, and who, himself, had killed two men.

The bull, who had not perceived me when I crossed the field before, for I had then made my way with as little noise as possible, was now bent on punishing my intrusion upon his domains, and bellowed as he came on. I was in a position of great danger. With my flopping shoes it was impossible to escape by flight; I must stand and defend myself. I turned and faced the furious creature, who was not twenty feet distant, and then, with all my strength, I hurled the shadrach, which I held in my right hand, directly at his shaggy forehead. My ability to project a missile was considerable, for I had held, with credit, the position of pitcher in a base-ball nine, and as the shadrach struck the bull's head with a great thud he stopped as if he had suddenly run against a wall.

I do not know that actual and violent contact with the physical organism of a recipient accelerates the influence of a shadrach upon the mental organism of said recipient, but I do know that the contact of my projectile with that bull's skull instantly cooled the animal's fury. For a few moments he stood and looked at me, and then his interest in me as a man and trespasser appeared to fade away, and, moving slowly from me, Ramping Sir John of Ramapo II. began to crop the grass.

I did not stop to look for the shadrach; I considered it safely disposed of. So long as Squire Starling used that field for a pasture connoisseurs in mineral fragments would not be apt to wander through it, and when it should be plowed, the shadrach, to ordinary eyes no more than a common stone, would be buried beneath the sod. I awoke the next morning refreshed and happy, and none the worse for my wet walk.

"Now," I said to myself, "nature shall truly have her own way. If the uncanny comes into my life and that of those I love, it shall not be brought in by me."

About a week after this I dined with the Bronce family. They were very cordial, and it seemed to me the most natural thing in the world to be sitting at their table. After dinner Mildred and I walked together in the garden. It was a charming evening, and we sat down on the bench by the edge of the pond. I spoke to her of some passages in the book I had once seen there.

"Oh, have you read that?" she asked with interest.

"I have seen only two pages of it," I said, "and those I read in the volume you left on this bench, with a paper-cutter in it for a

marker. I long to read more and talk with you of what I have read."

"Why, then, did n't you wait? You might have known that I would come back."

I did not tell her that I knew that because I was there she would not have come. But before I left the bench I discovered that hereafter, wherever I might be, she was willing to come and to stay.

EARLY in the next spring Mildred and I were married, and on our wedding-trip we passed through a mining district in the mountains. Here we visited one of the great iron-works, and were both much interested in witnessing the wonderful power of man, air, and fire over the stubborn king of metals.

"What is this substance?" asked Mildred

of one of the officials who was conducting us through the works.

"That," said the man, "is what we call shad—"

"My dear," I cried, "we must hurry away this instant or we shall lose the train. Come; quick; there is not a moment for delay." And with a word of thanks to the guide I seized her hand and led her, almost running, into the open air.

Mildred was amazed.

"Never before," she exclaimed, "have I seen you in such a hurry. I thought the train we decided to take did not leave for at least an hour."

"I have changed my mind," I said, "and think it will be a great deal better for us to take the one which leaves in ten minutes."

Frank R. Stockton.

THE MIDNIGHT CALL.

THE night had settled down
On the roofs of the little town
In its mountain-hollow asleep.
There was neither color nor sound
Between the sky and the ground
Wrapped in that shadow deep.

The poplars stood up black,
With the sunless west at the back,
And the spectral river below;
And the staring hollyhock-heads
Had lost their blues and reds
In a straight and somber row.

Till over the hills remote,
With a splendor the dark that smote,
Suddenly rose the moon;
And a strange and ghostly light
In a moment filled the night,
Like the wraith of an autumn noon.

The scarlet leaves gleamed out
On the gray boughs all about,
Like a low and flickering flame:
Out of their trance of death
Color and sound, in a breath,
To valley and hillside came.

For the clamor of life and drum
Startled the echoes dumb
To the march of a wandering band
That down through the shadows went,
Crying, "Repent! Repent!
The day of the Lord is at hand!"

In time to the moving feet,
Through the quiet village street
The strains rang on before,
Till the ever-waxing din
Wakened the sleepers within
To gaze from window and door.

There was hurrying up and down,
And a stir through all the town,
A stir of doubt and fear,
As they heard, at the dead of night,
In the mystical, cold moonlight,
The day of the Lord is near.

But the pastor, bent and gray
With the burden of many a day,
Through the growing tumult broke
With solemn voice and word,
"Each day is the day of the Lord!"
To the startled throng he spoke.

"Harken, my people," said he.
"Why fear ye this band to see
That goeth with shout and song?
All days of our mortal breath,
Whether for life or for death,
To the God who gave belong.

Let a life of praise and prayer
For that awful hour prepare
Which cometh unknown to each!
Who knoweth that hour, O men?
Each day is the Lord's!" again
He cried, with reverent speech.

Slowly they bowed the head
To the words their pastor said,
While the sobbing and tumult died.
Out of the shadows black
Women and men went back,
Silently, side by side.

And the shouts and the trumpet-blast
Of the dim procession passed
Through the valley and over the hill;
Till again, in the quiet night,
'Neath the mystical, cold moonlight,
The sleeping town lay still.

Kate Putnam Osgood.

THE NAULAHKA.¹

A STORY OF WEST AND EAST.

BY RUDYARD KIPLING AND WOLCOTT BALESTIER.

IV.



HE president engaged rooms at the hotel beside the railroad track at Topaz, and stayed over the next day. Tarvin and Sheriff took possession of him, and showed him the town and what they called its "natural resources." Tarvin caused the president to hold rein when he had ridden with him to a point outside the town, and discoursed, in the midst of the open plain and in the face of the snow-capped mountains, on the reasonableness and necessity of making Topaz the end of a division for the new railroad, and putting the division superintendent, the workshops, and the roundhouse here.

In his heart he knew the president to be absolutely opposed to bringing the railroad to Topaz at all; but he preferred to assume the minor point. It was much easier, as a matter of fact, to show that Topaz ought to be made a junction, and the end of a division, than it was to show that it ought to be a station on the Three C.'s. If it was anything, it would have to be a junction; the difficulty was to prove that it ought to be anything.

Tarvin knew the whole Topaz situation forward and back, as he might have known the multiplication table. He was not president of the board of trade and the head of a land and improvement company, organized with a capital of a million on a cash basis of \$2000, for nothing. Tarvin's company included all the solid men of the town; it owned the open plain from Topaz to the foothills, and had laid it out in streets, avenues, and public parks. One could see the whole thing on a map hung in the company's office on Connecticut Avenue, which was furnished in oak, floored with mosaic, carpeted with Turkish rugs, and draped with silk. There one could buy town lots at any point within two miles of the town; there, in fact, Tarvin had some town lots to sell. The habit of having them to sell had taught him the worst and the best that could be said about the place; and he knew to an exactitude all that he could make a given man believe about it.

He was aware, for example, that Rustler not only had richer mines in its near neighborhood than Topaz, but that it tapped a mining country behind it of unexplored and fabulous wealth; and he knew that the president knew it. He was equally familiar with other facts — as, for example, that the mines about Topaz were fairly good, though nothing remarkable in a region of great mineral wealth; and that, although the town lay in a wide and well-irrigated valley, and in the midst of an excellent cattle country, these were limited advantages, and easily matched elsewhere. In other words, the natural resources of Topaz constituted no such claim for it as a "great railroad center" as he would have liked any one to suppose who heard him talk.

But he was not talking to himself. His private word to himself was that Topaz was created to be a railroad town, and the way to create it was to *make* it a railroad town. This proposition, which could not have been squared to any system of logic, proceeded on the soundest system of reasoning — as thus: Topaz was not an existence at all; Topaz was a hope. Very well. And when one wished to make such hopes realities in the West, what did one do? Why, get some one else to believe in them, of course. Topaz was valueless without the Three C.'s. Then what was its value to the Three C.'s? Obviously the value that the Three C.'s would give it.

Tarvin's pledge to the president amounted to this, that if he would give them the chance, they would be worthy of it; and he contended that, in essence, that was all that any town could say. The point for the president to judge was, which place would be most likely to be worthy of such an opportunity, Topaz or Rustler; and he claimed there could be no question about that. When you came to size it up, he said, it was the character of the inhabitants that counted. They were dead at Rustler — dead and buried. Everybody knew that; there was no trade, no industry, no life, no energy, no money there. And look at Topaz! The president could see the character of her citizens at a glance as he walked the streets. They were wide awake down here. They meant business. They believed in their town, and they were ready to put their money on her. The presi-

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dent had only to say what he expected of them. And then he broached to him his plan for getting one of the Denver smelters to establish a huge branch at Topaz; he said that he had an agreement with one of them in his pocket, conditioned solely on the Three C.'s coming their way. The company could n't make any such arrangement with Rustler; he knew that. Rustler had n't the flux, for one thing. The smelter people had come up from Denver at the expense of Topaz, and had proved Topaz's allegation that Rustler could n't find a proper flux for smelting its ore nearer to her own borders than fifteen miles—in other words, she could n't find it this side of Topaz.

Tarvin went on to say that what Topaz wanted was an outlet for her products to the Gulf of Mexico, and the Three C.'s was the road to furnish it. The president had, perhaps, listened to such statements before, for the entire and crystalline impudence of this drew no retort from his stolidity. He seemed to consider it as he considered the other representations made to him, without hearing it. A railroad president, weighing the advantages of rival towns, could not find it within his conception of dignity to ask which of the natural products of Topaz sought relief through the Gulf. But if Mutrie could have asked such a question, Tarvin would have answered unblushingly, "Rustler's." He implied this freely in the suggestion which he made immediately in the form of a concession. Of course, he said, if the road wanted to tap the mineral wealth of the country behind Rustler it would be a simple matter to run a branch road up there, and bring down the ore to be smelted at Topaz. Rustler had a value to the road as a mining center; he did n't pretend to dispute that. But a mineral road would bring down all the ore as well as a main line, make the same traffic for the road, and satisfy all proper claims of Rustler to consideration, while leaving the junction where it belonged by virtue of natural position.

He boldly asked the president how he expected to get up steam and speed for the climb over the Pass if he made Rustler the end of the division, and changed engines there. The place was already in the mountains; as a practical railroad-man the president must know that his engines could get no start from Rustler. The heavy grade by which the railroad would have to get out of the place, beginning in the town itself, prohibited the idea of making it the end of a division. If his engines, by good luck, were n't stalled on the grade, what did he think of the annual expense involved in driving heavy trains daily at a high mountain from the vantage-ground of a steep slope? What the Three C.'s wanted for the end of their division and their last stop before the climb

over the Pass was a place like Topaz, designed for them by nature, built in the center of a plain, which the railroad could traverse at a level for five miles before attacking the hills.

This point Tarvin made with the fervor and relief born of dealing with one solid and irrefragable fact. It was really his best argument, and he saw that it had reached the president as the latter took up his reins silently and led the way back to town. But another glance at Mutrie's face told him that he had failed hopelessly in his main contention. The certainty of this would have been heart-breaking if he had not expected to fail. Success lay elsewhere; but before trying that he had determined to use every other means.

Tarvin's eye rested lovingly on his town as they turned their horses again toward the cluster of dwellings scattered irregularly in the midst of the wide valley. She might be sure that he would see her through.

Of course the Topaz of his affections melted in and out of the Topaz of fact by shadings and subtleties which no measurement could record. The relation of the real Topaz to Tarvin's Topaz, or to the Topaz of any good citizen of the place, was a matter which no friendly observer could wish to press. In Tarvin's own case it was impossible to say where actual belief stopped and willingness to believe went on. What he knew was that he did believe; and with him the best possible reason for faith in Topaz would have been that it needed to be believed in hard. The need would have been only another reason for liking it.

To the ordered Eastern eye the city would have seemed a raw, untidy, lonely collection of ragged wooden buildings sprawling over a level plain. But this was only another proof that one can see only what one brings to the seeing. It was not so that Tarvin saw it; and he would not have thanked the Easterner who should have taken refuge in praise of his snow-whitened hills, walling the valley in a monstrous circle. The Easterner might keep his idea that Topaz merely blotted a beautiful picture; to Tarvin the picture was Topaz's scenery, and the scenery only an incident of Topaz. It was one of her natural advantages—her own, like her climate, her altitude, and her board of trade.

He named the big mountains to the president as they rode; he showed him where their big irrigating-ditch led the water down out of the heights, and where it was brought along under the shadow of the foothills before it started across the plain toward Topaz; he told him the number of patients in their hospital, decently subduing his sense of their numerousness, as a testimony to the prosperity of the town; and as they rode into the streets he pointed

out the opera-house, the post-office, the public school, and the court-house, with the modesty a mother summons who shows her first-born.

It was at least as much to avoid thinking as to exploit the merits of Topaz that he spared the president nothing. Through all his advocacy another voice had made itself heard, and now, in the sense of momentary failure, the bitterness of another failure caught him with a fresh twinge; for since his return he had seen Kate, and knew that nothing short of a miracle would prevent her from starting for India within three days. In contempt of the man who was making this possible, and in anger and desperation, he had spoken at last directly to Sheriff, appealing to him by all he held most dear to stop this wickedness. But there are limp rags which no buckram can stiffen; and Sheriff, willing as he was to oblige, could not take strength into his fibre from the outside, though Tarvin offered him all of his. His talk with Kate, supplemented by this barren interview with her father, had given him a sickening sense of powerlessness from which nothing but a large success in another direction could rescue him. He thirsted for success, and it had done him good to attack the president, even with the foreknowledge that he must fail with him.

He could forget Kate's existence while he fought for Topaz, but he remembered it with a pang as he parted from Mutrie. He had her promise to make one of the party he was taking to the Hot Springs that afternoon; if it had not been for that he could almost have found it in his heart to let Topaz take care of herself for the remainder of the president's stay. As it was, he looked forward to the visit to the Springs as a last opening to hope. He meant to make a final appeal; he meant to have it out with Kate, for he could not believe in defeat, and he could not think that she would go.

The excursion to the Hot Springs was designed to show the president and Mrs. Mutrie what a future Topaz must have as a winter resort, if all other advantages failed her; and they had agreed to go with the party which Tarvin had hastily got together. With a view to a little quiet talk with Kate, he had invited three men besides Sheriff—Maxim, the post-master; Heckler, the editor of the "Topaz Telegram" (both his colleagues on the board of trade); and a pleasant young Englishman named Carmathan. He expected them to do some of the talking to the president, and to give him half an hour with Kate, without detriment to Mutrie's impressions of Topaz. It had occurred to him that the president might be ready by this time for a fresh view of the town, and Heckler was the man to give it to him.

Carmathan had come to Topaz two years before in his capacity of colonizing younger

son, to engage in the cattle business, equipped with a riding-crop, top-boots, and \$2000 in money. He had lost the money; but he knew now that riding-crops were not used in punishing cattle, and he was at the moment using this knowledge, together with other information gathered on the same subject, in the calling of cowboy on a neighboring range. He was getting \$30 a month, and was accepting his luck with the philosophy which comes to the adoptive as well as to the native-born citizens of the West. Kate liked him for the pride and pluck which did not allow him the easy remedy of writing home, and for other things; and for the first half of their ride to the Hot Springs they rode side by side, while Tarvin made Mr. and Mrs. Mutrie look up at the rocky heights between which they began to pass. He showed them the mines burrowing into the face of the rock far aloft, and explained the geological formation with the purely practical learning of a man who buys and sells mines. The road, which ran alongside the track of the railroad already going through Topaz, wandered back and forth over it from time to time, as Tarvin said, at the exact angle which the Three C.'s would be choosing later. Once a train labored past them, tugging up the heavy grade that led to the town. The narrowing gorge was the first closing in of the hills, which, after widening again, gathered in the great cliffs of the cañon twenty miles below, to face each other across the chasm. The sweep of pictured rock above their heads lifted itself into strange, gnarled crags, or dipped suddenly and swam on high in straining peaks; but for the most part it was sheer wall—blue and brown and purplish-red umber, ochre, and the soft hues between.

Tarvin dropped back, and ranged his horse beside Kate's. Carmathan, with whom he was in friendly relation, gave place to him instantly, and rode forward to join the others in advance.

She lifted her speaking eyes as he drew rein beside her, and begged him silently to save them both the continuance of a hopeless contest; but Tarvin's jaw was set, and he would not have listened to an angel's voice.

"I tire you by talking of this thing, Kate. I know it. But I've got to talk of it. I've got to save you."

"Don't try any more, Nick," she answered gently. "Please don't. It's my salvation to go. It is the one thing I want to do. It seems to me sometimes, when I think of it, that it was perhaps the thing I was sent into the world to do. We are all sent into the world to do something, don't you think so, Nick, even if it's ever so tiny and humble and no account? I've got to do it, Nick. Make it easy for me."

"I'll be—hammered if I will! I'll make it hard. That's what I'm here for. Every

one else yields to that vicious little will of yours. Your father and mother let you do what you like. They don't begin to know what you are running your precious head into. I can't replace it. Can you? That makes me positive. It also makes me ugly."

Kate laughed.

"It does make you ugly, Nick. But I don't mind. I think I like it that you should care. If I could stay at home for any one, I'd do it for you. Believe that, won't you?"

"Oh, I'll believe, and thank you into the bargain. But what good will it do me? I don't want belief. I want you."

"I know, Nick. I know. But India wants me more—or not me, but what I can do, and what women like me can do. There's a cry from Macedonia, 'Come over and help us!' While I hear that cry I can find no pleasure in any other good. I could be your wife, Nick. That's easy. But with that in my ears I should be in torture every moment."

"That's rough on me," suggested Tarvin, glancing ruefully at the cliffs above them.

"Oh, no. It has nothing to do with you."

"Yes," returned he, shutting his lips; "that's just it."

She could not help smiling a little again at his face.

"I will never marry any one else, if it helps you any to know that, Nick," she said, with a sudden tenderness in her voice.

"But you won't marry me?"

"No," she said quietly, firmly, simply.

He meditated this answer a moment in bitterness. They were riding at a walk, and he let the reins drop on his pony's neck as he said, "Oh, well. Don't matter about me. It is n't all selfishness, dear. I *do* want you to stay for my own sake, I want you for my very own, I want you always beside me, I want you—want you; but it is n't for that I ask you to stay. It's because I can't think of you throwing yourself into the dangers and horrors of that life alone, unprotected, a girl. I can't think of it and sleep nights. I dare n't think of it. The thing's monstrous. It's hideous. It's absurd. You won't do it!"

"I must not think of myself," she answered in a shaken voice. "I must think of *them*."

"But I must think of *you*. And you sha'n't bribe me, you sha'n't tempt me, to think of any one else. You take it all too hard. Dearest girl," he entreated, lowering his voice, "are you in charge of the misery of the earth? There is misery elsewhere, too, and pain. Can you stop it? You've got to live with the sound of the suffering of millions in your ears all your life, whatever you do. We're all in for that. We can't get away from it. We pay that price for daring to be happy for one little second."

"I know, I know. I'm not trying to save myself. I'm not trying to stifle the sound."

"No; but you are trying to stop it, and you can't. It's like trying to scoop up the ocean with a dipper. You can't do it. But you can spoil your life in trying; and if you've got a scheme by which you can come back and have a spoiled life over again, I know some one who has n't. O Kate, I don't ask anything for myself,—or, at least, I only ask everything,—but do think of that a moment sometimes when you are putting your arms around the earth, and trying to lift it up in your soft little hands—you are spoiling more lives than your own. Great Scott, Kate, if you are looking for some misery to set right, you need n't go off this road. Begin on me."

She shook her head sadly. "I must begin where I see my duty, Nick. I don't say that I shall make much impression on the dreadful sum of human trouble, and I don't say it is for everybody to do what I'm going to try to do; but it's right for me. I know that, and that's all any of us can know. Oh, to be sure that people are a little better—if *only* a little better—because you have lived," she exclaimed, the look of exaltation coming into her eyes; "to know that you have lessened by the slightest bit the sorrow and suffering that must go on all the same, would be good. Even you must feel that, Nick," she said, gently laying her hand on his arm as they rode.

Tarvin compressed his lips. "Oh, yes; I feel it," he said desperately.

"But you feel something else. So do I."

"Then feel it more. Feel it enough to trust yourself to me. I'll find a future for you. You shall bless everybody with your goodness. Do you think I should like you without it? And you shall begin by blessing me."

"I can't! I can't!" she cried in distress.

"You can't do anything else. You must come to me at last. Do you think I could live if I did n't think that? But I want to save you all that lies between. I don't want you to be driven into my arms, little girl. I want you to come—and come now."

For answer to this she only bowed her head on the sleeve of her riding-habit, and began to cry softly. Nick's fingers closed on the hand with which she nervously clutched the pommel of her saddle.

"You can't, dear?"

The brown head was shaken vehemently. Tarvin ground his teeth.

"All right; don't mind."

He took her yielding hand into his, speaking gently, as he would have spoken to a child in distress. In the silent moment that lengthened between them Tarvin gave it up—not Kate, not his love, not his changeless resolve

to have her for his own, but just the question of her going to India. She could go if she liked. There would be two of them.

When they reached the Hot Springs he took an immediate opportunity to engage the willing Mrs. Mutrie in talk, and to lead her aside, while Sheriff showed the president the water steaming out of the ground, the baths, and the proposed site of a giant hotel. Kate, willing to hide her red eyes from Mrs. Mutrie's sharp gaze, remained with her father.

When Tarvin had led the president's wife to the side of the stream that went plunging down past the Springs to find a tomb at last in the cañon below, he stopped short in the shelter of a clump of cottonwoods.

"Do you really want that necklace?" he asked her abruptly.

She laughed again, gurglingly, amusedly, this time, with the little air of spectacle which she could not help lending to all she did.

"Want it?" she repeated. "Of course I want it. I want the moon, too."

Tarvin laid a silencing hand upon her arm.

"You shall have this," he said positively.

She ceased laughing, and grew almost pale at his earnestness.

"What do you mean?" she asked quickly.

"It would please you? You would be glad of it?" he asked. "What would you do to get it?"

"Go back to Omaha on my hands and knees," she answered with equal earnestness.

"Crawl to India."

"All right," returned Tarvin, vigorously. "That settles it. Listen! I want the three C.'s to come to Topaz. You want this. Can we trade?"

"But you can never —"

"No matter; I'll attend to my part. Can you do yours?"

"You mean —" she began.

"Yes," nodded her companion, decisively;

"I do. Can you fix it?"

Tarvin, fiercely repressed and controlled, stood before her with clenched teeth, and hands that drove the nails into his palms, awaiting her answer.

She tilted her fair head on one side with deprecation, and regarded him out of the vanishing angle of one eye provocatively, with a lingering, tantalizing look of adequacy.

"I guess what I say to Jim goes," she said at last with a dreamy smile.

"Then it's a bargain?"

"Yes," she answered.

"Shake hands on it."

They joined hands. For a moment they stood confronted, penetrating each other's eyes.

"You'll really get it for me?"

"Yes."

"You won't go back on me?"

"No."

He pressed her hand so that she gave a little scream.

"Ouch! You hurt."

"All right," he said hoarsely, as he dropped her hand. "It's a trade. I start for India tomorrow."

v.

TARVIN stood on the platform of the station at Rawut Junction watching the dust cloud that followed the retreating Bombay mail. When it had disappeared the heated air above the stone ballast began its dance again, and he turned blinking to India.

It was amazingly simple to come fourteen thousand miles. He had lain still in a ship for a certain time, and then had transferred himself to stretch at full length, in his shirt-sleeves, on the leather-padded bunk of the train which had brought him from Calcutta to Rawut Junction. The journey was long only as it kept him from sight of Kate, and kept him filled with thought of her. But was this what he had come for — the yellow desolation of a Rajputana desert, and the pinched-off perspective of the track? Topaz was cosier when they had got the church, the saloon, the school, and three houses up; the loneliness made him shiver. He saw that they did not mean to do any more of it. It was a desolation which doubled desolateness, because it was left for done. It was final, intended, absolute. The grim masonry of the cut-stone station-house, the solid masonry of the empty platform, the mathematical exactitude of the station name-board looked for no future. No new railroad could help Rawut Junction. It had no ambition. It belonged to the Government. There was no green thing, no curved line, no promise of life that produces, within eyeshot of Rawut Junction. The mauve railroad-creeper on the station had been allowed to die from lack of attention.

Tarvin was saved from the more positive pangs of homesickness by a little healthy human rage. A single man, fat, brown, clothed in white gauze, and wearing a black velvet cap on his head, stepped out from the building. This station-master and permanent population of Rawut Junction accepted Tarvin as a feature of the landscape: he did not look at him. Tarvin began to sympathize with the South in the war of the rebellion.

"When does the next train leave for Rhatore?" he asked.

"There is no train," returned the man, pausing with precise deliberation between the words. He sent his speech abroad with an air of detachment, irresponsibly, like the phonograph.

"No train? Where's your time-table?"

Where 's your railroad guide? Where 's your Pathfinder?"

"No train at all of any kind whatever."

"Then what the devil are you here for?"

"Sir, I am the station-master of this station, and it is prohibited using profane language to employees of this company."

"Oh, are you? Is it? Well, see here, my friend—you station-master of the steep-edge of the jumping-off-place, if you want to save your life you will tell me how I get to Rhatore—quick!"

The man was silent.

"Well, what do I do, anyway?" shouted the West.

"What do I know?" answered the East.

Tarvin stared at the brown being in white, beginning at his patent-leather shoes, surmounted by openwork socks, out of which the calf of his leg bulged, and ending with the velvet smoking-cap on his head. The passionless regard of the Oriental, borrowed from the purple hills behind his station, made him wonder for one profane, faithless, and spiritless moment whether Topaz and Kate were worth all they were costing.

"Ticket, please," said the baboo.

The gloom darkened. This thing was here to take tickets, and would do it though men loved, and fought, and despaired and died at his feet.

"See here," cried Tarvin, "you shiny-toed fraud; you agate-eyed pillar of alabaster—" But he did not go on; speech failed in a shout of rage and despair. The desert swallowed all impartially; and the baboo, turning with awful quiet, drifted through the door of the station-house, and locked it behind him.

Tarvin whistled persuasively at the door with uplifted eyebrows, jingling an American quarter against a rupee in his pocket. The window of the ticket-office opened a little way, and the baboo showed an inch of impassive face.

"Speaking now in offeshal capacity, your honor can getting to Rhatore via country bullock-cart."

"Find me the bullock-cart," said Tarvin.

"Your honor granting commission on transaction?"

"Cert." It was the tone that conveyed the idea to the head under the smoking-cap.

The window was dropped. Afterward, but not too immediately afterward, a long-drawn howl made itself heard—the howl of a weary warlock invoking a dilatory ghost.

"O Moti! Moti! O-o-h!"

"Ah there, Moti!" murmured Tarvin, as he vaulted over the low stone wall, gripsack in hand, and stepped out through the ticket wicket into Rajputana. His habitual gaiety and confidence had returned with the prospect of motion.

Between himself and a purple circle of hills lay fifteen miles of profitless, rolling ground, jagged with laterite rocks, and studded with unthrifty trees—all given up to drought and dust, and all colorless as the sun-bleached locks of a child of the prairies. Very far away to the right the silver gleam of a salt lake showed, and a formless blue haze of heavier forest. Sombre, desolate, oppressive, withering under a brazen sun, it smote him with its likeness to his own prairies, and with its homesick unlikeness.

Apparently out of a crack in the earth—in fact, as he presently perceived, out of a spot where two waves of plain folded in upon each other and contained a village—came a pillar of dust, the heart of which was a bullock-cart. The distant whine of the wheels sharpened, as it drew near, to the full-bodied shriek that Tarvin knew when they put the brakes suddenly on a freight coming into Topaz on the down grade. But this was in no sense a freight. The wheels were sections of tree butts—square for the most part. Four unbarked poles bounded the corners of a flat body; the sides were made of netted rope of cocoanut fiber. Two bullocks, a little larger than Newfoundlands, smaller than Alderneys, drew a vehicle which might have contained the half of a horse's load.

The cart drew up at the station, and the bullocks, after contemplating Tarvin for a moment, lay down. Tarvin seated himself on his gripsack, rested his shaggy head in his hands, and expended himself in mirth.

"Sail in," he instructed the baboo; "make your bargain. I 'm in no hurry."

Then began a scene of declamation and riot to which a quarrel in a Leadville gambling saloon was a poor matter. The impassiveness of the station-master deserted him like a wind-blown garment. He harangued, gesticulated, and cursed; and the driver, naked except for a blue loin-cloth, was nothing behind him. They pointed at Tarvin; they seemed to be arguing over his birth and ancestry; for all he knew they were appraising his weight. When they seemed to be on the brink of an amicable solution, the question re-opened itself, and they went back to the beginning, and reclassified him and the journey.

Tarvin applauded both parties, sickening one on the other impartially for the first ten minutes. Then he besought them to stop, and when they would not he discovered that it was hot, and swore at them.

The driver had for the moment exhausted himself when the baboo turned suddenly on Tarvin, and, clutching him by the arm, cried, almost shouting, "All arrange, sir! all arrange! This man *most* uneducated man, sir. You giving me the money, I arrange everything."

Swift as thought, the driver had caught his

other arm, and was imploring him in a strange tongue not to listen to his opponent. As Tarvin stepped back they followed him with uplifted hands of entreaty and representation, the station-master forgetting his English, and the driver his respect for the white man. Tarvin, eluding them both, pitched his gripsack into the bullock-cart, bounded in himself, and shouted the one Indian word he knew. It happened, fortunately, to be the word that moves all India—"Challo!" which, being interpreted, is "Go on!"

So, leaving strife and desolation behind him, rode out into the desert of Rajputana Nicholas Tarvin of Topaz, Colorado.

VI.

UNDER certain conditions four days can dwarf eternity. Tarvin had found these circumstances in the bullock-cart from which he crawled ninety-six hours after the bullocks had got up from the dust at Rawut Junction. They stretched behind him—those hours—in a maddening, creaking, dusty, deliberate procession. In an hour the bullock-cart went two and a half miles. Fortunes had been made and lost in Topaz—happy Topaz!—while the cart plowed its way across a red-hot riverbed shut in between two walls of belted sand. New cities might have risen in the West and fallen to ruins older than Thebes while, after any of their meals by the wayside, the driver droned over a water-pipe something less wieldy than a Gatling-gun. In these waits and in others—it seemed to him that the journey was chiefly made up of waits—Tarvin saw himself distanced in the race of life by every male citizen of the United States, and groaned with the consciousness that he could never overtake them, or make up this lost time.

Great gray cranes with scarlet heads stalked through the high grass of the swamps in the pockets of the hills. The snipe and the quail hardly troubled themselves to move from beneath the noses of the bullocks, and once in the dawn, lying upon a glistening rock, he saw two young panthers playing together like kittens.

A few miles from Rawut Junction his driver had taken from underneath the cart a sword, which he hung around his neck, and sometimes used on the bullocks as a goad. Tarvin saw that every man went armed in this country, as in his own. But three feet of clumsy steel struck him as a poor substitute for the delicate and nimble revolver.

Once he stood up in the cart and hallooed, for he thought he saw the white top of a prairie schooner. But it was only a gigantic cotton-wain, drawn by sixteen bullocks, dipping and

plunging across the ridges. Through all, the scorching Indian sun blazed down on him, making him wonder how he had ever dared praise the perpetual sunshine of Colorado. At dawn the rocks glittered like diamonds, and at noonday the sands of the rivers troubled his eyes with a million flashing sparks. At eventide a cold, dry wind would spring up, and the hills lying along the horizon took a hundred colors under the light of the sunset. Then Tarvin realized the meaning of "the glorious East," for the hills were turned to heaps of ruby and amethyst, while between them the mists in the valleys were opal. He lay in the bullock-cart on his back and stared at the sky, dreaming of the Naulahka, and wondering whether it would match the scenery.

"The clouds know what I'm up to. It's a good omen," he said to himself.

He cherished the definite and simple plan of buying the Naulahka and paying for it in good money to be raised at Topaz by bonding the town—not, of course, ostensibly for any such purpose. Topaz was good for it, he believed, and if the Maharajah wanted too steep a price when they came to talk business he would form a syndicate.

As the cart swayed from side to side, bumping his head, he wondered where Kate was. She might, under favorable conditions, be in Bombay by this time. That much he knew from careful consideration of her route; but a girl alone could not pass from hemisphere to hemisphere as swiftly as an unfettered man spurred by love of herself and of Topaz. Perhaps she was resting for a little time with the Zenana Mission at Bombay. He refused absolutely to admit to himself that she had fallen ill by the way. She was resting, receiving her orders, absorbing a few of the wonders of the strange lands he had contemptuously thrust behind him in his eastward flight; but in a few days at most she ought to be at Rhatore, whither the bullock-cart was taking him.

He smiled and smacked his lips with pure enjoyment as he thought of their meeting, and amused himself with fancies about her fancies touching his present whereabouts.

He had left Topaz for San Francisco by the night train over the Pass a little more than twenty-four hours after his conference with Mrs. Mutrie, saying good-by to no one, and telling nobody where he was going. Kate perhaps wondered at the fervor of his "Good evening" when he left her at her father's house on their return from their ride to the Hot Springs. But she said nothing, and Tarvin contrived by an effort to take himself off without giving himself away. He had made a quiet sale of a block of town lots the next day at a sacrifice, to furnish himself with money for the

voyage; but this was too much in the way of his ordinary business to excite comment, and he was finally able to gaze down at the twinkling lights of Topaz in the valley from the rear platform of his train, as it climbed up over the Continental Divide, with the certainty that the town he was going to India to bless and boom was not "on to" his beneficent scheme. To make sure that the right story went back to the town, he told the conductor of the train, in strict confidence, while he smoked his usual cigar with him, about a little placer-mining scheme in Alaska which he was going there to nurse for a while.

The conductor embarrassed him for a moment by asking what he was going to do about his election meanwhile; but Tarvin was ready for him here too. He said that he had that fixed. He had to let him into another scheme to show him how it was fixed, but as he bound him to secrecy again, this did n't matter.

He wondered now, however, whether that scheme had worked, and whether Mrs. Mutrie would keep her promise to cable the result of the election to him at Rhatore. It was amusing to have to trust a woman to let him know whether he was a member of the Colorado legislature or not; but she was the only living person who knew his address, and as the idea had seemed to please her, in common with their whole "charming conspiracy" (this was what she called it), Tarvin had been content.

When he had become convinced that his eyes would never again be blessed with the sight of a white man, or his ears with the sound of intelligible speech, the cart rolled through a gorge between two hills, and stopped before the counterpart of the station at Rawut Junction. It was a double cube of red sandstone, but—for this Tarvin could have taken it in his arms—it was full of white men. They were undressed excessively; they were lying in the veranda in long chairs, and between each chair was a well-worn bullock trunk.

Tarvin got himself out of the cart, unfolding his long stiffened legs with difficulty, and uninking his muscles one by one. He was a mask of dust—dust beyond sand-storms or cyclones. It had obliterated the creases of his clothing and turned his black American four-button cutaway to a pearly white. It had done away with the distinction between the hem of his trousers and the top of his shoes. It dropped off him and rolled up from him as he moved. His fervent "Thank God!" was extinguished in a dusty cough. He stepped into the veranda, rubbing his smarting eyes.

"Good evening, gentlemen," he said. "Got anything to drink?"

No one rose, but somebody shouted for the servant. A man dressed in thin Tussur silk,

yellow and ill-fitting as the shuck on a dried cob, and absolutely colorless as to his face, nodded to him and asked languidly:

"Who are you for?"

"No? Have they got them here too?" said Tarvin to himself, recognizing in that brief question the universal shibboleth of the commercial traveler.

He went down the long line and twisted each hand in pure joy and thankfulness before he began to draw comparisons between the East and the West, and to ask himself if these idle, silent lotus-eaters could belong to the profession with which he had swapped stories, commodities, and political opinions this many a year in smoking-cars and hotel offices. Certainly they were debased and spiritless parodies of the alert, aggressive, joyous, brazen animals whom he knew as the drummers of the West. But perhaps—a twinge in his back reminded him—they had all reached this sink of desolation via country bullock-cart.

He thrust his nose into twelve inches of whisky and soda, and remained there till there was no more; then dropped into a vacant chair and surveyed the group again.

"Did some one ask who I was for? I'm for myself, I suppose, as much as any one—traveling for pleasure."

He had not time to enjoy the absurdity of this, for all five men burst into a shout of laughter, like the laughter of men who have long been estranged from mirth.

"Pleasure!" cried one. "O Lord!" "Pleasure! You've come to the wrong place."

"It's just as well you've come for pleasure. You'd be dead before you did business," said another.

"You might as well try to get blood out of a stone. I've been here over a fortnight."

"Great Scott! What for?" asked Tarvin.

"We've all been here over a week," growled a fourth.

"But what's your lay? What's your racket?"

"Guess you're an American, ain't you?"

"Yes; Topaz, Colorado." The statement had no effect upon them. He might as well have spoken in Greek. "But what's the trouble?"

"Why, the King married two wives yesterday. You can hear the gongs going in the city now. He's trying to equip a new regiment of cavalry for the service of the Indian Government, and he's quarreled with his Political Resident. I've been living at Colonel Nolan's door for three days. He says he can't do anything without authority from the supreme Government. I've tried to catch the King when he goes out pig-shooting. I write every day to the Prime Minister, when I'm not riding around the city

on a camel; and here 's a bunch of letters from the firm asking why I don't collect."

At the end of ten minutes Tarvin began to understand that these washed-out representatives of half a dozen firms in Calcutta and Bombay were hopelessly besieging this place on their regular spring campaign to collect a little on account from a king who ordered by the ton and paid by the scruple. He had purchased guns, dressing-cases, mirrors, mantelpiece ornaments, crochet-work, the iridescent Christmas-tree glass balls, saddlery, mail-phaëtons, four-in-hands, scent-bottles, surgical instruments, chandeliers, and chinaware by the dozen, gross, or score as his royal fancy prompted. When he lost interest in his purchases he lost interest in paying for them; and as few things amused his jaded fancy more than twenty minutes, it sometimes came to pass that the mere purchase was sufficient, and the costly packing-cases from Calcutta were never opened. The ordered peace of the Indian Empire forbade him to take up arms against his fellow sovereigns, the only lasting delight that he or his ancestors had known for thousands of years; but there remained a certain modified interest of war in battling with bill-collectors. On one side stood the Political Resident of the State, planted there to teach him good government, and, above all, economy; on the other side—that is to say, at the palace gates—might generally be found a commercial traveler, divided between his contempt of an evasive debtor and his English reverence for a king. Between these two his Majesty went forth to take his pleasure in pig-sticking, in racing, in the drilling of his army, in the ordering of more unnecessaries, and in the fitful government of his womankind, who knew considerably more of each commercial traveler's claims than even the Prime Minister. Behind these was the Government of India, explicitly refusing to guarantee payment of the King's debts, and from time to time sending him, on a blue velvet cushion, the jeweled insignia of an imperial order to sweeten the remonstrances of the Political Resident.

"Well, I hope you make the King pay for it," said Tarvin.

"How 's that?"

"Why, in my country, when a customer sillies about like that, promising to meet a man one day at the hotel and not showing up and then promising to meet him the next day at the store and not paying, a drummer says to himself: 'Oh, all right. If you want to pay my board, and my wine, liquor, and cigar bill, while I wait, don't mind me. I'll mosey along somehow.' And after the second day he charges up his poker losings to him."

"Ah, that 's interesting. But how does he get those items into his account?"

"They go into the next bill of goods he sells him, of course. He makes the prices right for that."

"Oh, we can make prices right enough. The difficulty is to get your money."

"But I don't see how you fellows have the time to monkey around here at this rate," urged Tarvin, mystified. "Where I come from a man makes his trip on schedule time, and when he 's a day behind he 'll wire to his customer in the town ahead to come down to the station and meet him, and he 'll sell him a bill of goods while the train waits. He could sell him the earth while one of your bullock-carts went a mile. And as to getting your money, why don't you get out an attachment on the old sinner? In your places I 'd attach the whole country on him. I 'd attach the palace, I 'd attach his crown. I 'd get a judgment against him, and I 'd execute it too—personally, if necessary. I 'd lock the old fellow up and rule Rajputana for him, if I had to; but I 'd have his money."

A compassionate smile ran around the group. "That 's because you don't know," said several at once. Then they began to explain voluminously. There was no languor about them now; they all spoke together.

The men in the veranda, though they seemed idle, were no fools, Tarvin perceived after a time. Lying still as beggars at the gate of greatness was their method of doing business. It wasted time, but in the end some sort of payment was sure to be made, especially, explained the man in the yellow coat, if you could interest the Prime Minister in your needs, and through him wake the interests of the King's women.

A flicker of memory made Tarvin smile faintly as he thought of Mrs. Mutrie.

The man in the yellow coat went on, and Tarvin learned that the head queen was a murderess, convicted of poisoning her former husband. She had lain crouching in an iron cage awaiting execution when the King first saw her, and the King had demanded whether she would poison him if he married her, so the tale ran. Assuredly, she replied, if he treated her as her late husband had treated her. Thereupon the King had married her, partly to please his fancy, mainly through sheer delight in her brutal answer.

This gipsy without lineage held in less than a year King and state under her feet—feet which women of the household sang spitefully were roughened with travel of shameful roads. She had borne the King one son, in whom all her pride and ambition centered, and, after his birth, she had applied herself with renewed energy to the maintenance of mastery in the state. The supreme Government, a thousand

miles away, knew that she was a force to be reckoned with, and had no love for her. The white-haired, soft-spoken Political Resident, Colonel Nolan, who lived in the pink house a bow-shot from the city gates, was often thwarted by her. Her latest victory was peculiarly humiliating to him, for she had discovered that a rock-hewn canal designed to supply the city with water in summer would pass through an orange-garden under her window, and had used her influence with the Maharajah against it. The Maharajah had thereupon caused it to be taken around by another way at an expense of a quarter of his year's revenue, and in the teeth of the almost tearful remonstrance of the Resident.

Sitabhai, the gipsy, behind her silken curtains, had both heard and seen this interview between the rajah and his Political, and had laughed.

Tarvin devoured all this eagerly. It fed his purpose; it was grist to his mill, even if it tumbled his whole plan of attack topsyturvy. It opened up a new world for which he had no measures and standards, and in which he must be frankly and constantly dependent on the inspiration of the next moment. He could n't know too much of this world before taking his first step toward the Naulahka, and he was willing to hear all that these lazy fellows would tell him. He began to feel as if he should have to go back and learn his A B C's over again. What pleased this strange being they called King? what appealed to him? what tickled him? above all, what did he fear?

He was thinking much and rapidly.

But he said, "No wonder your King is bankrupt if he has such a court to look after."

"He's one of the richest princes in India," returned the man in the yellow coat. "He does n't know himself what he has."

"Why does n't he pay his debts, then, instead of keeping you mooning about here?"

"Because he's a native. He'd spend a hundred thousand pounds on a marriage-feast, and delay payment of a bill for two hundred rupees four years."

"You ought to cure him of that," insisted Tarvin. "Send a sheriff after the crown jewels."

"You don't know Indian princes. They would pay a bill before they would let the crown jewels go. They are sacred. They are part of the government."

"Ah, I'd give something to see the Luck of the State!" exclaimed a voice from one of the chairs, which Tarvin afterward learned belonged to the agent of a Calcutta firm of jewelers.

"What's that?" he asked as casually as he knew how, sipping his whisky and soda.

"The Naulahka. Don't you know?"

Tarvin was saved the need of an answer by the man in yellow. "Pshaw! All that talk about the Naulahka is invented by the priests."

"I don't think so," returned the jeweler's agent, judicially. "The King told me when I was last here that he had once shown it to a viceroy. But he is the only foreigner who has ever seen it. The King assured me he did n't know where it was himself."

"Pooh! Do you believe in carved emeralds two inches square?" asked the other, turning to Tarvin.

"That's only the centerpiece," said the jeweler; "and I would n't mind wagering that it's a tallow-drop emerald. It is n't that that staggers me. My wonder is how these chaps, who don't care anything for water in a stone, could have taken the trouble to get together half a dozen perfect gems, much less fifty. They say that the necklace was begun when William the Conqueror came over."

"That gives them a year or two," said Tarvin. "I would undertake to get a little jewelry together myself if you gave me eight centuries."

His face was turned a little away from them as he lay back in his chair. His heart was going quickly. He had been through mining-trades, land-speculations, and cattle-deals in his time. He had known moments when the turn of a hair, the wrinkle of an eyelid, meant ruin to him. But they were not moments into which eight centuries were gathered.

They looked at him with a remote pity in their eyes.

"Five absolutely perfect specimens of the nine precious stones," began the jeweler; "the ruby, emerald, sapphire, diamond, opal, cat's-eye, turquoise, amethyst, and—"

"Topaz?" asked Tarvin, with the air of a proprietor.

"No; black diamond—black as night."

"But how do you know all these things; how do you get on to them?" asked Tarvin, curiously.

"Like everything else in a native state—common talk, but difficult to prove. Nobody can as much as guess where that necklace is."

"Probably under the foundations of some temple in the city," said the yellow-coated man.

Tarvin, in spite of the careful guard he was keeping over himself, could not help kindling at this. He saw himself digging the city up.

"Where is this city?" inquired he.

They pointed across the sun-glare, and showed him a rock girt by a triple line of wall. It was exactly like one of the many ruined cities that Tarvin had passed in the bullock-cart. A rock of a dull and angry red surmounted that

rock. Up to the foot of the rock ran the yellow sands of the actual desert — the desert that supports neither tree nor shrub, only the wild ass, and somewhere in its heart, men say, the wild camel.

Tarvin stared through the palpitating haze of heat, and saw that there was neither life nor motion about the city. It was a little after noonday, and his Majesty's subjects were asleep. This solid block of loneliness, then, was the visible end of his journey — the Jericho he had come from Topaz to attack.

And he reflected, "Now, if a man should come from New York in a bullock-cart to whistle around the Sauguache Range, I wonder what sort of fool I'd call him!"

Herose and stretched his dusty limbs. "What time does it get cool enough to take in the town?" he asked.

"Do *what* to the town? Better be careful. You might find yourself in difficulties with the Resident," warned his friendly adviser.

Tarvin could not understand why a stroll through the deadest town he had ever seen should be forbidden. But he held his peace, inasmuch as he was in a strange country where nothing, save a certain desire for command on the part of the women, was as he had known it. He would take in the town thoroughly. Otherwise he began to fear that its monumental sloth — there was still no sign of life upon the walled rock — would swallow him up, or turn him into a languid Calcutta drummer.

Something must be done at once before his wits were numbed. He inquired the way to the telegraph-office, half-doubting, even though he saw the wires, the existence of a telegraph in Rhatore.

"By the way," one of the men called after him, "it 's worth remembering that any telegram you send here is handed all round the court and shown to the King."

Tarvin thanked him, and thought this *was* worth remembering, as he trudged on through the sand toward a desecrated Mohammedan mosque near the road to the city which was doing duty as a telegraph-office.

A trooper of the state was lying fast asleep on the threshold, his horse picketed to a long bamboo lance driven into the ground. Other sign of life there was none, save a few doves cooing sleepily in the darkness under the arch.

Tarvin gazed about him dispiritedly for the blue and white sign of the Western Union, or its analogue in this queer land. He saw that the telegraph-wires disappeared through a hole in the dome of the mosque. There were two or three low wooden doors under the archway. He opened one at random, and stepped upon a warm, hairy body, which sprang up with a grunt. Tarvin had hardly time to draw back

before a young buffalo calf rushed out. Undisturbed, he opened another door, disclosing a flight of steps eighteen inches wide. Up these he traveled with difficulty, hoping to catch the sound of the ticker. But the building was as silent as the tomb it had once been. He opened another door, and stumbled into a room, the domed ceiling of which was inlaid with fretted tracery in barbaric colors, picked out with myriads of tiny fragments of mirrors. The flood of color and the glare of the snow-white floor made him blink after the pitchy darkness of the staircase. Still, the place was undoubtedly a telegraph-office, for an antiquated instrument was clamped upon a cheap dressing-table. The sunlight streamed through the gash in the dome which had been made to admit the telegraph-wires, and which had not been repaired.

Tarvin stood in the sunlight and stared about him. He took off the soft, wide-brimmed Western hat, which he was finding too warm for this climate, and mopped his forehead. As he stood in the sunlight, straight, clean-limbed, and strong, one who lurked in this mysterious spot with designs upon him would have decided that he did not look a wholesome person to attack. He pulled at the long thin mustache which drooped at the corners of his mouth in a curve shaped by the habit of tugging at it in thought, and muttered picturesque remarks in a tongue to which these walls had never echoed. What chance was there of communicating with the United States of America from this abyss of oblivion? Even the "damn" that came back to him from the depths of the dome sounded foreign and inexpressive.

A sheeted figure lay on the floor. "It takes a dead man to run this place," exclaimed Tarvin, discovering the body. "Hallo, you! Get up there!"

The figure rose to its feet with grunts, cast away its covering, and disclosed a very sleepy native in a complete suit of dove-colored satin.

"Ho!" cried he.

"Yes," returned Tarvin, imperturbably.

"You want to see me?"

"No; I want to send a telegram, if there's any electric fluid in this old tomb."

"Sir," said the native, affably, "you have come to right shop. I am telegraph-operator and postmaster-general of this state."

He seated himself in the decayed chair, opened a drawer of the table, and began to search for something.

"What you looking for, young man? Lost your connection with Calcutta?"

"Most gentlemen bring their own forms," he said with a distant note of reproach in his bland manner. "But here is form. Have you got pencil?"

"Oh, see here, don't let me strain this office.

Had n't you better go and lie down again? I'll tap the message off myself. What's your signal for Calcutta?"

"You, sir, not understanding this instrument."

"Don't I? You ought to see me milk the wires at election-time."

"This instrument require most judeecious handling, sir. You write message. I send. That is proper division of labor. Ha, ha!"

Tarvin wrote his message, which ran thus:

"Getting there. Remember Three C's."

TARVIN."

It was addressed to Mrs. Mutrie at the address she had given him in Denver.

"Rush it," he said, as he handed it back over the table to the smiling image.

"All right; no fear. I am here for that," returned the native, understanding in general terms from the cabalistic word that his customer was in haste.

"Will the thing ever get there?" drawled Tarvin, as he leaned over the table and met the gaze of the satin-clothed being with an air of good comradeship, which invited him to let him into the fraud, if there was one.

"Oh, yes; to-morrow. Denver is in the United States America," said the native, looking up at Tarvin with childish glee in the sense of knowledge.

"Shake!" exclaimed Tarvin, offering him a hairy fist. "You've been well brought up."

He stayed half an hour fraternizing with the man on the foundation of this common ground of knowledge, and saw him work the message

off on his instrument, his heart going out on that first click all the way home. In the midst of the conversation the native suddenly dived into the cluttered drawer of the dressing-table, and drew forth a telegram covered with dust, which he offered to Tarvin's scrutiny.

"You knowing any new Englishman coming to Rhatore name Turpin?" he asked.

Tarvin stared at the address a moment, and then tore open the envelop to find, as he expected, that it was for him. It was from Mrs. Mutrie, congratulating him on his election to the Colorado legislature by a majority of 1518 over Sheriff.

Tarvin uttered an abandoned howl of joy, executed a war-dance on the white floor of the mosque, snatched the astounded operator from behind his table, and whirled him away into a mad waltz. Then, making a low salaam to the now wholly bewildered native, he rushed from the building, waving his cable in the air, and went capering up the road.

When he was back at the rest-house again he retired to a bath to grapple seriously with the dust of the desert, while the commercial travelers without discussed his comings and goings. He plunged about luxuriously in a gigantic bowl of earthenware, while a brown-skinned water-carrier sluiced the contents of a goat-skin over his head.

A voice in the veranda, a little louder than the others, said, "He's probably come prospecting for gold or boring for oil, and won't tell."

Tarvin winked a wet left eye.

(To be continued.)



QUEEN ELIZABETH.

DO you know Queen Elizabeth?
 "Elizabeth! Why, she is dust.
 Her evil eyes and haughty brow
 Have perished, as we mortals must,
 Long years ago. Why ask me now
 With such a tender, bated breath
 If I know Queen Elizabeth?"

No, no! But Saint Elizabeth,
 That sacred Queen of Hungary,
 She for whose saving it befell
 When man would work her misery
 The good God worked a miracle,
 And into roses turned her bread.
 "Vain questioner, she too is dead."

You call her dead? Elizabeth!
 Perhaps; but yet she is alive.
 I know her, noble, sweet, serene.
 Ah, yes; for such as she survive.
 They wear another garb and mien,
 But when the years come round and round
 Again and yet again they're crowned.

I know her well—Elizabeth.
 Still are her hands heaped full of bread,
 Still is her heart a mighty sea
 Of lavish love, and still are sped
 Her thoughts to endless charity.
 No king forbids her. No priest saith,
 "Love not!" to my Elizabeth.

She liveth silent in her shrine,
 Her royal robe becomes her well,

And royally her dark eyes shine
 The regal soul within to tell.
 But good! What saint of ancient lore
 Hath done what she does o'er and o'er?

She carries in her gracious hands
 Cheer to the lonely and the sad;
 She breaks away those heavy bands
 That bind the wretched; she is glad,
 As God is glad, to bend and show
 New hope and help to them below.

I know who hath anointed her
 Above her fellows, who hath sent
 This regent to administer
 His gifts and goodness, who hath lent
 To earth's forlorn surcease of faith
 This living ray, Elizabeth.

I lay beside the edge of death,
 My soul and body racked with pain,
 Crying for God to take my breath
 Into his wordless will again;
 All other hope was lost and vain,
 When suddenly the Master saith,
 "I send to thee Elizabeth."

She came, she lifted up my chains,
 She smiled and lit my dark despair;
 With words as kind as summer rains
 She took me in her queenly care,
 She filled my bitten lips with prayer.
 Were my tongue dry with dusts of death
 I'd gasp, "God bless Elizabeth!"

Rose Terry Cooke.

THE RAPTURE OF HETTY.



HE dance was set for Christmas night at Walling's, a horse-ranch where there were women, situated in a high, watered valley, shut in by foothills, sixteen miles from the nearest town. The cabin with its roof of "shakes," the sheds and corrals, can be seen from any divide between Packer's ferry and the Payette.

The "boys" had been generally invited, with one exception to the usual company. The youngest of the sons of Basset, a pastoral and

nomadic house, was socially under a cloud, on the charge of having been "too handy with the frying-pan brand."

The charge could not be substantiated, but the boy's name had been roughly handled in those wide, loosely defined circles of the range, where the force of private judgment makes up for the weakness of the law in dealing with crimes that are difficult of detection and uncertain of punishment. He that has obliterated his neighbor's brand, or misapplied his own, is held as in the age of tribal government and ownership was held the remover of his neighbor's landmarks. A word goes forth against

him potent as the Levitical curse, and all the people say amen.

As society's first public and pointed rejection of him, the slight had rankled with the son of Basset; and grievously it wore on him that Hetty Rhodes was going with the man who had been his earliest and most persistent accuser—Hetty, prettiest of all the bunch-grass belles, who never reproached nor quarreled, but judged people with her smile and let them go. He had not complained, though he had her promise,—one of her promises,—nor asked a hearing in his own defense. The sons of Basset were many and poor; their stock had dwindled upon the range; her men-folk condemned him, and Hetty believed, or seemed to believe, as the others.

Had she forgotten the night when two men's horses stood at her father's fence—the Basset boy's and his that was afterward his accuser, and the other's horse was unhitched when the evening was but half spent, and furiously ridden away, while the Basset boy's stood at the rails till close upon midnight? Had the coincidence escaped her that from this night, of one man's rage and another's bliss, the ugly charge had dated? Of these things a girl may not testify.

They met in town on the Saturday before the dance, Hetty buying her dancing-shoes at the back of the store, where the shoe-cases framed in a snug little alcove for the exhibition of a "fit," the boy, in his belled spurs and "chaps" of goat-hide, lounging disconsolate and sulky against one of the front counters. She wore a striped ulster—an enchanted garment his arm had pressed—and a pink crocheted Tam-o'-Shanter cocked bewitchingly over her dark eyes. Her hair was ruffled, her cheeks were red with the wind she had faced two hours on the spring-seat of her father's "dead ax" wagon. Critical feminine eyes might have found her a trifle blowzy; the sick-hearted Basset boy looked once—he dared not look again.

Hetty coquetted with her partner in the shoe-bargain, a curly-headed young Hebrew, who flattered her familiarly and talked as if he had known her from a child, but always with an eye to business. She stood, holding back her skirts and rocking her instep from right to left while she considered the effect of the new style—patent-leather foxings and tan-cloth tops, and heels that came under the middle of her foot, and narrow toes with tips of stamped leather; but what a price! More than a third of her chicken-money gone for that one fancy's satisfaction. But who can know the joy of a really distinguished choice in shoe-leather as one that in her childhood has trotted barefoot through the sage-brush and associated shoes only with cold weather or going to town? The Basset boy tried to fix his strained attention

upon anything rather than upon that tone of high jocosity between Hetty and the shiny-haired clerk. He tried to summon his own self-respect and leave the place.

What was the tax, he inquired, on those neck-handkerchiefs, and he pointed with the loaded butt of his braided leather "quirt" to a row of dainty silk mufflers signaling custom from a cord stretched above the gentlemen's furnishing-counter.

The clerk explained that the goods in question were first class, all silk, brocaded, and of an extra size. Plainly he expected that a casual mention of the price would cool the inexperienced customer's curiosity, especially as the colors displayed in the handkerchiefs were not those commonly affected by the cowboy cult. The Basset boy threw down his last half-eagle and carelessly called for the one with a blue border. The delicate "baby blue" attracted him by its perishability, its suggestion of impossible refinements beyond the soilure and dust of his grimy circumstances. Yet he pocketed his purchase as though it were any common thing, not to show his pride in it before the patronizing salesman.

He waited foolishly for Hetty, not knowing if she would even speak to him. When she came at last loitering down the shop, with her eyes on the gay Christmas counters, her arms filled with bundles, he silently fell in behind her and followed her to her father's wagon, where he helped her unload her purchases.

"Been buying out the store?" he opened the conversation.

"Buying more than father 'll want to pay for," she drawled, glancing at him sweetly. Those entailing looks of Hetty's dark-lashed eyes had grown to a habit with her; even now the little Jewish salesman was smiling over his brief portion in them. Her own coolness made her careless, as children are, in playing with fire.

"Here 's some Christmas the old man won't have to pay for." A soft paper parcel was crushed into her hand.

"Who is going to pay for it I 'd like to know? If it 's some of your doings, Jim Basset, I can't take it—so there!"

She thrust the package back upon him. He tore off the wrapper and let the wind carry his rejected token into the trampled mud and slush of the street.

Hetty screamed, and pounced to the rescue. "What a shame! It 's a beauty of a handkerchief. It must have cost a lot of money. I sha'n't let you use it so."

She shook it, and wiped away the spots from its delicate sheen, and folded it into its folds again.

"I don't want the thing." He spurned it fiercely.

"Then give it to some one else." She endeavored coquettishly to force it into his hands or into the pockets of his coat. He could not withstand her thrilling little liberties in the face of all the street.

"I 'll wear it Monday night," said he. "Maybe you think I won't be there?" he added hoarsely, for he had noted her look of surprise mingled with an infuriating touch of pity. "You kin bank on it I 'll be there."

Hetty toyed with the thought that after all it might be better that she should not go to the dance. There might be trouble, for certainly Jim Basset had looked as if he meant it when he had said he would be there; and Hetty knew the temper of the company, the male portion of it, too well to doubt what their attitude would be toward an inhibited guest who disputed the popular verdict and claimed social privileges which, it had been agreed, he had forfeited. But it was never really in her mind to deny herself—at least the excitement. She and her escort were among the first couples to cross the snowy pastures stretching between her father's claim and the lights of the lonely horse-ranch.

It was a cloudy night, the air soft, chill, and springlike. Snow had fallen early and frozen upon the ground; the stockmen welcomed the "chinook wind" as the promise of a break in the hard weather. Shadows came out and played on the pale slopes as the riders rose and dropped past one long swell and another of dim country, falling away like a ghostly land seeking a ghostly sea. And often Hetty looked back, fearing yet half hoping that the interdicted one might be on his way, among the dusky, straggling shapes behind.

The company was not large, nor up to nine o'clock particularly merry. The women were engaged in cooking supper, or up in the roof-room brushing out their crimps by the light of an unshaded kerosene-lamp placed on the pine washstand which did duty as a dressing-table. The men's voices came jarringly through the loose boards of the floor from below.

About that hour came the unbidden guest, and like the others he had brought his "gun." He was stopped at the door and told that he could not come in among the girls to make trouble. He denied that he had come with any such intention. There were persons present—he mentioned no names—who were no more eligible, socially speaking, than himself, and he ranked himself low in saying so; where such as these could be admitted, he proposed to show that he could. He offered, in evidence of his good faith and peaceable intentions, to give up his gun; but on condition that he be allowed one dance with the partner of his choosing, regardless of her previous engagements.

This unprecedented proposal was referred to the girls, who were charmed with its audacity. But none of them spoke up for the outcast till Hetty said she could not think what they were all afraid of. A dozen to one, and that one without his weapon! Then the other girls chimed in, and added their timid suffrages. There may have been some twinges of disappointment, there could hardly have been surprise, when the black sheep directed his choice without a look elsewhere to Hetty. She stood up, smiling but rather pale, and he rushed her to the head of the room, securing the most conspicuous place before his rival, who with his partner took the place of second couple opposite.

"Keep right on!" the fiddler chanted, in sonorous cadence to the music, as the last figure of the set ended with "Promenade all!" He swung into the air of the first figure again, smiling, with his cheek upon his instrument and his eyes upon the floor. Hetty fancied that his smile meant more than merely the artist's pleasure in the joy he evokes.

"Keep your places!" he shouted again, after the "Promenade all!" a second time had raised the dust and made the lamps flare, and lighted with smiles of sympathy the rugged faces of the elders ranged against the walls. The side couples dropped off exhausted, but the tops held the floor, and neither of the men was smiling.

The whimsical fiddler invented new figures, which he "called off" in time to his music, to vary the monotony of a quadrille with two couples missing.

The opposite girl was laughing hysterically; she could no longer dance or stand. The rival gentleman looked about him for another partner. One girl jumped up, then, hesitating, sat down again. The music passed smoothly into a galop, and Hetty and her bad boy kept the floor, regardless of shouts and protests warning the trespasser that his time was up and the game in other hands.

Thrice they circled the room. They looked neither to right nor left; their eyes were upon each other. The men were all on their feet, the music playing madly. A group of half-scared girls were huddled, giggling and whispering, near the door of the dimly lighted shed-room. Into the midst of them Hetty's partner plunged with his breathless, smiling dancer in his arms, passed into the dim outer place to the door where his horse stood saddled, and they were gone.

They crossed the little valley known as Seven Pines, they crashed through the thin ice of the creek, they rode double sixteen miles before midnight—Hetty wrapped in her lover's "slicker," with the blue-bordered handkerchief, her only wedding-gift, tied over her blowing hair.

Mary Hallock Foote.

A black and white engraving of two cowboys on horseback in a desert landscape. One cowboy is in the foreground, wearing a wide-brimmed hat and looking towards the right. The second cowboy is slightly behind and to the left, also on horseback. The background features a rocky, hilly terrain under a cloudy sky. The signature 'J. M. W. P.' is visible in the lower left corner.

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ENGRAVED BY FLORENCE

THE APPEARANCE OF THE ANGEL TO THE SHEPHERDS, BY P. LAGARDE.

MOZART—AFTER A HUNDRED YEARS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE WOMEN OF THE FRENCH SALONS."



THE changes of fashion are not limited to the cut of our clothes, the style of our houses, our manners, and our modes of living. We must have also new forms for our thoughts, new expressions for our emotions. The idols of one generation make way for the idols of the next—fortunate if a name carved in a stone or some faded memorial tells the world they have lived. It is only here and there that a commanding genius stands on a pinnacle so high that its divine light shines upon remote ages which point to it as a distinct landmark in its own sphere. And even these are not quite free from the inevitable caprices of taste. While we still burn incense at time-honored altars, we turn to new gods, and, fired with some fresh sensation, pronounce the old ones a little antiquated after all. It is the youngest of the arts that feels, perhaps, the most perceptibly these fluctuations. In this late nineteenth century we like our viands very much spiced, and music is the last expression of the complexity, the turmoil, the fever, the intensity of modern life. We no longer seek in it the repose that belonged to simpler conditions, a less artificial existence, but strain the nerves, the mind, the senses to scale some unknown heaven of thought and feeling; then falling back from this emotional delirium, we find nature tame, the old creations insipid, the masters of the past colorless. It is refreshing sometimes to step aside into a more serene atmosphere, to kneel once more before half-deserted shrines, to take refuge from the spirit of unrest, in the everlasting beauty, the inexhaustible charm of the poet-singers of a past generation.

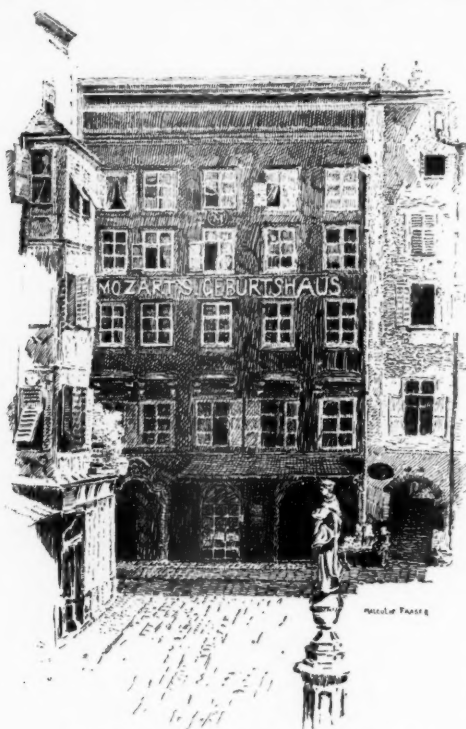
It may seem like repeating an oft-told tale to retrace the incidents of a career so well known as that of Mozart, nor is it possible that any written or spoken words can ever add to the luster of his fame. The world has long since made up its mind about him, compiled its records, reared its monuments, and assigned him a place among its great ones. But it is well from time to time to rub off the dust that gathers upon old monuments and old records, and to scatter fresh flowers upon honored graves. It brings more vividly before us the

men who have toiled and suffered, the men who have claims upon our love and sympathy as well as upon our admiration—a love and sympathy doubly due to those whose lives were marred and broken. The genius that delights the world seldom brings happiness to its possessor, and it is idle to speak of it as its own compensation. It has doubtless its hours of supreme joy, but no mortal dwells permanently in the sunlit heights of thought or imagination, and those who best interpret the subtle secrets of the soul are those who are born the most responsive to the variations of the world about them.

Among all the sad tales of struggling and disappointed genius, I know of none so pathetic as that of Mozart. In the place of recalling cold historic facts, one is tempted to chant a perpetual miserere. A childhood of wonderful precocity, a youth of rare triumphs, a brief, neglected manhood, an unhonored death, and an immortal fame—it is the old story of the coral-insect that toils to build itself a magnificent tomb to charm the world it has shut itself out of.

The tragedy of Mozart's fate does not lie in the simple combat with adverse circumstances, which falls more or less to the average lot of humanity, but in the strange disproportion between the promise of life and its fulfilment. No one ever hoped so much and realized so little. Nature, which was so lavish of its gifts, forgot to add the worldly talent to reap their fruits. We do not know to what height he might have reached had he lived to the allotted age of man. Cut off in his prime, his genius seems to have touched the highest altitude, to have been singularly rounded and complete. Variations in power there may have been, but we discover no backward step, no symptom of decline. That he should have had so small a return is among the inscrutable mysteries of a world whose caprices no one can follow.

An artist of transcendent gifts, a composer without a peer in his day, and in natural spontaneity without a superior in any day, a man of sunny temper and pure aspirations, genial, confiding, generous, and tender, he stumbled over the hardest places and broke down midway in his career, partly because he was in advance of his age and the untrodden path was too rough for him, and partly be-



HOUSE IN WHICH MOZART WAS BORN, SALZBURG.
(DRAWN FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY LUDWIG HARDTMUTH.)

cause he did not know how to deal with the simple, every-day facts of existence. The little boy whom queens petted and savants praised, who saw life open before him so brilliantly, and "loving all the world, fancied all the world loved him," toiled through dreary days of poverty and neglect, saddened and discouraged, but hoping still because it was his nature to hope, and centering in a few short years the work and the suffering of threescore and ten.

If one were to choose a birthplace for its natural beauty, no lovelier spot could be found than Salzburg. Set in the midst of a smiling plain, with the green and wooded heights of the Capuzinerberg rising from a rocky and precipitous base on one side, the dark and somber Mönchsberg bounding it like a granite wall on the other, and an amphitheater of mountains towering behind them in solemn and picturesque grandeur, it is an ideal home for a poet and an artist. The old fortress still frowns from the rock-bound summit of the Hohen-Salzburg, guarding the narrow defiles through which the Salzach rushes swiftly down from the snowy peaks, that sweep away into the heart of the Tyrolese Alps. Beyond these

lie the sunny slopes of Italy. In this valley, which takes a half-melancholy tone from its mysterious legends and its capricious skies, was born in 1756 the fourth of the illustrious quintet of German masters which marked the golden age of music, and was completed by Beethoven. Bach had been dead six years. Handel died three years later, and Haydn was just struggling into fame. The place and the period were favorable for the peculiar gifts of Mozart. He was no less fortunate in his early surroundings.

It has been rarely accorded to the children of song to be so happy in their childhood. There is a pathetic tale of Handel at seven years of age, practising upon a dumb spinet in a cold attic to be out of the hearing of a violent father. Haydn made his way through poverty by the force of his own will. The young Beethoven was lonely and neglected. But Mozart had a pleasant home; limited in fortune it always was, and the family was compelled to practice the strictest economy; but love was there, and hope, with which no household can be quite desolate.

The father, who had been educated for the law, but afterward devoted himself to music and became violinist, then kapellmeister at the court of Salzburg, was a shrewd, prudent, judicious man, of fine literary tastes and much refinement. Wise and tender, as well as profoundly versed in his art, he seemed eminently fitted to mold the rich, pliant, spontaneous nature of his precocious son. His wife was a woman of great beauty and simple domestic tastes. In youth they were considered the handsomest couple in Salzburg. Only Wolfgang and the Nannerl, to whom he refers so often, survived out of a large family. To the training of these two gifted children the life of Leopold Mozart was devoted. "Next to God comes papa" was one of the son's childish sayings, and he never went to bed without kissing him on the tip of the nose after singing a little evening hymn of his own composition. He used to say that when his father was old he would put him in a glass case, that he might keep him always near and out of the dust. How touchingly the father refers to these happy days in the letters of after years! One can fancy a tear in his eye as he wrote them.

Every one is familiar with the marvelous stories of Mozart's childhood. We have been often told how the little boy of three years stood by the piano while his sister took her lesson, and astonished his father at its close by searching among the keys for a few moments with his baby fingers, then playing the exercise neatly

and correctly; how a year later he amused himself with writing minuets, and attempted a concerto which was free from errors, but so difficult that no one could play it; how he always insisted on carrying about his toys to the sound of music; how he covered the floor, the chairs, and the walls with figures in a fit of absorbing passion for mathematics—a talent which showed itself later in the remarkable precision with which musical ideas arranged themselves in his head, to be written down at a moment's notice. The exquisite delicacy of organization that made him shudder and turn pale at the sound of a trumpet, the fine ear that could detect the variation of an eighth of a tone in a

measured at less than his value, and the sad experience of his maturity was doubly hard when the wonted stimulus was withdrawn.

At six years of age the small, fair-haired child, with a delicate face and large expressive eyes, simple and gifted, loving and lovable, is the pet and delight of the greatest courts in Europe. But he is not at all dazzled by royal grandeur. Maria Theresa is only a kind and tender woman to him. He climbs into her lap and kisses her with an impulsive affection that touches her heart, while she smiles at his boldness and caresses him as any other woman would have done. He slips on the waxed floor, and the little Marie Antoinette helps him to



MOZART'S DWELLING IN SALZBURG.

violin from one day to another, the extreme susceptibility that could not bear a cold word from those he loved without tears—these were more or less essential parts of the outfit which nature bestows upon a musical artist. To a child so sensitive, so loving, so tremulously alive to the changing moods of those around him, an atmosphere of fostering warmth was a necessity. It left him free from the wear and tear of the emotions, and saved him from the morbid introspection that has darkened the lives of so many men of genius upon whom the world has pressed too heavily in their first years.

It was perhaps Mozart's misfortune to come before the world as an infant prodigy. Though his genius never suffered the deterioration which is the too frequent fate of precocity, the undue tension and excitement of his childhood inevitably consumed much of the physical vigor needed for prolonged and continuous effort. The wine of life was exhausted in the beginning. He received, too, the best the world had to give in praise and adulation. As the novelty wore off and he ceased to be a wonder he was

rise, upon which he promptly says, "You are good and I will marry you." Had she forgotten this childish incident when he was working and waiting so hopelessly for a ray of encouragement during those dark days in Paris? He tells the young prince that he plays out of tune, the same one who, as the Emperor Joseph II., might have assured him a fortune but did not. Fine words and cheering promises were about all the unfortunate composer ever received from the sovereign he loved and trusted to the end. Mozart had a vein of irrepressible humor, and we have an amusing picture of the boy in the gold-bordered lilac suit and moiré vest which the empress sent him, resplendent with his powdered curls, his bright knee-buckles, and his little sword, marching pompously about the room, in imitation of the dignified courtiers who had frowned upon his free sallies of wit. But the swift intuitions of the child go straight to the heart of things, and the approval of a simple man of science is worth more to him than the wondering applause of courts. As he sat down at the piano, he asked for Wagenseil and said to him, "I am going to play one of

your concertos; will you turn the leaves for me?"

He is petted also in the salons of Paris, at Versailles, and at the English court. He plays at sight the most difficult works of Handel, is equally master of the organ and piano, impro-



MOZART AT FOUR YEARS OF AGE. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH, OWNED BY THE MOZART MUSEUM, SALZBURG, OF THE PAINTING IN POSSESSION OF H. F. BAMBERG.)

vises with exquisite taste and the science of a kapellmeister, writes the base to given melodies without an instrument, and composes six sonatas for Queen Charlotte, whom he also accompanies with ease in the unfamiliar arias she sings for him. And he is not yet seven years old! The critical pen of Grimm grows eloquent in his praise. Gifts and caresses are showered upon him, and he finds himself altogether in a very rose-colored, happy world. This tour of more than three years, in which his sister, also a brilliant pianist, shared his successes, was a series of triumphs which might have turned an older head, but the little Wolfgang seems to have lost none of his childlike simplicity.

After a few more years of study his vision was still further deepened and broadened by a visit to Italy. He was then fourteen and was received with distinguished honors, being elected a member of the Academy of Bologna after a severe examination, and decorated by the Pope with the order of the Golden Spur. In spite of the excitement of seeing new places and new things, he writes motets and symphonies, composes the opera of "Mithridates," which he conducts with success at Milan, dashes off minuets and bits of dance-music for his friends, dallies with mathematics and the French classics, and studies with care the exquisite art of the Italian singers, as well as the theories and methods of the masters. He dines with Jomelli, whose operas he thinks too intricate and too antiquated for the stage, makes a lifelong friend of the learned Padre Martini, is pleasantly received

by the famous Farinelli, and praised by the "divine Hasse," who says, "This child will make us all forgotten." His letters to his mother and sister give us rapid sketches of his life at this time. They are an odd mélange in several languages, lively and dramatic, full of sparkling conceits and quaint comments upon men and things, mingled with affectionate inquiries after those he left at home; here a word of consolation to a sick friend for whom he has offered prayers in the cathedral, and there a message to the canary that sings in G sharp, or a kiss for "Miss Bimberl," his favorite dog. He is always running over with love and humor, but occasional light touches of mature criticism reveal a vein of serious thought, and give us swift glimpses of the treasures hidden in his young head. This side of his nature, however, usually finds vent in music, which conveys to the world so little of all there is behind it.

At Rome he accomplished the feat of copying Allegri's celebrated "Miserere" after a single hearing. This "Miserere" was a traditional heritage of the Sistine Chapel, and it was forbidden to copy it, under pain of excommunication. One can imagine the exaltation of the fine-souled boy hearing for the first time this sorrow-laden music, with the far-seeing eyes of Michelangelo's prophets and sibyls looking down from the vaults above, and the terrors of the "Last Judgment" before him, heightened by the deepening gloom as one after another the lights went out and the low chant filled the brooding darkness like a voice from the invisible world. "How I felt then! How I felt then!" he exclaimed long afterward in relating this memorable experience. A lesser genius would have been lost in the rush of overpowering emotions; and it is a striking proof of the remarkable balance between his sympathetic and artistic nature that he could carry away every note of the complicated music, to be put down on paper in his room, subject to a few trifling corrections on a second hearing.

One is always tempted to linger upon the childhood of Mozart. It was by far the happiest period of his life, the one in which his greatest personal triumphs were centered, the one in which his genius met the most cordial recognition. The severity of his studies was tempered by perpetual contact with the most distinguished artists of his time, while his observation of the great world, his intercourse with critical minds, and his familiarity with a wide range of musical tastes naturally counteracted all tendency toward a provincial accent.

But there was a reverse side to his early successes, which began to assume alarming prominence on his return to Salzburg. Musicians

there were little better than upper servants. Strictly speaking, their position was worse. The servants were fitted to their surroundings, and moved naturally among them, while artists of delicacy and education were cramped and humiliated. It must be said, too, that the Salzburg musicians were not as a rule of a character to please the Mozarts. It may be readily imagined that the young Wolfgang, fresh from a larger and more refined world, did not take kindly to these associations. "I detest everything that belongs to Salzburg," he said, "at least everything that is native here. The tone and manners of the people are insupportable to me." The new archbishop was a hard, tyrannical man, who made life still less tolerable to him. But places were the gift of courts, and independence of spirit was a quality few could afford. The elder Mozart had worn the fetters of practically forced servitude all his life, and felt that it was better to buy advancement at the cost of a few twinges of wounded pride than to starve in helpless freedom. His advice is always marked by worldly prudence, and there is, perhaps, a trace of servility in it. But this little weakness can be readily forgiven when we remember how much he did for the world by his untiring devotion to his son, and how poorly it repaid him in a lonely, disappointed age, doomed to a dire struggle with poverty even to the end, which brought him rest about four years earlier than it did his illustrious son.

It is to escape these humiliations and the irksome duties of a narrow sphere, in which, according to one of his biographers, he had worked five years for a trifle over a pound a year, that Mozart starts at twenty-one on the tour which is to leave such marked traces upon his genius as well as his destiny. His mother goes with him, while his father and sister are left alone by the desolate fireside.

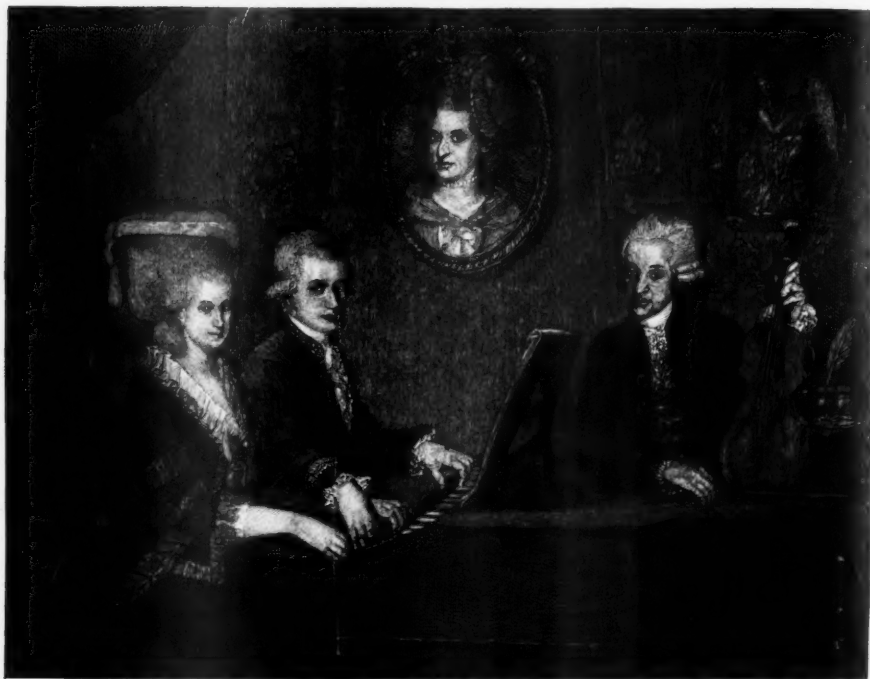
HAD Mozart found the life of a court musician in a small German principality a little less hard, the world might have had another Palestrina, or perhaps another Bach, but it is not likely it would ever have known the Mozart it loves and reveres to-day. To understand the incalculable importance of his final visit to Paris from an artistic point of view, one must recall the musical conditions when he entered upon the scene. Nearly a century and a half had elapsed since a few Florentine dilettanti and composers, catching the echo of the Renaissance, had tried to revive the musical declamation of the Greeks, by introducing into the opera, recitatives which faithfully expressed the sentiment of the words. Their influence upon Italian music was slight and their names are mostly forgotten, except by the student who seeks them upon some remote

page of history. The opera was ruled by the singers, and these cared mainly to display the range and quality of their voices, while the indolent and pleasure-loving people of the south, wishing to be amused with the least effort, found the traditional arias strung upon a light dramatic thread most in accord with their taste and temperament. But, transferred to French and German soil, this germ of theory has developed by a series of evolutions into the magnificent musical drama of to-day. The two names which stand out most prominently in this dramatic reaction are Gluck and Mozart. The foundation of the richness of orchestration, which forms one of its chief features, was laid in the dim organ-lofts of Germany, where for



MOZART AT NINE YEARS OF AGE.
(FROM A PAINTING IN POSSESSION OF A. SANLLICH.)

more than a hundred years threadbare organists had been delving in the mysteries of counterpoint and harmony—men who lived mostly in their own "palace of sounds," and died unknown, until one day Bach and Handel came before the world with their grand results. Bach was content to work all his life in his modest place for love of his art and a scant pittance, to go on weaving his incomparable harmonies until they were merged in the eternal harmony. But the web so "simple and subtle" was a web of gold on whose priceless treasures successive generations of artists have been nurtured. Handel wrote for thirty years according to the Ital-



MOZART, HIS FATHER AND SISTER—ALSO PORTRAIT OF HIS MOTHER. (FROM A PAINTING BY JOHANN NEPOMUK DE LA CROCE, IN THE MOZART MUSEUM.)

ian traditions, because he wrote for a world whose tastes had been molded upon them and because he must do so to live. When his colossal genius at last broke its fetters and he refused longer to subject his art to the vanity of singers or the caprice of fashion, the conflict began which has been waging ever since under slightly altered names and conditions. Handel and Buononcini divided London into parties as hostile as were the partizans of Gluck and Piccini in Paris a few years later. The classic and romantic schools which are merged in the Wagnerian and anti-Wagnerian factions of to-day have lost none of the old antagonism, though the point of divergence has moved along the changes of a century, and the iconoclasts of the past have become the conservative rallying-points of the present. The luminous point of perfection in all art that is reached but once and beyond which the divine ideal is lost in its mortal draperies—where does it lie? To-day asks this of yesterday, but to-morrow only can answer.

It was through the influence of Handel that Gluck, at fifty, changed his methods and worked out the theory that placed him at the head of the musical dramatists of his time, and made him the chief of a new school. It was Mozart's

mission to give permanent vitality to this school, and practically to found the national opera of Germany. That which Gluck had reached by long experience and carefully studied formulas Mozart grasped at once by the pure force of his native genius, and applied in his own way. What Gluck did for his generation Mozart transformed, expanded, and vitalized for all time. With the warmth and intensity of the south, tempered by the dreamy imagination of the north, he carried within himself the elements of dramatic power; but it was the circumstances of his life that led to their full development. The influence of Italy was still supreme in music, and he had been reared with Italian models always before him, though he had been familiar from infancy with Handel and other German masters. To a consummate gift of melody he added all the resources of science. He had perfectly mastered the language of his art, which was indeed his native language, and before reaching maturity had already tried his hand with more or less brilliant success upon every form of music. But thus far he had followed the old paths. Two things were yet needed to give his genius its final, distinctive, and original stamp—a deeper experience of life and a practical insight into the

possibilities of the lyric drama. The first was gained rapidly in the dark paths of adversity, and a fate that often shapes our ends more wisely than we know opened to him the last.

There is something inexpressibly pathetic in this tour of the young artist, of whom it had been said that monarchs would one day dispute the possession. He had always lived in a world of dreams and harmonies, free from care for the morrow. Now, for the first time, he finds himself adrift with no sage adviser to direct his steps. The education which had ripened his genius so rapidly began to cast its shadows over his life. His exemption from self-dependence to the years of manhood, the habit of being guided and protected that he might devote himself exclusively to the one end upon which the family counted so largely, were doubtless the source of irretrievable errors. Sheltered and petted as he had been, he naturally colored the world with the illusions of his own heart. At this point we begin to see that fatal defect of will, the "cloud no bigger than a man's hand," which gradually overspread the heavens until it blotted out the sun of his earthly existence. "My son," writes his anxious father, "in all your affairs you are hasty and headlong. Your whole character has changed. As a child you were rather serious than childish. Now, it seems to me, you are too quick to answer every one in a jesting way on the slightest provocation, and this is the first step toward familiarity which one must avoid in this world if he cares to be respected. It is your good heart's fault that you can see no defect in the person who pays you a clever compliment, that you take him into your confidence and give him your love."

True to these characteristics, we find Mozart perpetually turned aside from the end in view by the caprice of the moment. He lingers at Munich with a great deal of hope but very little encouragement, until his father, less trustful, bids him go on. At Augsburg he talks merry nonsense with his pretty cousin, lavishes gifts upon his friends, sends home sharp caricatures of the people he meets, asserts his independence with rather more spirit than discretion, but finds no prospect of a position. He fares little better at Mannheim. "They think because I am little and young that there can be nothing great and old in me," he writes. But he receives many pleasant words; meets the poet Wieland, of whom he makes a rapid but not altogether flattering pen-portrait; takes a violent prejudice against the learned Abbé Vogler, which he expresses rather too freely; gives a few lessons; and, finally, falling in love with Aloysia Weber, gravely proposes to his father to take her whole family to Italy for the sake of introducing this charming singer on the

Italian stage in an opera he wishes to write for her. His frank, generous nature leads him into a thousand wild schemes that are to benefit everybody but himself. He has no end of quixotic plans for his friends, and all must be happy in his Utopia. Genius is to be appreciated, and no one is to be poor or neglected. Blessed illusions of youth that keep always before the mind's eye the illuminated shadow of some happiness that is forever receding! But these visions are rudely dispelled by his father, who chides his long delay and sends him on to Paris. He leaves his heart behind him, and not in safe keeping, as the sequel proves.

It so happened that Mozart was led to the gay capital at the moment when the famous war between Gluck and Piccini was at its height, and Paris was divided into musical factions. Gluck was warmly supported by Marie Antoinette, and his battles were fought in the salons by Suard and the Abbé Arnauld. Piccini had on his side the old traditions, the patronage of Madame Du Barry, the wit of the Abbé Morellet, and the influence of La Harpe. Marmontel wrote librettos for him, and Rousseau ardently defended him, until, charmed and fascinated, he went over to his rival. Society ranged itself under these opposite banners. "Iphigenia" and "Armida" were the topics of the hour, and, in spite of a powerful opposition, Gluck was the fashion. In the midst of this excitement the public had little time to bestow upon a new aspirant for honors, and the artist who, in the judgment of posterity, was destined to eclipse Gluck upon his own ground had great difficulty in finding a hearing. Grimm introduced him in a few salons, but the young man of twenty-one had a very different reception from the boy of seven. French society and French manners had no charms for him; French morality repelled him. He disliked Paris as thoroughly as Mendelssohn did half a century later. Both were too serious and too earnest in their art, too delicate and poetic in their genius to please the light-hearted Parisians. If the tone of the great world was distasteful to him, he liked the musicians no better. His good nature is imposed upon, he is deceived with false promises, refuses the position of organist at Versailles as too obscure, gives a few lessons, hopes, and is disappointed. But he is not idle. His eager mind quickly divined the value of the new methods, as well as the superiority of the French drama. He studied with care the works of Grétry and of Gluck, omitting no opportunity to make himself familiar with French masterpieces. To some one who asked him if the study of the Italians would not be more profitable, he replied, "In all that regards melody, yes, but for truth of diction and dramatic expression, no." Mozart was be-



MOZART'S SPINET, IN THE MOZART MUSEUM.

fore all things a musician, and believed that "poetry in the opera ought to be absolutely the obedient daughter of music." He never accepted the theory of Gluck that the true function of music was to "add to poetry what vivacity of color, the happy accord of light and shade, add to a correct and well-composed design." But with his dramatic genius, his fine artistic sense, and his perfect mastery of the art of musical expression, he reaches simply and naturally a point which Gluck had touched from an opposite direction—a point where "the poem seems not less made for the music than the music for the poem." In the midst of this life, so unsatisfactory in its immediate results but so fruitful for his genius, the plans of Mozart were suddenly changed by the death of his mother. Alone in a foreign city, without experience and without consolation, he meets his first great sorrow. One is struck with the delicacy, the tender consideration for his family, the profound religious faith, and the unlooked-for worldly wisdom called out by the grave responsibility so suddenly forced upon him. In these dark days he turns to the only friend he has, and is for a time domesticated in the household of Grimm and the kind-hearted Madame d'Épinay. But the great critic is an ardent supporter of Italian music, and the innovating theories of the young composer do not please him. His interest, which from the first has lacked the enthusiasm he gave to the wonderful child, begins decidedly to cool. "Your son is too confident," he writes to Leopold Mozart, "not sufficiently active, too easily

imposed upon, too little occupied with the means that might lead to fortune. In order to make one's way here it is necessary to be shrewd, enterprising, bold. For his success I should wish him half his talent and double his tact; then I should not be embarrassed."

An offer of the position of court organist at Salzburg with a salary of five hundred florins, accompanied by a peremptory command from his father, at last turned Mozart's reluctant steps homeward. But a fresh grief awaits him. A change of fortune has come to the Webers, and the young girl whose image he has cherished so tenderly during those sad and dreary months is singing with brilliant success at Munich. She has tasted the intoxicating sweets of flattery, and, with her broadening horizon, she looks with different eyes upon the youthful lover from whom she had parted a short time before with so many tears. The picture we have of Mozart at this time was not one to strike the ardent fancy of a romantic girl. Success had not yet thrown about him its illusive aureole, and there was nothing in his personal appearance to indicate his superiority. It suggested delicacy rather than strength. He was small and slender, with a pale, thin face, fair hair, a nose that in later life became too prominent, and large, full eyes, which were dreamy and abstracted unless he was animated by music, when his whole countenance, so remarkable for mobility, lighted with inspiration. His head was too large for his fragile body, and he was vain of his small hands and feet. The beauty of his childhood was gone, and he had not the dignity of a well-poised maturity. A few months had sufficed to wear off the glamour of first love, and the boyish artist, in the red coat with black buttons he wore in mourning for his mother, stood divested of all illusions before the critical eyes of the capricious singer of scarcely more than sixteen. "I knew nothing of the greatness of his genius, I saw in him only a little man," she said long afterward. Mozart was at no time greatly given to brooding; his temperament was too elastic to be long weighed down. He had the heart of a child, that sheds a few bitter tears over its griefs and lets them pass. This disappointment was wept over and apparently forgotten, though it doubtless left its shadow. His fickle charmer married the actor Lange, but was not happy, and finally left him; her relations with the composer, however, were always friendly, and he seems to have cherished no resentment—indeed he congratulated himself in Vienna that her husband's jealousy saved him from the danger of seeing too much of her. His affections were transferred to her younger, less brilliant, and more domestic sister, Constance.

Mozart returns from his first mature venture

no richer in money or prospects and far poorer in heart and faith. He has won his little meed of applause from those who might have helped him, and been dismissed with a paltry gift, a watch, perhaps, of which he had already a superfluity, a snuff-box, or money enough to pay for a dinner. The extravagant hopes, the ardent expectations with which he left his home have had no realization, and he finds himself once more in the narrow cage against the iron bars of which he is beating out his life. He is constantly called upon for musical trifles to amuse the court, as well as for religious compositions, but the little leisure he can snatch from his daily duties is devoted to the dramatic studies which always had such an absorbing fascination for him. The first fruit of his Paris experience was given to the world in "*Idomeneo*," which was brought out at Munich early in 1781. The subject was taken from Grecian history, a field in which Gluck had won his fame. It is regarded by critics as a compromise between Italian and French methods. Mozart's gift of melody did not blind him to the larger possibilities of musical expression, and there is no more striking proof of the grasp of a genius so marvelously fitted to catch the inspiration of passing events and to portray life on its familiar and purely human side than the facility with which he could give natural and perfect voice to the conceptions of a heroic age.

In the midst of his triumphs he is summoned to take his place in the suite of the archbishop, who has gone to Vienna for the festivities that followed the accession of Joseph II. to the throne. This is the final turning-point in his career. The long series of humiliations that made life so intolerable to him in Salzburg reach their climax. He is forced to dine with cooks and valets, refused permission to add to his scanty income by playing at private concerts, and expected to wait in the antechamber, to be always ready for his tyrannical master's bidding. "At half-past eleven we take our places at the table," he writes,—"the two *valets de chambre*, the *controleur*, the pastry-cook, the two under-cooks of his Greatness—and my Little-ness. The *valets de chambre* have the places of honor; I have the privilege of coming before the under-cooks." At last he can bear it no longer, and in a fit of anger and despair at some fresh outrage he resigns his position.

"A most self-sufficient young man," the archbishop thinks him. The world gossips about him. His father chides him and loses faith in him; but neither advice nor entreaties avail in the least to change his resolution. "It is the heart that ennobles the man," he writes in a burst of rage at being treated like a menial. This is an echo of the sentiment that breaks from the lips of the peasant poet who is toiling

and despairing at the same time among the bare and somber hills of Scotland. These children of song were both doomed to a hopeless struggle with adverse fortune, haunted by poverty, stung by the insults of patronage, and wounded by neglect. Both asserted themselves with the pride of genius and the dignity of conscious manhood, but the spirit of the coming age had found its voice too soon. Burns had a more combative temper, a stronger and more intelligible weapon to turn against the world that frowned upon him, though the shafts of his satire glanced from an impenetrable surface, and only crushed him in the rebound. The tragedy of Mozart's life has not been so clearly outlined in his work. It has found expression only in music that speaks from soul to soul, but tells no definite tale of wrong or suffering. The genius of these men was unlike, and they differed widely in character as well as education, but there is a certain kinship in the spirit that underlies the pathetic ballads of the one and the great tone-poems of the other. It is the spirit of love and humor, the intense humanity, the irrepressible sympathy with all living things that has brought them so near to the heart of the world. Both were poet-singers, both were clear, simple, tender, natural, and true. Both, toil-worn and unfortunate, died early, and it



MOZART'S GRAND PIANO, IN THE MOZART MUSEUM.

was left for another generation to shed its tears and cast its laurels over their graves. Nowhere is the bitter irony of fate more striking than in the stately mausoleums and magnificent statues reared over the dust or built in memory of these immortal singers. "I asked for bread and ye gave me a stone."

ALONE in a strange city, with necessity staring him in the face, a nature unfitted for the



STATUE OF MOZART BY BARRIAS, IN THE LUXEMBOURG, PARIS.

practical details of life, and without any resource but his genius, which had already made him the target for jealousy and malice, Mozart started at twenty-five on the brief, sad career of his maturity. The Vienna of 1781 was the musical center of Germany. Gluck was enjoying there the prestige of his Parisian fame and his seventy years of toil and success. Haydn was quietly living in luxurious ease in the pleasant service of Prince Esterhazy. Salieri, the great Italian master, whose history is so closely interwoven with the

misfortunes of Mozart's later life, but whose glory has long since been lost in that of his rival and victim, was at the height of his popularity. Numerous lesser lights clustered around these stars, shining with a paler luster or illuminated with a few rays of borrowed glory. The Emperor Joseph was himself a musician, as well as connoisseur, and took pride in the aid and encouragement he gave to artists. In this atmosphere, through the aid of a few sympathetic friends, Mozart establishes himself with a small capital of everything but genius and hope. In these he is rich. A little praise, a few fair promises are ample foundations for the most glittering of air-castles. On the strength of an encouraging word he even proposes to his father and sister to come and live with him, as he is sure to have enough for all. How sad seem these happy delusions by the light of after events! His main dependence for a time was his skill as a virtuoso. His facility in arranging popular dance-music brought him a small revenue, to which he added by giving a few lessons; but to the latter he had an unconquerable aversion, and his pupils were never numerous. It may be that his marvelous flexibility and flow of melody were favored by the pressure that compelled him to throw off a great number of unconsidered trifles on the spur of the moment; but it is impossible to estimate how many rare and serious masterpieces the world has lost through this sad necessity. He was literally forced to a daily struggle for existence. The money he was to send home, alas! never goes. He has very little for himself.

It was at this juncture of affairs, and on the basis of the prospects opened to him by a command from the emperor to write an opera, that Mozart took, with characteristic in consequence, the most serious step of his life. After leaving the archbishop's service, he had found a home with his old friends, the Webers, who were then living in Vienna; but gossip soon began to connect his name with that of the daughter Constance, and he changed his abode. He had already lost his heart, however, though he vainly tries to conceal the fact from his suspicious father. There is a peculiar naïveté in his manner of introducing the subject at last. He preludes his confession with a long catalogue of reasons why he ought to marry. One is that he has never been in the habit of taking care of his linen. He thinks a wife desirable also to save superfluous expenses, referring to Constance as a sort of martyr who has to bear all the burdens of the family, and

dwelling upon the advantage of having a wife who is not at all extravagant. He touches lightly upon her personal attractions, which seem to have consisted mainly in a pair of bright black eyes and a pretty figure. "She makes no pretension to talent," he writes, "but has all that is necessary for the duties of a wife and mother. Her habits are simple, and she does not seek a fine toilet. She knows how to fit and make all that she needs, dresses her own hair, understands the care of a household, and has the best heart in the world. In fine, I adore her, and she loves me with all her soul. Frankly, could I dream of a better wife?"

But his little romance did not run smoothly. Not only did his father positively refuse his consent to the marriage, but Constance met with great opposition from her own family. She finally took refuge with the Baroness Waldstetten, under whose protection they were married in the summer of 1782. This generous friend took it upon herself to pacify Mozart's father, and paid the expenses of the simple wedding, advancing also the fifteen hundred florins required for the contract.

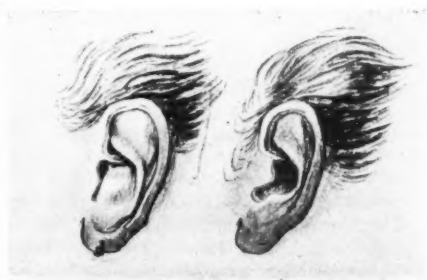
In spite of their poverty this marriage seems to have been a happy one. There was a strong effort at economy on the part of the young couple who had started on so small a basis. Mozart kept a careful account of his expenses for a while, and in his list of modest outlays there were some flowers for his wife, and a starling. He was always fond of animals, and kept a variety of birds. When this one died he buried it in the garden with a simple ceremonial, giving it a small monument and an inscription. But he was too little used to detail to continue this system, and their affairs soon began to go wrong. If the wife of eighteen was not eminently wise or judicious, she had much of her husband's careless gaiety of heart, which, in the inevitable perplexities of their *ménage*, was the best possible substitute. One morning a friend found them at an early hour waltzing in a rather vigorous fashion. To his surprised look of inquiry Mozart replied, laughingly, "It is an economical method of heating. We have no wood, and I thought a waltz might serve in the place of fuel." Constance sympathized with her husband's musical work without fully appreciating his genius. She sang very well, and the quality of her taste is shown in her passion for Bach's fugues. Mozart writes to his sister that she gave him no peace until he had composed something in the same style. She had also a talent for narration, which was often called into exercise in her husband's forced vigils. The evening before the performance of "Don Giovanni" not a note of the overture was written. At a late hour he asked his wife to make him a glass of punch

and to keep him awake. As the work went on she amused him with fairy tales, varied with original touches and interrupted with frequent bursts of laughter. At last the stories lagged and the master grew heavy. Throwing himself on a couch, he requested his watchful companion to call him in an hour. She let him sleep two. It was then five o'clock, and the copyists were to come at seven. It was only as the clock struck that the last note of this immortal masterpiece was written.

In all his family relations Mozart was the gentlest and tenderest of men. In his darkest moments he puts on a smile, for his adored wife. It is a sad smile, perhaps, with a trace of mockery in it, but if it saves her a care it has done its service. For years she was an invalid, and he used to write by her bedside while she slept, never permitting a sound to disturb her. When he went out in the morning for his early promenade he would steal softly into her room and leave a tender note to greet her waking. Here is one of them.

I wish you good morning, my dear little wife. I hope you have slept well and that nothing has disturbed your repose. Be careful not to take cold, not to rise too quickly, not to stoop, not to reach for anything, not to be angry with the servant. Take care also not to fall upon the threshold in passing from one room to another. Keep all the domestic troubles till I come, which will be soon.

Simple words, but they tell a story of unselfish devotion not too common. And this devotion endured as long as he lived. His last letters to his wife, written out of the depths of suffering and despair, glow with the warmth and tenderness of the most impassioned lover.



MOZART'S EAR. NORMAL EAR.
(FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY WÜRTHE & SPINNHORN OF A
DRAWING IN THE MOZART MUSEUM.)

His nature was eminently a social one. He was naturally jovial, humorous, *insouciant*, and inclined to take the world on its sunniest side. He entered with great zest into harmless amusements, dressed well, danced well, was extravagantly fond of billiards, which permitted

him to pursue the thread of his musical thought, and personated characters in masquerades with inimitable talent. In such diversions he recovered himself after days and nights of toil. But his generous sympathy led him into perpetual trouble. He was always in debt, because he would borrow from one to relieve

a single word, "the wretch!" and his relations continued as amicable as before. Perhaps it was some late remorse that led the unscrupulous manager to say, after his friend's death, "I see the image of the dying man always before my eyes. His spirit follows me wherever I go and even haunts my sleep." So loyal



MOZART AT THIRTY-FIVE YEARS OF AGE.
(FROM A PAINTING IN POSSESSION OF THE HEIRS OF C. A. ANDRÉ, BY PERMISSION OF HERMAN KERBER.)

another, in his abundant hope never doubting his ability to pay. In his most pressing needs he was never too poor to help a friend. He pawned his watch to aid a worthless musician, who failed to redeem it, and put in his own pocket the money Mozart carelessly sent him for that purpose. If he had nothing else to give he would sit down and coin something from his fertile and overtasked brain. In the depths of his distress, with a heavy debt hanging over him, an invalid wife, helpless children, and his own health rapidly failing, he wrote the "Magic Flute" for Schikaneder, a poor manager who betrayed his trust by disposing of the score which the generous composer had stipulated should remain in his own hands as sole payment for his work. When Mozart heard of this treachery he vented his indignation in

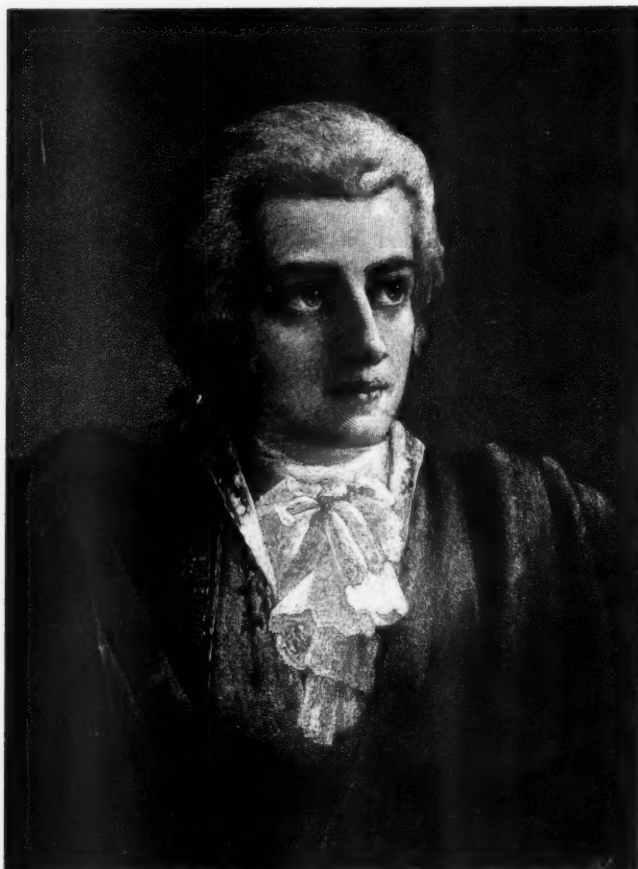
was Mozart's nature that he clung to his friends, in spite of neglect and injury. Near the close of his life he was offered the position of kapellmeister to the King of Prussia and a salary of three thousand thalers. "How can I leave my good emperor?" was his immediate reply. He was given a year to think of it, but a few kind words from the Emperor Joseph made him give up all thought of change, without even stipulating an improvement in his condition. This spirit of delicacy and self-forgetfulness is best appreciated in the abstract. In romances or on the stage the world applauds and weeps over it, in real life it shrugs its shoulders, offers perhaps a word of half-contemptuous pity, and passes by on the other side. It has small consideration for those who are in it but not of it.

Whatever Mozart may have suffered from his careless generosity, he seems to have been free from vice or dissipation. In his last days he was forced sometimes to sustain his flagging strength with stimulants, but we have the testimony of his wife that she never saw him intoxicated. The idle gossip of his enemies tried to make of him a Don Juan, and invented a startling little romance in which he was said to have played an unworthy part. But later investigations have proved this to be a myth, without even a foundation in fact. The whole spirit of his life, the internal evidence of his letters, his transparent truthfulness, as well as his rare and unceasing devotion to his wife, are living contradictions of such calumnies, and show him to have been a man of refined instincts and pure character. At heart he was profoundly religious. "Let not my papa be troubled," he wrote on his last Paris tour; "I have God continually before my eyes. I acknowledge his power and I fear his anger, but I know also his love, his pity, and his compassion. He will never forsake his servants. If things go according to his will, they will go also according to mine; so I cannot fail to be happy and contented." In his later life he became an ardent Freemason, and relaxed a little in the severity of his beliefs, but the beautiful spirit of trust in the Divine wisdom he cherished always. It was a religion of love that he craved and believed in, indeed it may be said that love was the keynote of his character.

That he was full of inequalities cannot be denied. It is impossible to make of him a symmetrical figure according to worldly models, or to present him as a perfectly poised man. His frank, open nature does not lend itself readily to idealization. There was none of the romantic mystery about him that cast such an illusive aureole over the more exclusive and self-centered Chopin, nor had he the fascinating personality of Mendelssohn. He does not pose in classical drapery, and his character was not commensurate with his genius. His judgment was the toy of his feeling and, excepting where his art or his honor was concerned, his will was weak and vacillating. But his very faults sprang from an unthinking nobility of soul. Without guile himself, he believed every one else was so. If he spent his last penny upon a moment's impulse, it was more likely to be for another's sake than for his own. If he plunged recklessly into pleasure, it was after days of ceaseless toil, when the tension must be loosened or the delicate strings would break. Excess in one direction was the momentary reaction from excess in another. If he lacked the tact of the courtier, his face beamed with truth and sincerity. He had the common heritage of artists, an organization fine and over-

wrought. If it ever led him astray the world can well afford to drop a forgiving tear, remembering how freely he gave to others of the best he had, and how little he kept for himself; remembering, too, the tender sensibility, the sweet simplicity of faith, the abounding sympathy, and the singular unworldliness that made him to the end a child in practical matters.

It is in his music that we must look for a measure of Mozart's intellectual power, which is shown nowhere else in lines proportioned to his greatness. But it is not so easy to catch the mental lineaments of musicians as of those who express themselves through a more definite and tangible medium. We may judge of their genius and their science, we may feel their strength, we may divine their spiritual complexion, but of the thoughts that furnish a definite key to their inner life we usually know very little. And of all musicians Mozart was the least personal in things pertaining to his art. We may often suspect that some profound experience has added a touch of vividness to his marvelous musical coloring, but we find nothing to suggest his own individuality. He traverses the entire gamut of human emotions, moves easily from romantic opera to the grandest forms of religious music, displays equal skill in broad comedy and an arrangement of Handel, constructs intricate fugues and massive symphonies with as much facility as the popular dance-music which was his surest means of livelihood. But he deals very little with formulas, and not at all with the psychological side of his work. He is not a singer of his own joys or sorrows. He is ruled by no dominant mood, lives in no narrow dreamland, cherishes no gloomy introspection. His soul is like an *Æolian* harp, which every passing wind wakens into melody. There is no more trace of his nationality than of his personality in most of his creations. He seems to have risen into a broader world, and it was this very breadth and universality that left him so alone in the great center of musical art. In his idyllic simplicity and the free, careless, sensuous spirit of the south, that runs like a thread of sunlight through so much of his music, he resembles Haydn; but he has greater breadth and spontaneity. He is finer, too, more delicate, more penetrating, and more passionate. If he did not reach the lonely grandeur of Beethoven, if his sensitive spirit did not find its inspiration in the eternal solitudes of a Titanic imagination, he had a warmer human sympathy, and the sunny healthfulness, the plastic beauty, the divine charm of the Greek ideals. His compositions have the symmetry, the lightness, the grace, the perfection of the Hellenic temples. His southern impetuosity is never violent, his de-



PORTRAIT OF MOZART.
(PAINTED BY LORENZ VOGEL, 1887. PHOTOGRAPHED BY FRANZ HAUFSTAENGL.)

lineations of passion are never exaggerated. "Music," he says, "ought never to wound the ear. Even in situations the most heartrending it should always please; in a word, music should always remain music." But he adds to the light-hearted *insouciance* and the unerring taste of the Greek something born of modern life—a voice from the great heart of a humanity that has become conscious of itself. He touches here the vein that Beethoven carried to its supreme point.

It is impossible in a brief essay that does not claim to be critical to consider the numerous and varied forms of composition left by this most prolific and versatile of masters. A single glance at the catalogue in which the seven hundred and seventy-nine of his known works are registered fills one with amazement at the gigantic results of his short life. In instrumental music he created no new forms, but he breathed

fresh spirit into the old ones. Preserving the symphonic frame of Haydn, he reveals new resources of harmony, opens wider perspectives, adds a warmer and more passionate coloring, and charms with his inexhaustible melody. In music for the church his deep religious nature finds its natural expression. How perfectly he enters into the mysteries of his faith is best shown in his own words. "Ah," he said one day to a Protestant friend, "you have your religion in the head and not in the heart; you do not feel the meaning of those words, *Agnus Dei qui tollis peccata mundi, dona nobis pacem*. When one has been, like myself, introduced from the tenderest infancy into the mystic sanctuary of our religion; when, with a soul agitated by vain aspirations, one has assisted at the Divine service where music translates these holy words, *Benedictus qui venit in nomine Domini*—oh, then it is very

different. Later, when one is wearied with the void of a vulgar existence, these first impressions, ineffaceable in the depth of the heart, revive and rise to the mind like a sigh that expands." The tremulous prayer of a tender mother, the impassioned longing of a world in tears, the serene and pitying voice of Divine consolation, the anthem of joy and the hymn of sorrow—all these find a fresh and more poetic color in his inspired strains.

But it is in the musical drama that Mozart has won his most permanent fame. Here his special gifts, his clearness, his flow of melody, his knowledge of stage effects, his command of orchestral coloring, his dramatic genius have their fullest scope. If he had met in the Emperor Joseph as sympathetic a friend as Wagner found in the Bavarian king a century later, what might not have been accomplished by his fertile pen? But the music-loving emperor never at all comprehended the treasure within his reach. He recognized Mozart's talent for instrumental music and his gifts as a virtuoso, but did not appreciate his compositions for the voice. "Much too fine for our ears and too many notes" was his comment after hearing "*Il Seraglio*." "Precisely as many as are needed," replied Mozart, with more frankness than tact. Yet this work is regarded to-day as the germ of the national opera which it was the ambition of both to found. Weber, who was the legitimate successor of Mozart in this field, said that it represented the full maturity of his genius. "I find in this work," he remarked, "the reflection of his youth, that flower of life which blossoms no more when once it is closed." The fame of the composer rests more assuredly upon his later works; but "*Il Seraglio*" was written just before his marriage, the heroine bearing the name of his wife, and he has left upon it the stamp of the poetry born of youth and love.

He returns to his early ideals in the "*Magic Flute*," which marked his last triumph. When he wrote it youth and hope were gone; his wife, through the kindness of a friend, had gone to Baden to recruit her shattered health; poverty, sickness, and debt were pursuing him; and he was already a prey to the saddest presentiments. The shrewd manager, knowing Mozart's disposition to put off finishing the works that shaped themselves with such facility in his head, installed him in a small pavilion in a garden near the theater—the pavilion which now stands on the Capuzinerberg overlooking Salzburg—a late legacy from the city that gave him a pauper's grave to the city that gave him birth and rudely sent him adrift to his death. In this quiet spot, enlivened by the convivial stories of his friends who sought thus to drive away his melancholy, Mozart finished the ex-

quisite creation whose rich fruits he was destined never to reap, in the early days of the last summer of his life. "If I do not help you, my poor Schikaneder, and if the work does not succeed, you must not blame me, for I am not used to writing fairy tales." But what delicacy of imagination, what subtle delineations, what touches of humor, what wealth of fancy! Upon a weak and flimsy libretto he has constructed a fairy palace of harmony. Among Mozart's dramatic works, Beethoven preferred the "*Magic Flute*," because "here alone he has shown himself truly German."

But the dramatic gifts of Mozart reached their culminating-point in "*Don Giovanni*." This imperishable work, written in six weeks in a picturesque suburb of the quaint old city of Prague, where he had the inspiration of cordial sympathy and appreciation, illustrates better than any other the distinguishing traits of his many-sided genius. Its wide range of life, its artistic truth, its perfection of detail, its philosophical depth, its marvelous character-painting, combined with its richness of instrumentation and its inimitable musical coloring, give it a place apart in the history of the lyric drama. From the few weird and solemn modulations at the beginning of the overture, which foreshadow the tragical close, to the magnificent finale, which is in itself a masterpiece, it is a striking illustration of the power of music to paint the thousand varying shades of human emotion. Mozart was eminently the musician of humanity. His observation was of the keenest, and the rapidly changing phases of life mirrored themselves with wonderful distinctness in his clear intelligence. With a few notes, a few simple chords, he seizes an individuality. His characters do not speak in artificial formulas, which must be learned before they have a living significance. So perfectly is his language in unison with his thought that it seems but a more etherealized expression of it. Mocking humor, grief, outraged dignity, love, passion, fear, despair twine and intertwine in the texture of the music, like many-colored threads which may be traced with unerring clearness in the illuminated web of harmony. With what justness, what simplicity is each character defined against the ever-shifting background of a grand symphony! Nothing is exaggerated, nothing stilted, nothing artificial. It is the last touch of color given to a portrait that marks the mastery of the artist, the subtle insight of the poet. This touch adds the divine flame, the living soul. Here Mozart was supreme. He has portrayed the characters of the quaint old Spanish legend so naturally, so gracefully, so vividly, and so humorously that the world has laughed and wept over them for nearly a century, and, in spite of the inherent

vulgarity of the subject, the work is as fresh today as when it was written. It was said by Goethe that Mozart alone could worthily have interpreted his "Faust."

It is somewhat the fashion to contrast the work of Mozart with that of his great modern successor. In his own day he was subjected to much of the same criticism that Wagner suffers in ours, but the genius of the two men was essentially unlike. Wagner was first poet, then musician. With his fiery soul seething in revolt against the limitations of life as he found it, the wild legends of unrest, the savage freedom of a heroic age had a natural fascination for him. His colossal imagination reveled in the grand conceptions, the grand passions of a primeval world, and he called upon all the arts to serve him in the creation of a new art which should adequately represent them. This art is, like a magnificent kaleidoscope which at every turn reveals a thousand fleeting forms, each more beautiful and more evanescent than the last. The genius of Wagner has something massive, virile, and superbly passionate, after the manner of the heroes of a twilight age. Mozart is the inspired singer in whose delicate imagination the sentiments and emotions of universal humanity are transfigured into forms of enduring beauty. Grace, melody, sweetness, healthfulness, simplicity are his dominant traits. Underlying all this are the subtle essence of poetry and the spirit of love. But his sentiment never degenerates into sentimentality, nor his delicacy into weakness. His lyre has many strings, and his song is clear and vigorous. It is the harmonious blending of all the colors that gives the pure white light. Wagner sought in music the supreme expression of his thought. In Mozart it was the simple and spontaneous incarnation of the thought. Both were creators, both poets, both artists unrivaled in their sphere. It is the Titanic force of a Michelangelo and the spiritual grace of a Raphael.

THE record of Mozart's life during its closing years is little more than a series of struggles for the bare necessities of existence, brightened by a few successes that brought him more fame than money. Grave responsibilities crowded upon him, and he had no means of meeting them. Night and day he toiled, but it was the hopeless effort to "climb the ever-climbing wave." These hours of unrewarded labor were claiming their penalty, and he was slowly dying, while fortune showered its favors upon inferior rivals. Some of his best works were killed by powerful cabals. "Figaro" was driven from the stage after a brief success by a work that is not heard of to-day. "Salieri and his set are moving heaven and earth to kill it," wrote Leopold Mozart, who was in Vienna on his first

and last visit to his son. Even "Don Giovanni" had a cold reception, except in Prague. "It is celestial music," said the emperor, "but, unfortunately, it does not agree with my Viennese." "Ah, well!" replied Mozart on hearing of this remark, "let them take time to digest it." To some one he said, "'Don Giovanni' was written for the people of Prague, but, before all, for a few friends and myself."

He was heavily in debt; he could borrow no more; his wife was ill, and his strength was gone. It is pitiful to read of the dire straits to which he was reduced. A letter to the kindly Puchberg reveals the depth of his distress:

You are right, my dear friend, to leave my notes without response. My impertunity is truly very great; but consider my frightful position, and you will pardon my persistence. If you can still once more relieve me from a momentary embarrassment—oh, I pray you to do so for the love of the good God; I will accept with gratitude the least thing you can spare.

"Write in a more easy, popular style," said his publisher, "or I will not print a note nor give you a kreutzer." "Then, my good sir," replied Mozart, whose artistic conscience was incorruptible, "I have only to resign myself and die of hunger." After the death of Gluck he received the appointment of chamber-musician to the imperial court, with a salary reduced from two thousand to eight hundred florins. "Too much for what I do, too little for what I could do," was Mozart's comment upon an office that brought him few duties, small pay, and little honor. "I cannot contain my indignation," said Haydn, "when I think that this rare man is still in search of a position, and that neither prince nor sovereign has an idea of attaching him to his service." To Leopold Mozart he remarked, "I swear to you, upon my honor and before God, that in my opinion your son is the greatest composer in the world."

The last work of Mozart was a fitting close to the tragedy of his life. One cannot read the oft-told tale of the "Requiem" without a sympathetic tear. The light of subsequent facts has long since dissipated the atmosphere of mystery that hung over it for so long a time. We know now that it is to the vanity of a man willing to make his wife's death the occasion for posing before the world in borrowed plumes as a musical composer that we owe this immortal funeral-hymn. With Mozart's extreme susceptibility, heightened by his failing health and his dark outlook, it is not strange that the somber and unknown messenger who appeared before him to order a requiem for a nameless friend seemed to foreshadow his own doom. Haunted by this conviction, he rallied all his drooping energies for this final work. "I wish

to condense in it all my art, all my science," he writes to his wife, "and I hope that after my death my enemies, as well as my friends, may find in it instruction and a model." He was interrupted in the midst of it by an order to write an opera for the great festival at Prague. "*La Clemenza di Tito*" was written and put on the stage in eighteen days; then Mozart returned to his last task. He was pursued by the idea that he had been poisoned, and in order to divert his mind his wife took away his work. His spirits revived a little, and after a few days of repose he called for his music again. To a friend, probably Du Ponte, who tried to sustain his courage, he wrote a note in Italian, the last we have from his hand:

I would willingly follow your counsel, but how can I do it? My mind is struck, and I cannot dispel the image of that unknown man. I see him continually before me; he presses me, pursues me without ceasing, and urges me to composition in spite of myself. When I wish to stop, the repose fatigues and harasses me more than the work. Must I say it? I regard the future without fear or terror. I feel that my hour is about to strike. I touch the limits of my life. I am going to die before having enjoyed the fruits of my talent. Yet life is so beautiful! My career opened under such happy auspices! Alas! one cannot change his destiny. No one here is master of his fate, and I resign myself. It will be as it pleases God; as for myself, I must finish my funeral-hymn.

Into this exalted work he breathed the last flame of his divine genius. In the hymn of death the sorrows, the longings of his life found voice. Who can listen to the sublime and heart-rending strains of the "*Lachrymosa*" without feeling that beneath the prayer for pity is the cry of a suffering human soul? It is the prayer of the world translated into a form of everlasting beauty by one who adds to the divination of the poet a subtle something born of individual tears.

In the intervals of fever and delirium Mozart still works at the "*Requiem*," giving directions also to Süssmayer as to its completion. Just how much was left for this pupil to do can never be exactly determined; but it is well known that the master usually had every note of his compositions in his head before putting anything on paper, and it is not in the least probable that, conscious of the nearness of the end, he left the last touches of so important a work to be added by another without giving him the outlines and motives of the unfinished parts, together with his plan of instrumentation.

While the public of Vienna was wild with enthusiasm over the "*Magic Flute*" Mozart followed the nightly performance in his bare little room, with a watch beside him, counting the fast-fleeting moments as the play went on.

"Ah! Sophie," he said to his sister-in-law, whom he had thoughtfully asked to stay with Constance the last night of his life, "did I not tell you that I was writing the '*Requiem*' for my own funeral?" A few hours before the end he joined the friends at his bedside in singing the parts already finished. At the "*Lachrymosa*" he began to weep, and could sing no more. He died with the score beside him.

"As death, taken all in all, is the true end of life," he said in his last letter to his father four years before, "I have grown so familiar for a couple of years with this real and devoted friend, that its aspect, far from inspiring me with terror and fear, offers me only consoling thoughts and sweet hopes. I thank God for having accorded to me the favor of looking upon it as the key to our veritable beatitude."

These closing days brought him the certainty of a competence. After the brilliant success of the "*Magic Flute*" offers crowded upon him that opened a future of comparative ease. But it was too late.

His last act was one of love. Having received the appointment of kapellmeister at the cathedral, he requested that his death should be kept secret until Albrechtsberger had secured the succession to the place which was not yet vacant.

"It is indeed a pity for the great genius, but fortunate for us that he is dead," said Salieri. "If he had lived longer, no one would have given us a morsel of bread for our work." It is pleasant to recall in contrast the cordial appreciation of Haydn. "Oh, my friends!" he exclaimed with tears, when the tidings of Mozart's death reached him in London, "will the world ever find such an artist again?" Years afterward, when the conversation turned one day upon the unfortunate composer, he wept like a child. "Pardon me," said he, "but I can never hear the name of my gentle Mozart pronounced without breaking my heart."

The hand of a pitiless fate pursued the master even to the tomb. There was no money to buy a grave, and Van Swieten, a rich amateur for whom Mozart had done a great deal of gratuitous work, and who attended to the details of the funeral, did not think it worth while to expend a few florins to give him a respectable burial. No solemn requiem for one who had written the funeral hymn of the world! No stately service to mark the public regard for the illustrious dead! A poor bier in one of the small side-chapels of the cathedral, a handful of friends, a simple prayer—that was all. The little cortège went out into a driving storm. As if Nature wept over the pathetic scene, the rain fell in torrents, mingled with scattered snowflakes tossed about by the violent wind. One by one the straggling friends dropped off, and

at the gate of the cemetery only one faithful servant was left. So the greatest musical artist of his time was laid in a common trench, side by side with the nameless poor, without a friend to drop a tear or mark the place where he rested. His wife was ill, prostrated with grief. When she was able to go out the grave-digger, too, was dead, and no trace of the spot where Mozart lies has ever been found.

In one corner of the cemetery at St. Marx stands to-day a solitary monument surrounded by the little white crosses that mark the graves of the nameless poor for a few years, until they are taken away to make room for the newly dead. A pedestal of gray granite is surmounted by the bronze figure of a Muse sitting upon a pile of books bearing the names of Mozart's principal works. In her left hand she holds a harp, which rests upon a wreath of laurel hung carelessly over the books, while the right hand grasps the score of "*Dies Iræ*." The head

droops in pity, and the face is unutterably sad. The four corners of the base bear each a candelabrum twined with laurel. The front of the pedestal has a bronze relief of the composer, and the rear a wreathed harp. On one side is written "*Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart, born January 27, 1756; died December 5, 1791.*" Nearly seventy years after his death this tardy tribute was erected over his supposed burial-place.

But genius has left its own imperishable monument. The world still laughs and weeps over Mozart's divine creations, when he who would have been gladdened by its sympathy is no longer conscious of it. The inspired singer of Salzburg, who felt so keenly and voiced so perfectly the joys and the sufferings of humanity, sleeps in an unknown grave; but his sorrowful face looks back upon us to-day across the mists of a century crowned with a radiant immortality though veiled in eternal tears.

Amelia Gere Mason.



REMEMBRANCE.

(FROM A JAPANESE GARDEN.)

ONE year ago, a bleak November,
I walked along the chilly ways
Where through the gray, damp, misty haze
The Isis flows.

How well, how clearly, I remember
The drear homesickness for the sun,
There where the skies were always dun,
And life dull prose.

And now, this radiant November,
Where gold chrysanthemums upraise
A glory o'er my garden-ways,
And blooms the rose,

With some strange longing I remember
Gray Oxford, 'neath her skies of dun.
Alas, that I should be her son,
And love her prose!

William Sharp.

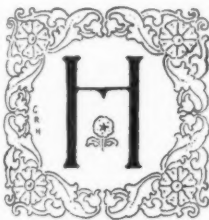
THE TWO LESSONS.

Disce, puer, virtutem ex me, verumque laborem;
Fortunam ex aliis.—*Æneas to Ascanius* ("Æneid," XII., 435).

LEARN, boy, from me what dwells in man alone,
Courage immortal, and the steadfast sway
Of patient toil, that glorifies the day.
What most ennobles life is all our own;
Yet not the whole of life; the fates atone
For what they give by what they keep away.
Learn thou from others all the triumphs gay
That dwell in sunnier realms, to me unknown.
Each life imparts one lesson; each supplies
One priceless secret that it holds within.
In your own heart—there only—stands the prize.
Fooled of all else, your own career you win.
We half command our fates; the rest but lies
In that last drop which unknown powers fling in.

Thomas Wentworth Higginson.

A CHRISTMAS FANTASY, WITH A MORAL.



HER name was Mildred Wentworth, and she lived on the slope of Beacon Hill, in one of those old-fashioned swell-front houses which have the inestimable privilege of looking upon Boston Common. It was

Christmas afternoon, and she had gone up to the blue room, on the fourth floor, in order to make a careful inspection in solitude of the various gifts that had been left in her slender stocking and at her bedside the previous night.

Mildred was in some respects a very old child for her age, which she described as being "half-past seven," and had a habit of spending hours alone in the large front chamber occupied by herself and the governess. This day the governess had gone to keep Christmas with her own family in South Boston, and it so chanced that Mildred had been left to dispose of her time as she pleased during the entire afternoon. She was well content to have the opportunity, for fortune had treated her magnificently, and it was deep satisfaction, after the excitement of the morning, to sit in the middle of that spacious room, with its three windows overlooking the pearl-crueted trees

in the Common, and examine her treasures without any chance of interruption.

The looms of Cashmere and the workshops of Germany, the patient Chinamen and the irresponsible polar bear, had alike contributed to those treasures. Among other articles was a small square box, covered with mottled paper and having an outlandish, mysterious aspect, as if it belonged to a magician. When you loosened the catch of this box, possibly supposing it to contain bonbons of a superior quality, there sprang forth a terrible little monster, with a drifting white beard like a snow-storm, round emerald-green eyes, and a pessimistic expression of countenance generally, as though he had been reading Tolstoi or Schopenhauer.

This abrupt personage, whose family name was Heliogabalus, was known for simplicity's sake as Jumping Jack; and though the explanation of the matter is beset with difficulties, it is to be said that he held a higher place in the esteem of Miss Wentworth than any of her other possessions, not excluding a tall wax doll, *fin de siècle*, with a pallid complexion and a profusion of blond hair. Titania was not more in love with Nick Bottom the weaver than Mildred with Jumping Jack. It was surely not his personal beauty that won her, for he had none; it was not his intellect, for intellect

does not take up its abode in a forehead of such singular construction as that of Jumping Jack. But whatever the secret charm was, it worked. On a more realistic stage than this we see analogous cases every day. Perhaps Oberon still exercises his fairy craft in our material world, and scatters at will upon the eyelids of mortals the magic distillation of that "little western flower" which

Will make or man or woman madly dote
Upon the next live creature that it sees.

For an hour or so Mildred amused herself sufficiently by shutting Heliogabalus up in the chest and letting him spring out again; then she grew weary of the diversion, and finally began to lose patience with her elastic companion because he was unable to crowd himself into the box and undo the latch with his own fingers. This was extremely unreasonable; but so was Mildred made.

"How tedious you are!" she cried, at last. "You dull little old man, I don't see how I ever came to like you. I don't like you any more, with your glass eyes, and your silly pink mouth always open and never saying the least thing. What do you mean, sir, by standing and staring at me in that tiresome way? You look enough like Dobbs the butcher to be his brother, or to be Dobbs himself. I wonder you don't up and say, 'Steaks or chops, mum?' Dear me! I wish you really had some life in you, and could move about, and talk with me, and make yourself agreeable. Do be alive!"

Mildred gave a little laugh at her own absurdity, and then, being an imaginative creature, came presently to regard the idea as not altogether absurd. If a bough that has been frozen to death all winter can put forth blossoms in the spring, why might not an inanimate object, which already possessed many of the surface attributes of humanity, and possibly some of the internal mechanism, add to itself the crowning gift of speech? In view of the daily phenomena of existence, would that be so very astonishing? Of course the problem took a simpler shape than this in Mildred's unsophisticated thought.

She folded her hands in her lap, and, rocking to and fro, reflected how pleasant it would be if Jumping Jack, or her doll, could come to life, like the marble lady in the play, and do some of the talking. What wonderful stories Jumping Jack would have to tell, for example. He must have had no end of remarkable adventures before he lost his mind. Probably the very latest intelligence from Lilliput was in his possession, and perhaps he was even now vainly trying to deliver himself of it. His fixed, open mouth hinted as much. The Land of the Pygmies, in the heart of Darkest Africa—

just then widely discussed in the newspapers—was of course familiar ground to him. How interesting it would be to learn, at first hand, of the manners and customs of those little folk. Doubtless he had been a great traveler in foreign parts; the label, in German text, on the bottom of his trunk showed that he had recently come from Munich. Munich! What magic there was in the very word! As Mildred rocked to and fro, her active little brain weaving the most grotesque fancies, a drowsiness stole over her. She was crooning to herself fainter and fainter, and every instant drifting nearer to the shadowy reefs on the western coast of Nowhere, when she heard a soft, inexplicable rustling sound close at her side. Mildred lifted her head quickly, just in time to behold Heliogabalus describe a graceful curve in the air and land lightly in the midst of her best Dresden china tea-set.

"Ho, ho!" he cried, in a voice preternaturally gruff for an individual not above five inches in height. "Ho, ho!" And he immediately began to throw Mildred's cups and saucers and plates all about the apartment.

"Oh, you horrid, wicked little man!" cried Mildred, starting to her feet. "Stop it!"

"Oh, you cross little girl!" returned the dwarf, with his family leer. "You surprise me!" And another plate crashed against the blue-flowered wall-paper.

"Stop it!" she repeated; and then to herself, "It's a mercy I waked up just when I did!"

"Patience, my child; I'm coming there shortly, to smooth your hair and kiss you."

"Do!" screamed Mildred, stooping to pick up a large Japanese crystal which lay absorbing the wintry sunlight at her feet.

When Heliogabalus saw that, he retired to the further side of his tenement, peeping cautiously over the top and around the corner, and disappearing altogether whenever Mildred threatened to throw the crystal at him. Now Miss Wentworth was naturally a courageous girl, and when she perceived that the pygmy was afraid of her she resolved to make an example of him. He was such a small affair that it really did not seem worth while to treat him with much ceremony. He had startled her at first, his manners had been so very violent; but now that her pulse had gone down she regarded him with calm curiosity, and wondered what he would do next.

"Listen," he said presently, in a queer, differential way, as he partly emerged from his hiding-place; "I came to request the hand of mademoiselle yonder," and, nodding his head in the direction of Blondella, the doll, he retreated bashfully.

"Her!" cried Mildred, aghast.

"You are very nice, but I can't marry out of my own set, you know," observed Heliogabalus, invisible behind his breastwork. This shyness was mere dissimulation, as his subsequent attitude proved.

"Who would have thought it!" murmured Mildred to herself; and as she glanced furtively at Blondella, sitting bolt upright between the windows, with her back against the mopboard, Mildred fancied that she could almost detect a faint roseate hue stealing into the waxen cheek. "Who would have thought it!" And then, addressing Jumping Jack, she cried, "Come here directly, you audacious person!" and she stamped her foot in a manner that would have discouraged most suitors.

But Heliogabalus, who had now seated himself on the lid of his trunk and showed no trace of his late diffidence, smiled superciliously as he twisted off a bit of wire that protruded from the heel of one his boots.

This effrontery increased Miss Wentworth's indignation, and likewise rather embarrassed her. Perhaps he was not afraid of her after all. In which case he was worth nothing as an example.

"I will brush you off, and tread on you," she observed tentatively, as if she were addressing an insect.

"Oh, indeed," he rejoined derisively, crossing his legs.

"I will!" cried Mildred, making an impulsive dash at him.

Though taken at a disadvantage, the manikin eluded her with surprising ease. His agility was such as to render it impossible to determine whether he was an old young man or a very young old man. Mildred eyed him doubtfully for a moment, and then gave chase. Away went the quaint little figure, now darting under the brass bedstead, now dodging around the legs of the table, and now slipping between the feet of his pursuer at the instant she was on the point of laying hand on him. Owing doubtless to some peculiarity of his articulation, each movement of his limbs was accompanied by a rustling wiry sound, like the faint reverberation of a banjo-string somewhere in the distance.

Heliogabalus may have been a person with no great conversational gift, but his gymnastic acquirements were of the first order. Mildred not only could not catch him, but she could not restrain the manikin from meanwhile doing all kinds of desultory mischief; for in the midst of his course he would pause to overturn her tin kitchen, or shy a plate across the room, or give a vicious twitch to the lovely golden hair of Blondella, in spite of—perhaps in consequence of—his recent tender advances. It was plain

that in eluding Mildred he was prompted by caprice rather than by fear.

"If things go on in this way," she reflected, "I sha'n't have anything left. If I could only get the dreadful little creature into a corner! There goes my tureen! What *shall* I do?"

To quit the room, even for a moment, in order to call for assistance at the head of the staircase, where, moreover, her voice was not likely to reach any one, was to leave everything at the mercy of that small demon. Mildred was out of breath with running, and ready to burst into tears with exasperation, when a different mode of procedure suggested itself to her. She would make believe that she was no longer angry, and perhaps she could accomplish by cunning what she had failed to compass by violence. She would consent—at least seem to consent—to let him marry Blondella, though he had lately given no signs of a very fervid attachment. Beyond this Mildred had no definite scheme, when the story of the Fisherman and the Evil Afrite flashed upon her memory from the pages of "The Arabian Nights." Her dilemma was exactly that of the unlucky fisherman, and her line of action should be the same, with such modification as the exigencies might demand. As in his case, too, there was no time to be lost. An expression of ineffable benevolence and serenity instantly overspread the features of Miss Wentworth. She leaned against the wardrobe, and regarded Jumping Jack with a look of gentle reproach.

"I thought you were going to be interesting," she remarked softly.

"Ain't I interesting?" asked the goblin, with a touch of pardonable sensitiveness.

"No," said Mildred, candidly; "you are not. Perhaps you try to be. That's something, to be sure, though it's not everything. Oh, I don't want to touch you," she went on, with an indifferent toss of her curls. "How old are you?"

"Ever so old and ever so young."

"Truly? How very odd to be both at once! Can you read?"

"Never tried."

"I'm afraid your parents did n't bring you up very well," reflected Mildred.

"I speak all languages. The little people of every age and every country understand me."

"You're a great traveler, then."

"I should say so!"

"You don't seem to carry much baggage about with you. I suppose you belong somewhere, and keep your clothes there. I really should like to know where you came from, if it's all the same to you."

"Out of that box, my dove," replied Jumping Jack, having become affable in his turn.

"Never!" exclaimed Mildred, with a delirious air of incredulity.

"I hope I may die," declared Heliogabalus, laying one hand on the left breast of his main-spring.

"I don't believe it," said Mildred, confidently.

"Ho, ho!"

"You are too tall, and too wide, and too—fluffy. I don't mean to hurt your feelings, but you *are* fluffy. And I just want you to stop that ho-hoing. No; I don't believe it."

"You don't, don't you? Behold!" And placing both hands on the floor, Heliogabalus described a sudden circle in the air, and neatly landed himself in the box.

He was no sooner in than Mildred clapped down the lid, and seated herself upon it victoriously. In the suddenness of her movement she had necessarily neglected to fasten the catch; but that was a detail that could be attended to later. Meanwhile she was mistress of the situation and could dictate terms. One thing was resolved: Jumping Jack was never to jump again. To-morrow he should be thrown into the Charles at the foot of Mount Vernon street, in order that the tide might carry him out to sea. What would she not have given if she could have sealed him up with that talismanic Seal of Solomon which held the cruel marid so securely in his brazen casket? Of course it was not in Mildred's blood to resist the temptation to tease her captive a little.

"Now, Mr. Jack, I guess I've got you where you belong. If you are not an old man this very minute, you will be when you get out. You wanted to carry off my Blondella, did you? I hope you're quite comfortable."

"Let me out!" growled Heliogabalus in his deepest bass.

"I could n't think of it, dear. You are one of those little boys that should n't be *either* heard or seen; and I don't want you to speak again, for I'm sitting on your head, and your voice goes right through me. So you will please remember not to speak unless you are spoken to." And Mildred broke into the merriest laugh imaginable, recollecting how many times she herself had been extinguished by the same instructions.

But Mildred's triumph was premature, for the little man in the box was as strong as a giant in a dime museum; and now that he had fully recovered his breath, he began pushing in a most systematic manner with his head and shoulders, and Mildred, to her great consternation, found herself being slowly lifted up

on the lid of the chest, do what she might. In a minute or two more she must inevitably fall off, and Jumping Jack would have her! And what mercy could she expect at his hands, after her treatment of him! She was lost! Mildred stretched out her arms in despair, gave a shriek, and opened her eyes, which had been as tightly shut as a couple of morning-glories at sundown.

She was sitting on a rug in the middle of the room. Though the window-panes were still flushed with the memory of the winter sunset, the iridescent lights had faded out in the Japanese crystal at her feet. She was not anywhere near the little imp. There he was over by the fireplace, staring at nothing in his usual senseless fashion. Not a piece of crockery had been broken, not a chair upset, and Blondella, the too-fascinating Blondella, had not had a single tress disarranged.

Mildred drew a long breath of relief. What had happened? Had she been dreaming? She was unable to answer the question; but as she abstractedly shook out the creases in the folds of her skirt, she remarked to herself that she did not care, on the whole, to have any of her things come to life, especially Jumping Jack. Just then the splintering of an icicle on the window-ledge outside sent a faint whiteness into her cheek, and caused her to throw a quick, apprehensive glance toward the fireplace. After an instant's hesitation, Mildred, with Blondella under her arm, stole softly from the room, where the specters of the twilight were beginning to gather rather menacingly, and went downstairs to join the family and relate her strange adventure.

THE analysis of Miss Wentworth's dream — if it were a dream, for later on she declared it was not, and hurriedly gave Heliogabalus to an unpleasant small boy who lived next door — the analysis of her dream, I repeat, shows strong traces of a moral. Indeed the residuum is purely of that stringent quality. Heliogabalus must be accepted as the symbol of an ill-considered desire realized. The earnestness with which Miss Wentworth invoked the phantasm, and the misery that came of it, are a common experience. Painfully to attain possession of what we don't want, and then painfully to waste our days in attempting to rid ourselves of it, seems to be one of the tasks set us here below. I know a great many excellent persons who spend the best part of life in endeavoring to get their particular Jumping Jack snugly back into its box again.

Thomas Bailey Aldrich.



DRAWN BY ANNE G. MORSE.

ENGRAVED BY C. SCHWARZBURGER.



ENGRAVED BY H. WOLF.

THE ANNUNCIATION TO THE SHEPHERDS, BY J. BASTIEN LEPAGE.

THE BOWERY.



T was the opinion of the most observant traveler I ever knew that no city in Christendom possesses a street comparable with the Bowery in New York city. His comment on the Bowery was that it is the

only noble and important thoroughfare which is foreign to the city and country that possess it. I think it is the belief of nearly all traveled Americans that the Bowery is the most interesting thoroughfare in America. If there are any who are inclined to dispute the belief, it will repay them to consider the Bowery even more closely than did my friend who called it foreign to its country, for he supposed it to be a German street in America. It is largely German, but it is much else besides, and the more it is studied the more cosmopolitan it will seem, and the more peculiarities it will reveal.

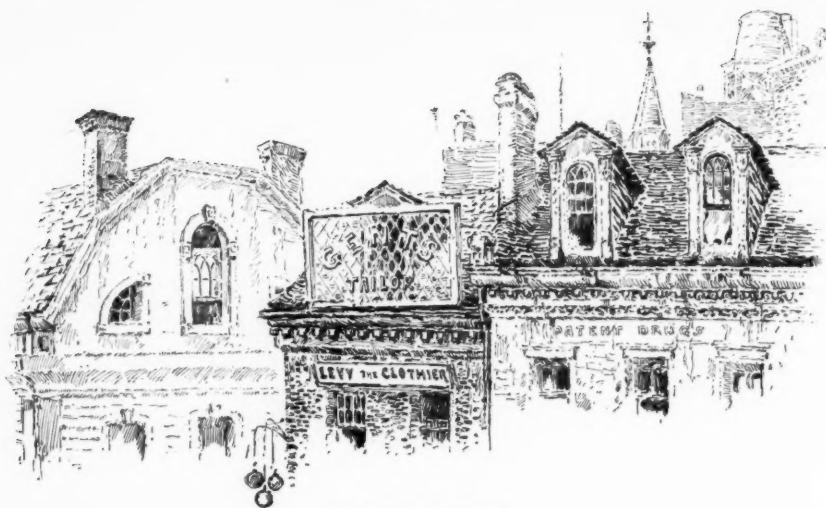
In endeavoring to compare it with some other crowded, humming, Babylonish artery of petty commerce and jostling human surplussage, the mind turns to the Strand in London. But it does not rest there, for though the Strand is about as long as the Bowery, it is a lane by comparison, and though the Strand lives one life by day and another by night, as the Bowery does, it is as English as the rest of London, and it is mainly dignified, respectable, and well-to-do. It is comprehensible to any one who walks the length of it once; but the oftener you walk the Bowery the more heterogeneous and contradictory you will find it. It is good to the pure in heart, criminal to the wicked, abandoned and disreputable to the outcast. It is the main boulevard of a population of nearly 300,000 East-Siders—their Strand for practical, matter-of-fact shopping by day, and for the pleasures of the theater and the concert-garden by night. But they maintain only two sides of it. Its half-dozen other characters rely for maintenance on strangers from every corner of the world—because to the immigrant and the poor new-comer it is the great show street of the town.

The Bowery is very old. It got its name from the first settlers of Manhattan, and dates with them. The word *bouwerij* is Dutch for farm, or country-seat, and our street derives its name from the fact that it ran through the bowery, or farm, of Peter Stuyvesant, Governor-in-chief of Amsterdam in the New Netherlands, and of the Dutch West India Islands.

His estate reached from the highway to the East River, and the Stuyvesant mansion, just north of St. Mark's Church on Second Avenue, remains in a modern and enlarged form. His dust is hidden from us by a great stone that incloses a vault under the east wall of the present church, which is called "St. Mark's in the Bowery," though it was built in 1795, more than a century after the Dutch governor died.

In English colonial days the Bowery was the beginning, or the end, of the Boston Road, and during the Revolution, the present Atlantic Garden was the Bull's Head Tavern, or sojourning-place and exchange of the New York drovers and butchers of that day. Next door, on the site now occupied by the famous old Bowery Theater, was the cattle-market, an inclosed lot for the herding and sale of cattle. There the British made it a custom to enjoy bear-baiting, that sport to which it was afterward so wittily said that the Puritans objected, not because it hurt the bears but because it amused the people.

Then came a period when the Bowery had grown to be not only a long and important street, but a respectable one. Tom Hamblin was the manager of the old Bowery Theater at that time, and the first players of the country and of England performed there to notable audiences. They cannot have escaped severer criticism than their sons, the Booths and Wallacks of our day, have been accustomed to, for a preacher of that time made a solemn sensation by saying that when he passed that theater he saw the people jostling one another down the steps into a great black, yawning hole under the ground, and over their heads he read the awful, the ominous words, "The Pit." In those days many rich and aristocratic families lived over on the East Side beyond the Bowery. The Quakers, now few and seldom heard of, were numerous and notable among them, and East Broadway—the heart of the Polish Hebrew quarter—was a splendid street. But the city grew, and with its growth came the development of the Volunteer Fire Department, and with that the Bowery changed again. Many of the finest young men of the town belonged to the fire-companies at first; sons of rich men and young mechanics pulled shoulder to shoulder at the ropes. But an era of ruffianism was at hand—an era that produced in New York, Philadelphia, and Baltimore such scenes and conditions as we can scarcely comprehend to-day. Gangs of fighting men infested various localities and terrorized the community. The rivalry and strife of the fire-companies in part attracted them and in part



OLD ROOFS AND DORMERS.

developed them. From striving to see which company could reach a fire earliest they came to striving to prevent each from getting to the fires at all. In some degree they were the cause of fires—when fate was kind, and conflagrations were too infrequent to please them. In this era was developed "the Bowery boy," the queerest product of America in his day.

The Bowery boy began with more good than evil in his composition. In the daytime he worked for his living; at night he aimed only to be a dandy and a fireman. He sang negro melodies very prettily, danced well, was a devoted patron of the theater, and worshiped good women. But with the growth of the city he came to have his own way to a greater extent than was good for him, and his type grew worse and worse, until the Bowery often became a bloody battle-ground between the police and the ruffians that the Bowery boys had become. In time he became a drinking, fighting, and gambling character, with a modicum of the high principles and stern morality in heroic directions that we afterward found in some of Bret Harte's Pacific Coast characters. Desirous of punching somebody at all times, he especially liked to punch persons who were rude or cruel to the female sex. He was intensely patriotic if he happened to be American, and it was in his time that Americanism, or Know-nothingism, was very rampant and bellicose. There are men alive to-day—old men, to be found at Washington Market or behind fast horses on "the Road"—who are given to wailing over the degeneracy of the times, and to boasting that they knew the day when the greatest prize-fighters and thugs and punchers were all true Americans!

The Bowery boy was very proud and full of an affectation of rough airs that he considered exquisite. He dyed his mustache jet-black, oiled his hair profusely, and was much given to loud perfume. He wore a lustrous silk hat, a flannel shirt with a huge black-silk scarf under its collar, trousers that were very tight and needed no suspenders, a coat that he usually carried on his arm, well-polished boots (not shoes), and carried a cigar tilted heavenward above his nose, and spread his elbows apart so that nobody could pass him on a narrow pavement without jostling him. Of course if any one jostled him he was insulted, and when he was insulted he fought. In the days of his glory he scorned to use any weapon but his fists. His voice was modeled after that of the fire-trumpet, and he had a language all his own. He called to his sweetheart, "Here, gal," "Come, gal," and when he wanted any one to hold the nozzle of a hose he said, "You, dere, take der butt."

It is said that Thackeray much enjoyed meeting a Bowery boy. The great novelist desired to go to Houston street. He was not certain whether he was right in pursuing the direction he had taken, so he stepped up to one of these East-Side Adonises and said: "Sir, can I go to Houston street this way?"

"Yes, I guess yer kin, sonny," said the boy—"if yer behave yerself."

If you walk down the Bowery to-day you will see traces of all these eras except the Dutch, and that remains in the queer title of the street, as I have said. Though no other street shows such a blending of discordant qualities, it is yet true that no artery in the

town has yielded so slowly to the modernization that the rest of the city has undergone. It is true the elevated railway, of the original single-legged pattern, skirts each pavement, but it passes many and many an old-time New York dwelling the third story of which still consists of the old dormer windows piercing a tilted roof, which, with the slanting wooden cellar doors, were the characteristics of the best houses of the city fifty or sixty years ago. Farther down the street the railway passes two or three wooden houses of that earlier era when it was permitted to build with wood in down-town New York. It even passes over a mile-post bearing the legend, "1 mile from the City Hall." It rattles the windows in the old Bull's Head Tavern of Revolutionary times, and it keeps a-trembling more than one queer, crooked relic of the English days, like little Doyers street, which is also mainly wooden, and which, though only a couple of blocks long, turns and dodges in several directions like a thief eluding a policeman. It is not a nice street, and it looks as if it were doubling upon its own unsavory reputation.

The Bowery is something less than a mile in length. It reaches from Chatham Square to the little wedge in front of the Cooper Union at Eighth street which splits it in twain, sending one half up-town to be the great Third Avenue, and one half close beside it to be the Fourth Avenue. It has the width of both these wide avenues together. Its width varies, as becomes an ancient thoroughfare, but I think it averages more than one hundred feet from house-line to house-line, sixty-five feet being the roadway. If you are a stranger, and walk down the Bowery in the daytime without a guide, you will be apt to notice nothing more particular about it than that it is an enormous, crowded, noisy street of retail shops, lodging-houses, and museums. Any old New Yorker will show you some very old and respectable shops—notably a grocer's, a baker's, and a shop for the supply of firemen's goods—which were established there in the days of other generations. But these are not so interesting to a stranger as the many little stores that give a distinct character to the street. Except in the main street of Havre, I never saw so many shops for the sale of jewelry as there are on the Bowery. Most of them display

new, cheap, and flashy ornaments; half a dozen are what are called pawnbrokers' sales shops, or shops for the sale of unredeemed pledges; one is a mart for duplicated presents received by persons on their wedding-days, on anniversary occasions, or at Christmas.

The pawnbrokers' sales shops have held me before their windows many and many an hour since childhood, and to-day when I pause before one I feel a keener touch of the impulses of youth than anything else can bring back to me. There is much humbug in the Bowery, but there is no humbug in what these stores display. Pathos and tragedy are constantly exhibited and enacted on every block of that throbbing avenue, but it all seems to me as nothing beside the tragic and pathetic tales that are told by the goods in these store-fronts. The vanity of man is felt by every poor stranger who is knocked about and jostled by the crowds that throng the pavement; but for a sermon upon vanity I know no text in all New York like the contents of one of these windows.

The very manner in which the dealers have shoved the goods out for exhibition is im-

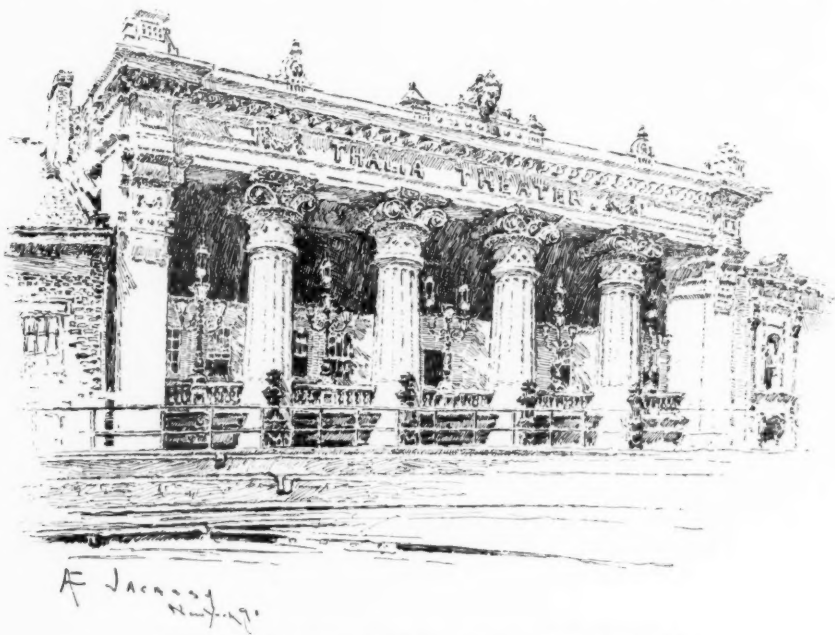


DOYERS STREET.

pressive. It is usually their rule to heap the bottoms of the windows a foot or two deep with the less showy and bulkier relics of misfortune, and then to display the more peculiar and tempting goods on swinging shelves hung close to the panes. Here you see medals presented for heroism in saving life or for bravery in battle, swords given to men for taking part in actions that are household words, badges

was only fancied, of vanity that toppled, or of applause that beckoned anguish.

Whether the taste for cheap jewelry is stronger with our adopted fellow-citizens than with ourselves I am not sure, but one sees the force of foreign inclination unmistakably in other features of the street. The frequency of signs painted with Hebrew characters in German words, even in the windows of the banks,



UPPER STORY OF THE THALIA THEATER. (FORMERLY THE OLD BOWERY.)

of bejeweled gold bearing the arms of petted militia regiments, all showing that their owners were once confident of fortune and yet must have come to desperate passes. A medal of silver to the best scholar in a great sectarian school, one of gold to the champion clog-dancer of Australia, a golden-headed malacca cane won by —, the most popular police officer in —, these call to the mind happy scenes that no one dreamed would have such forlorn sequences. But what of the scores of opera-glasses and bracelets engraved with such mottos as "To Laura on Christmas," or "Isabel," or "With J. M. F.'s love to Sadie"? Rings, bracelets, breastpins, jewels especially devised, and curios which no one would part with except from stern necessity, are in the heaps and on the shelves—literally in burden by the ton when you take them all together; and yet every article in the mass carries its sermon of happiness despoiled, of security that

is no more mistakable than the occasional "delicatessen" shops, as the Germans call those places which are nearly like our "fancy groceries." The number of places for the sale of musical instruments is so great as to indicate that the majority of their customers are from continental Europe, and in the still larger number of cheap photograph-galleries the same influence is apparent. To stop and examine the tintypes and *cartes-de-visite* displayed by the photographers is to carry yourself out of America at once. Not only are the types of faces mainly Teutonic and Slavonic, but the sitters have shown a very foreign fondness for being pictured in fancy costumes and maskers' dresses. They pose as kings and queens, as huntsmen, as Swiss and Polish and Magyar peasants, the matrons and maidens in very short skirts and the men in feathered caps and velvet knee-breeches. Those other men and women who are plainly dressed have kept their

hats and bonnets on more often than is customary elsewhere, and the babies appear to be victims of a strange rule which requires them to be photographed in nudity or the state closest to it. The source of the fancy costumes is seen in the many places for the hire of masquerade dresses that are in the Bowery and close beside it in the cross-streets, these places being always up one flight of stairs. The costumes are hired for use at masquerade-balls, and it is on the morning after such a ball, before the dresses are returned, that the dancers wear them once again in the photograph-galleries.

Dancing is almost as popular a form of dissipation with the people of the Bowery region as with the idlers of fashionable society, but the high rentals and the great space required for the amusement have limited the number of assembly-rooms to one on the main avenue, the dancers finding cheaper quarters in a score of halls near at hand in the side streets. The excuses that these adopted Americans make for associating together are so numerous that it is not at all an uncommon thing for a mechanic to belong to four or five associations of his countrymen, while the shopkeepers, wine-dealers, and politicians who have money to spare and popularity to win often belong to twenty, thirty, and in one case with which I am acquainted to eighty such organizations. The first society such a man must join is that of the people who hail from the same European village, or province, or principality. To such a club the women of each family belong by right and without charge. Next in order is either the singing society, or the sharpshooting club, both of which are almost certain to spring out of the first organization. Then come the branches or chapters of whatever secret societies or mutual-benefit leagues happen to have most attracted the men of that particular body or nationality. There may be half a dozen of these. After these there are neighborhood turn-vereins, or gymnastic clubs, the general associations for bringing men of each nationality together, in a few cases charity or church societies, and so on, until if a man who can afford it has no more clubs of his own to conquer, he is forced to join those that grow out of the union of men from some other city or province whence a friend has emigrated.

Fraternity and fun are at the bottom of all these organizations—a kind of fun we Anglo-Saxons are too stiff to enjoy, and a sort of vigorous and ostentatious fraternity that we do not see the necessity for as clearly as we should if we were, like these persons, beginning life anew among strangers in a foreign land. No matter what the aim or title of the organization, dancing and the drinking of wine or beer seem to us the main purposes of the members.

The so-called home clubs—of people of one district—exhibit the purest democracy that is possible, for they meet upon equal terms, although among the immigrants are well-to-do shopkeepers, educated professional men, poor mechanics, clerks, and a very human mixture of the shrewd, the shiftless, the industrious, the stupid, and the ambitious. I have known a wage-earner to be president or “king” over many men of considerable means and pretensions, and in that case the “queen” who sat beside the mechanic on the coronation day was the wife of an educated and prosperous man, the first or second in his profession in this country. The king was elected, but the queen got her crown by her marksmanship with an air-gun before a paper target. The only object of this society was to bring together the people from a Rhenish village for a grand dance and feast of new sausage and new wine once a year. Thus united, the men established a so-called sharpshooter’s club to make an excuse for another annual ball and as many days as possible of drinking in suburban picnic-grounds. They also established a singing club designed to furnish music at all gatherings, solemn, sad, or merry, and for another dance once a year.

I have accidentally run across many queer clubs among these foreigners, and have learned that there must be five hundred quite as peculiar of which I have never heard. Any excuse is employed for bringing their fellow-countrymen together. In one case a band called itself “The Pfaelzer Humorous Club,” and met around a table whenever a fine was to be paid. The fines were levied in this order: A keg of beer upon the birth of a son, the club tankard of beer (a splendid carved cup holding two quarts) on the birth of a girl, a glass all around for talking politics. If my readers were all New Yorkers I should not need, in parting with this phase of the life I am describing, to say that these clubs and people are nearly all respectable, orderly, industrious, and valuable citizens.

Merely in passing I spoke of the “lodging-houses” as notable features of the Bowery. They are almost peculiar to it. There must be a score of them. Invariably they occupy the upper stories of the larger and newer buildings along the huge and swarming thoroughfare, and therefore passengers in the elevated cars get the clearest idea of their interiors. From the pavement all that is seen of them are their signs, which read about like this:

EAST SIDE HOUSE.
FOR GENTLEMEN ONLY.
Rooms, 15 cents.

or

AMERICA HOTEL.
LODGINGS FOR MEN ONLY.
Nice Rooms, 25 cents.



DRAWN BY A. CASTIGLIONE.

THE BOXERY FROM THE GRAND STREET STATION OF THE ELEVATED RAILWAY.

ENGRAVED BY H. DAVIDSON.

Within recent years these have multiplied to such an extent as to bring about a keen competition, and he who runs may read the force of this in single lines that have been added to many of the signs. These addenda all indicate a general desire to do more than supply mere rooms as of old. "Baths free of charge," is the announcement of one landlord; "Reductions by the week," another offers; "A Cup of Good Coffee served Mornings to Each Lodger," says a third. As you look into each house from the Elevated Railway you invariably see a large assembly-room, bare-walled but clean, and set with tables and chairs. There is no hour of the day when there are not many men in each room, some merely lounging in the chairs, some reading papers, some playing dominoes, and nearly all smoking. In passing some of these lodgings a glimpse is had of bedrooms which rent for a quarter of a dollar a night with a cup of coffee gratis. They are mere closets made by running partitions up five feet apart from the floor to the ceiling. Each contains a cot, and sometimes a chair. There is no apertenance for anything except sleeping, a common wash-room being elsewhere provided. The men one sees in these places are nearly all young, mainly at the threshold of manhood. It is a general impression that they are either criminals or hardened characters, and though I am certain this does them injustice, I have never been able to satisfy myself to what extent they are injured by the suspicion. That there are among them many petty thieves and parasites who live upon outcast women is certainly true, and I suspect it requires great strength of character for a poor, stranded victim of circumstances who drifts into one of these places to resist the overtures that come to him from such wretches. Yet I know that many a poor huckster and sober wage-earner who has only a bare foothold in the town is obliged to put up at these lodging-houses, and it stands to reason that in the course of every year thousands of decent, ambitious strangers who come to the great city to make a living or a fortune must perforce begin their new career in these honeycombs. Now and then such a man shoots himself in one of these places or throws himself out of the window upon the pavement below.

By the way, it would not be easy to make most readers believe how trifling a thing a suicide is in the Bowery. It is not because there are so very many, since death's harvest by that means does not exceed two hundred and forty a year throughout the whole city, but it is rather on account of the preoccupation of the people and the summary action of the authorities. The shot is heard by very few. Neighbors of long standing do not know one another, so

that the persons in the house where the death occurs deal only with the authorities, and no one spreads the news along the block. An ambulance calls for the body, and then there is the greatest stir, for a knot of idlers always gathers to find out what called the ambulance. The little crowd collects, and hides what is brought out of the house. The average busy New Yorker feels no interest at all in the matter, for it is his life habit to avoid crowds. The ambulance drives away, and it is not until they read the papers next day that the people on the very block on which the tragedy occurred become aware that it took place.

Three notable Bowery institutions that attract attention in the daytime have not been mentioned. They are the drinking-places, the dime museums, and the eating-houses. It will seem like an exaggeration, but I carefully counted them before I put down the number of places in which liquor is sold on the ground floors, alone, of the buildings along the Bowery. There are eighty-two such places, or nearly six to every block. The street is fourteen blocks long, and there are sixty-five places where drink is sold on its east side and seventeen on its west side. As there are five blocks on the west side of the street on which no such places occur, the reader can imagine how thick the bars must be on other blocks. This total number includes four music-halls, as many restaurants and oyster-houses where bottled beverages are sold, two or three wine-houses, one wholesale liquor-store, and the bars connected with several theaters and variety-halls. Some of the saloons have glittering exteriors and costly fittings, but not one is of the so-called first class. In the main they are cheap places of a low class, the number of them being so great as to reduce the profits to a minimum. A few staid and respectable German places are in the number, and one orderly resort—the Atlantic Garden—boasts one of the most profitable bars in a city where there are single counters over which \$500 is passed every day in exchange for drinks. Lager beer is of course the standard tippie of the Bowery, and it flows there in such torrents that I am not guilty of the slightest exaggeration in saying that early on Sunday morning, after a busy Saturday night, the very air that is breathed in the great avenue is weighted with the odor of soured beer.

The eating-houses are not nearly so numerous, though their comparison with the drinking-saloons is greater than the proportion of bread to sack which Falstaff deemed sufficient. The lodging-houses support many restaurants, and as the Bowery is a principal artery, the transient trade in food is sufficient to maintain as many more. Again competition shows its paring hand, for in front of some of the eating-houses

one sees announcements that "large portions" of roast beef, mutton, lamb, pork, and veal are offered at eight cents, with bread and potatoes thrown in. Ten cents is the standard price for such provision, and, since milk, coffee, and tea are usually sold at five cents, it is possible to purchase a solid and nutritious meal for a dime and a half. A moment's calculation shows, therefore, that a man may eat and lodge in the Bowery with a good bed and three meals a day for \$4.90 a week, and with a fifteen-cent bed and eight-cent dishes for \$2.73 a week.

It sometimes seems to me that there is no avenue of profit or of commerce that is so illuminated by genius as the Bowery museum business. If ingenuity be a form of genius, there cannot be any doubt that I am right. A few visits to these resorts will satisfy the more intelligent citizens, and the visits will naturally be paid in early youth. But the populace as a whole is not characterized by the greater degrees of intelligence, and it is surprising to note how skilfully the managers of these places keep astir the ready curiosity of the mob. As much color and oil as have distinguished the galleries of the Louvre have been spent upon the huge canvases that all but cover the museum buildings. Sometimes the garish signs and pictures completely conceal the façades of the building and block up the windows, it having been found that many of the wonders on exhibition suffer less by gaslight than by the blaze of day. A museum is fairly started when it has a mass of gorgeous paintings, a tout, or crier, at the door, a ticket-taker in the lobby, and a band of three musicians limping, squeaking, and pounding just within the inclosure. I have known little of the interiors within recent years, but I see the signs frequently, and I have observed the progress that has been accomplished in the science of museum management since my boyhood days. The "fattest woman on earth" was sufficient in that era, but now she is represented twice as fat as of old, and yet dancing like a fay. There is most ingenious "faking" (the museum term for humbug) as of old, but there is also much reality—real "heroes" of trips over Niagara in barrels, of the bridge-jumping mania, of criminal life, and of distorted natural history. The more pretentious of these museums are so conducted that the only advantage that is ever taken of a stranger lies in the presumption that he will believe what he hears and credit what he sees. Yet in at least two of the six museums which illuminate the Bowery a fool or a too trustful stranger will be certain to be robbed. The tricks by which such persons are despoiled of their money are as old as sin itself, yet age does not wither nor custom stale a single one. An example of the dark ways

of the robbers who lurk in these dens is this: Within one of the lower class of museums the visitor will notice a door through which he is invited to pass in order to have his cranium examined by a phrenologist, and to receive a present of a chart setting forth his proclivities and possibilities. Within is a room, a chair, and the alleged phrenologist. The visitor notices that the walls are bare; at least he perceives nothing to interest him as he glances around him. But just as the phrenological inspection is finished, a click is heard, a piece of a partition falls down upon a set of hinges, and the victim reads, "Professor Blinkum's charge is \$2." If the victim is wise he will pay the fee; it will be cheaper than the drubbing and perhaps the actual robbery by violence to which he must otherwise submit.

The museums are brilliant at night, and it is then that the Bowery becomes newly and doubly interesting. It is probably the most brilliantly lighted thoroughfare on this planet. The money spent in lighting it is prodigious; the illumination is prodigal; the effect is dazzling. But the method adopted for this lighting is cheap and vulgar, and emphasizes the popular meaning which the word "Bowery" has taken on. The English word "brummagem" fails to convey half the definition of the term "Bowery." The words lean in the same direction, but to be Bowery is to be twice what is meant when we say a thing is brummagem. Whatever has the Bowery stamp is not merely an imitation, but it is a loud and offensive falsity. In New York, when the people see a great glass stud, cut to look like a diamond worth \$10,000, and worn on the shirt of a store clerk, they call it a Bowery jewel, and they say of the man that he looks very Bowery. The extremes of fashion are caricatured and intensified in the Bowery, where the cut of men's trousers, the size of plaid patterns, the shape and style of the shoes, the gorgeousness of the waistcoats worn by the mock dandies—not to speak of the swagger and swing of the East Side belles—often surpass endurance if not belief. A Bowery dude is constitutionally unable to put on his hat unless he may balance it on one ear. It suits the street, therefore, to boast the most brilliant illumination of the coarsest and most dazzling sort.

I counted its surplus lights the other night,—the mere electric arc-lights which dangle before the stores and resorts,—and I found that they numbered 263. On the west side there were 189, and on the east side 74, or, altogether, about 19 to each block. The arc-light is that variety of electric lamp which is produced between two thick carbon-pencils inclosed in a great cocoanut-shaped shell of

glass. Let the reader who is familiar with this added burden upon human existence, this ingenious instrument of torture, fancy, if he can, the hissing and sputtering, the lightning-like starts and jumps, the alternating flashes and depressions that the glare of the Bowery undergoes. A tour of this street by night is a never-to-be-forgotten experience, but in the main the street is like a great electric lantern. It is the most brilliant eye in the Argus head of New York, and it is the eye that never sleeps; for when the rest of the town is dim, and its bustle is all but hushed, the eye of the Bowery looks out into the night with a gleaming stare that only the rising of the sun is able to intimidate.

The great wholesale houses have closed, but the people of a vast network of streets walled with high tenements have come home from work, have supped, and are out on the Bowery for the night's shopping, amusement, or exercise. The sidewalks are almost packed with people bathed in the brilliant light of such a number and variety of shops as are not to be found in any other equal area in the city. But the outcasts of society are in the throng; the tenth of the town that lives by night is astir. Poor creatures, indeed, are these Bowery miscreants—the product of that same tenement region where, a careful missionary says, one hundred thousand persons have moved in and fourteen churches have moved out within the past ten years. The criminals found in the Bowery are of the stunted, half-starved type of which the tenement house is the matrix. Undersized, wizen-faced, aged while yet of tender years, little-eyed, cunning, shabbily dressed and constantly hunted, they are rather like human rats than men and women. Their haunts are in the cellars, the rum-shops, and in the disorderly places on upper floors—for it is a peculiar fact that not only does the Bowery contain liquor-stores side by side in places, but it contains rows of buildings in which every floor is given over to disreputable uses. I shall not dwell upon that phase of the Bowery life except to answer the question that is asked of every citizen by every stranger who is curious to visit that quarter—"Is it safe?" It is. Better than that, it is worth while. It is not well for a lady to walk out alone in any part of the city at night. Yet a woman without an escort, walking briskly along, is less likely to be affronted on the Bowery than on Fifth Avenue, by day or by night. There is one rule for escaping annoyance in New York city. It is the same for women as for men. That is to walk straight along without stopping or staring. It is the gawk, the gaby, the idler, and the over-curious meddler who invites insult and annoyance.

By half-past nine o'clock the shopping-places have closed, and the fourfold procession of

shoppers has come to an end. The last family group, headed by the husband, with the wife a step behind him, and her babies trailing after her, each clutching the other's clothing, has been swallowed up by the darkness of the side streets. The Bowery now belongs to the seekers of recreation and of vice. They are moving in and out of the museums, the gin-shops, the concert-halls, and the theaters. They have the choice of ninety-nine such places. Seven of these are theaters, six are museums, and four are music-halls.

The English theaters (or American theaters in which English is spoken) are what are called "gallery-houses"; that is to say, the gallery forms the most important if not the largest part of each. To enter certain ones costs only ten cents, and fifty cents secures an orchestra chair. In two, which are handsome theaters, the best plays and nearly the best companies are seen. They are operated as the theaters of small cities are, being considered as part of the provincial circuits to which New York successes are sent after their runs in first-class up-town houses. But the other English theaters are for the exhibition of variety-shows, or music-hall performances. What has always interested me most about them is the fact that they attract the newsboys and street Arabs with irresistible magnetism. The average New York newsboy, when he counts the cost of a day's living, includes ten cents for "de tee-ater" as regularly as he figures upon the amount for lodgings and for his three meals of "beef and beans." As there are thousands of these boys, the number that have earned the price of a gallery-seat is very great each night, and in consequence the strife for an early choice of seats is vigorous. The result is that the ragged little shavers form a line long before the theater doors are opened, and this line grows, and lengthens, and tails along the sidewalk until it makes what would be a notable picture for a Mrs. Stanley to fix upon her canvas. There are fights now and then in the line, and a babel of cries and whistles and shouts goes out from it. When the doors are opened the rush up the theater stairs is like a mountain freshet reversed. Like stampeding cattle the boys fling themselves down the aisles and over the seats until there is not a vacant place left. Then they take their coats off and fold them in their laps, and the air fills with the aroma and crackle of peanuts. Monitors, with long ratans and uncommonly bad tempers, endeavor to keep the little savages in some sort of order, and it is to these guardians that reference is made in the frequently repeated cry of "Cheese it! de post!" There is no time here for a study of that queer sentence. "Cheese it" is the warning cry of the New York street-boy, and

though many have guessed at it, I have never known any one who was able to give its derivation. "The post" is the monitor, but why he is called a post in a Bowery theater, and nowhere else, some one else must explain.

The most peculiar of all the theaters in the country are two that are on the Bowery. They are the Polish Hebrew playhouses. The old Bowery Theater was recently given over to that use. There are 37,000 persons who call themselves, or are called, Poles, and who live clannishly in a little strip consisting of a few blocks to the east of the Bowery. It is one of the most densely populated parts of New York, for they crowd together, and being poor, live meanly. Eight tenths of them are Hebrews, and they constitute not much less than half the Hebrew population in New York. As a matter of fact, they hail from Russia, Austria, and Germany, and are of the type and class that aroused our sympathies some years ago when a very large number came here, leading a great exodus caused by outrageous persecution. They contradict many ideas about the Hebrews that have been strongly held among us. They are not rich. They by no means eschew manual labor, nor do they show remarkable genius in trading, for they work at the making of clothing and in other lines that are laborious and poorly paid. Furthermore,—and this is merely my own judgment,—they are not especially prudent or thrifty. They crowd their two theaters, where the plays—at least all that I have read the names of—are based upon biblical or historical subjects, or upon scenes local to New York. They have a drama of their own, and it embraces a great number of plays, but in the Bowery these are altered and lengthened by the introduction of scenes not always strictly connected with the pieces in which they are inserted, and never of the high standard of the original works. Their local plays, usually picturing the adventures of a Polish Hebrew who reaches New York, and starts out upon the streets as a peddler, are of the lightest possible character. In one theater one of the actors is the playwright. The talents of the players vary, some being very clever, born actors, and some being very wooden. The language used on the stage is a strange jargon of bad Russian, Polish, old Hebrew, and one or more other tongues. The programs are printed in Hebrew characters.

It is an interesting sight to see one of their theaters when an attractive play is offered. Almost all the men are tall and spare, with their long black locks unbarbered, and their long black beards uncut. Those who are near middle life are apt to be bent and pallid, with sunken cheeks and hollow eyes, as if they lacked the comforts of life, needed nutritious

food, and had worked and suffered prodigiously. Their faces are distinctly Slavonic. The women are all heavier and stouter than the men, some being fat, and many plump. Very often the matrons wear well-used, coarse, and undeceptive black wigs. Red shawls are a peculiarity of their attire. The young girls have the rare complexion of the Hebrew girl everywhere, and many of them are beautiful. Never were more orderly congregations than these theater audiences. Talking, or interruptions of noise, or disorder are always hissed down. It is evident that these people enjoy music, and their music is most peculiar. It is pretty, very simple, and extremely pathetic, even funereal at times. It always reminds me of the weird and sympathetic tones of the typical Hungarian melodies; but the triumphant, strenuous, heroic element which completes the Hungarian music is not heard in these Hebrew tunes.

More numerous than all others on this great East-Side parade are the people of German origin. There is little about them that is peculiar to us, but they maintain one notable resort, which is known and almost familiar wherever German is spoken. It is the largest of the beer-saloons—the Atlantic Garden. It is not only the resort of the Bowery Germans, but it is the rendezvous for the officers and crews of all the German vessels that come to the port, and for a great many German tourists and travelers who are passing through the country. It is thoroughly German, from the dishes served on the counter near the door to the music played by the orchestra within, or the well-salted pretzels that are consumed with the beer. It is simply a large hall a block in depth, partly surrounded by a gallery, and set with chairs and tables. Its decorations are neither good, bad, nor costly. Its purpose is to afford a place in which an hour can be passed in talking, drinking beer, and listening to the music of a band by night, and of a huge orchestration by day. The band is usually composed of a dozen well-trained young women, dressed neatly, all alike, and as women would appear at a high-class musical entertainment. Breaking the music of this band a balladist or serio-comic singer appears at intervals during the evening. Disorder is almost unknown. Women and children accompany husbands and fathers, and the drinking is performed with a dispassionate, thoroughly European regard for temperance and economy. A glass of beer is made to last a very long time there, and consequently to yield as much refreshment as half a dozen glasses taken as New Yorkers are apt to drink it.

A large body of Hungarians also claim the Bowery as their parade, and as this is written

they are holding a fair there. Two blocks away is "Chinatown," with its swinging lanterns and picturesque bannerets, and with its slippered figures tripping noiselessly about. Quite as near in another direction is the seat of the Italian colony—a street of towering tenements, apparently so crowded that the tenants can find room in them only while lying down, for in the daytime, when all are awake, the houses are swarming, and the sidewalks are all but choked with men, women, and children. However, though these people are in its region, they own no haunt or foothold in the Bowery, and therefore are not eligible to notice in this article.

In parting with the subject, let me add that the survival of the ancient "true American" spirit (always suspicious of danger to the Republic and always belligerent) still leads some good citizens to harbor deep suspicions of all that the Bowery typifies. They tremble lest foreigners, in numbers sufficiently great to maintain Old World customs, should endanger the existence of our own institutions. I do not

read any danger in any feature that makes up the Bowery except in its vices, and they are human rather than peculiar to any nationality. The "true Americans" of the first half of the century were themselves the offspring of foreigners, and so, by no greater removes, are many of those who now carry forward the old patriotism. That is, in some degree, true of all of us except the red men, but it is especially true of New Yorkers. This city has always been an open door to foreign immigrants, and lately it has been their principal gateway. A few always linger here at the threshold of the New World, and, being thrown together again, establish so-called colonies or foreign quarters. Therefore we have the Bowery as it is. It does not offer any new problem or confront us with an unfamiliar condition. For more than two centuries the city's population has contained a very considerable admixture of persons foreign to those who have ruled it, and at times some of the new blood has been far less desirable than any considerable element which we are now taking into the national system.

Julian Ralph.



THE LONG AGO.

WHAT was it made the Long Ago?
Not summer sunshine, nor autumn rain;
Not sweet spring budding, nor winter snow,
Nor still blithe pleasure, nor yet keen pain.

For sure as the years roll round they bring
Their seasons, fair as the ones of yore.
But only robbed of that nameless thing
That Long Ago in its bosom bore.

I know not why I should mourn it so;
My love of to-day is more strong and true,
And the love of the distant Long Ago—
Had died ere ever it fullness knew.

But still I yearn as one yearns who lost
A new-born babe in an earlier time,
Before these lads, with their locks upstod,
Were strong to clamber, and brave to climb:

It comes to me oft when I sit apart,
This tender want for—I do not know;
It has no place in the Present's heart;
It only lives in the Long Ago.

Julie M. Lippmann.

CHILDHOOD.



R. STEVENSON thinks that dogs suffer in reputation from intemperate and undeserving eulogy, and in one of his refreshing essays he comes, Carlyle fashion, "as one solitary individual," to their defense, and sets forth their winning weaknesses, their vanities, resentments, jealousies, and caprices.

I wish to imitate his chivalry by defending children from their self-announced friends, and the blessed Christmas-time is certainly a season stimulating to such an effort, so royally is it their festival the world over, and so persistently does the sentimentalist do what he can to deprave it—and them, and to put an end to our fondness for both; and though, to be sure, his success must always be slight enough, it is a pleasure to combat him. Sentimentality has falsified children even more odiously than dogs. Theatrical heroics are more interesting than a dead level of featureless sweetness, and do not misinterpret doghood by such a gulf as is fixed between life and the tradition in this other case.

Truth is not only stranger than fiction, it is also vastly more pleasing and entertaining than the essentially fictitious. The race finally concludes that the comparatively dim Corot is a more gratifying work of art than the landscape of the dime-museum sign-painter in all the splendor of unalloyed blue, green, and orange; and in the metaphysical world as well, it is a moment dangerous to beauty, to health, to sanity, when we set up ideals that are quite divorced from reality. Children are not so white as they are painted, but they give the normal color-loving eye much more delight than if they were.

Not only their moral but their mental qualities are perverted by hearsay and magnified into the monstrous. Who would not feel a terror akin to hate of the infant human being, if he were, for instance, any such infallible judge of character as the sentimentalist continually declare him? Thank God, the facts show that he is no such thing. Perhaps it is perversity that inclines me to put gullibility first among the charms of childhood, but surely its place is not far down the list.

The ability to read people is rare and slight in any class. Shakspeare seems to have failed in so crucial a test as the choice of a wife, and after that the rest of us should be content to

let any happy conjunctions in our intercourse with our kind be accredited to fate, and not pretend to be judges of human nature—what it seems, indeed, no one is or can be, so unaccountable is the compound.

As to children, they are exactly what the scientific thinker would expect from *a priori* reasoning, their perceptions are undeveloped by experience, their vanity is unchecked by the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune, and our usual standard of judgment, personal gratification, is with them unusually unqualified by any shadow of other considerations. All our lives long we pay so heavily for this universal short-sightedness that it is surely only fair that we should get some innocent pleasure from the exaggerated form of it we find in children. And indeed we may, if we find it pleasant to be loved; it is always open to every person, without the least regard to morals, to gather from their ranks an ardent company of worshippers. Moreover, so far have the sentimentalist worked to the advantage of the vain, that the man or woman who is the object of children's love is assured a special, half-superstitious regard from their elders—not only from their parents, whose softness goes without saying, but from entire communities, from passing car-drivers, and cynical old gentlemen at club windows.

To love children is certainly an amiable human trait, as is a desire to look pretty, or a fondness for using a nice voice; all these things show degrees of good taste, and a kindliness to others, not divorced from a pleasing readiness to be flattered; for of course the wish to be loved by them is one with the love of children. The high qualities of moral heroism and lofty idealism are not necessarily much more involved in the one case than in the other.

Yet so deep and general is the conviction that the love of children is an angelic trait, that I myself have had the bitter-sweet experience of receiving an extra meed of regard from my own family, who have had of course a long experience of my many stern virtues, simply because one summer I made myself the idol of all the four-year-olds in the village. My motive was very simple: overworked eyes and an absence of society threw my time on my hands, and in no other way, under the circumstances, could I get so much entertainment—nothing surely, for one thing, being so entertaining as adoration; and putting adorations with adorations, none other (I speak, it is true,

from a highly limited experience) is so flattering as a child's.

I may reason here in a cold-blooded way as to the moral non-significance of children's favor, but "saying aught we leave a world unsaid," and if in the beginning their preference indicates no special moral superiority, it certainly encourages desirable emotions of benevolence and tenderness, and these are so agreeable to their possessor that he feels that he is indeed angelically touched—a state of things not only pleasant but undoubtedly often salutary. Undeniably, too, these conquests have the solid charm of unmistakable success. In other things one waits long for even a degree of triumph, as in attempting an art, or one is perhaps never confident of the exact quality of his good fortune, as when a rich old gentleman marries a poor girl; but with children you are unquestionably assured of your own pleasantness when they are pleased.

Do not infer from this that I go with the sentimentalists as to the sincerity of childhood. Not a bit of it. Children are sincere enough when it is for their comfort, just as you would be if you dared, and in their regal indifference to incomes derived from the retail-grocery trade or the practice of medicine, have no mind to allow themselves to be bored; but for shameless play-acting, who can surpass your ten-months-old daughter, when, sitting on her mother's lap, her piteous wails ascending to heaven, she expresses, seemingly with flowing fountains of tears, her desire to possess your watch or to be tossed in your arms, but who, having gained her purpose, removes her knuckles from her eyes and opens them upon you in tearless luster? Practice does not yet enable her to command tears after the manner of Cleopatra and other ladies, but she does the best she can, and imitates the sounds and movements of weeping very creditably. She may look a little conscious of the perfunctory nature of the performance when it is over, and give you the benefit of her eyelashes as she scans you askance to see what you think of it, but there is more pride than humility in that part of the performance, and she evidently has no real doubt of the fact that it is all very charming—and neither have you.

The duplicity of children becomes more complex than this. I hesitate to lay an exceptionally sincere woman (of her qualities I speak with authority) open to the doubts certain to assail her candor, were I to tell her friends the story of the little red book; but here, with a nameless heroine, let it illustrate my point. She does not know how old she was when she endeavored to make the little red book an instrument of vengeance, but at least her legs did not bend over the edge of the chair;

she has a vivid recollection of them sticking straight out in front of her, as she sat, book in hand, shedding bitter tears over some maternal chastisement. What chastisement, for what offense, is all forgotten, but there she was, and a sense of cruelty and injustice was burning in her soul. As she pondered her wrongs she thought she saw a way to transfer some of the smart of that hour to the far future of her oppressor. She adjusted that little red book, bent her designing noddle over it, and dropped upon it several big tears—how big you can see by the startling size of the white blotches on the faded cover to-day. Her clearly defined idea was that her mother would surely feel remorse strike home to her when in after years she should see that tear-stained volume. The stern parent was quite unsoftened by its pathos at the time, but, happening to see property thus endangered, took it summarily away, and left her daughter to stare, at very close quarters, at her own toes, without the relief of literature. But indeed I think the scheme was well considered, and that, despite all subsequent exposure of its methods, the mother cannot now see those white blotches without a slight pang—the tears fell from such a very little weeper!

Ah, there is the great point, the first and the last, in considering the charms of children—they are such little things! We ascribe to them the virtues we feel we ought to admire because in any case our hearts are so tender to such helplessness.

There is something suggestive and consoling in the gentleness of our judgments of children. They do not have it for one another. It comes with the sense of overwhelmingly dominating power, and if we permit ourselves that degree of anthropomorphism necessary to any coherent reflection upon God, we may please ourselves with the thought of how blessedly minute and touchingly good-for-nothing we must be to the infinite vision. It perhaps approximates some truth, and what more could be said for dogmas that have cost rivers of blood!

The Christian religion certainly teaches us to think those happy who have only to be forgiven for faults akin to those we minimize in children as "childish." "Except ye . . . become as little children?" To my mind it is not at all as if the text said, "Except ye become perfect," or "Except ye become as the angels."

Children are not often angelic, though there is a divine light about them, of which I have not yet taken sufficient account, which, often against the most patent evidence of their earthliness, makes us feel them so. They are earthly, but they are not normally worldly. That is a word of deep significance; it is the true antithesis of childlike; and all the moral superiority

that we can truly claim for children is that they are not world-stained. In which reflections lie some queer comments on the structure of our customary moral codes. It is the faults of hardness, of diseased vanity, of calculated self-seeking, of self-righteousness and of bitter judgments, and not smaller matters, such as lying and stealing and undisciplined appetites, that keep us from being as little children. Far be it from me, who am a citizen with business interests, to call these latter offenses small, nor can I suppose such childish offenders ready for the kingdom of heaven; but according to the standards of the New Testament we must admit that they are in a more hopeful state than the typical Scribe and Pharisee. There is no reason for supposing that becoming as a little child completes the work of grace, but it is stated as an essential preliminary. Whatever your standards, you assuredly must often feel how much more troublesome is pharisaical virtue than publican vice, how much more insidious and difficult to deal with. But this is a groan from an overcharged heart, and has nothing to do with the subject.

As there is nothing in our judgments of children to differentiate them from our decisions upon one another, except the clear-sightedness that comes from overlooking them, and the fairness and generosity resulting from a comfortable assurance that we are beyond their competition, it is instructive to observe that we apply to them something like Christian standards, finding offensive in them meannesses and coldnesses which are hardly reckoned in when we are deliberately estimating the moral worth of our peers; and correspondingly we are complacent toward such deflections as we are taught to condemn most severely in one another. No one hates a child for stealing sugar, but who could forgive him, even though he obtained his sweets in the most regular manner, if he habitually devoted them to knowing commercial speculations made at the expense of more eager and trusting infants?

And indeed, as to our condemnations and approvals of the grown-up world, if we are of the happy and right-minded majority who keep a proper distance between theory and practice, despite our consciences we continue to choose the society of many a kindly reprobate in preference to that of some highly respectable vestryman who demands continual tribute to his self-love, and has about as much sympathy as a chess-automaton. We are content to give him our verbal approval, and, against our opinion, we go in practice with Jesus of Nazareth, and seek the more childlike companionship. Happy is the generation that has had the beauty of childlikeness painted for it by Jefferson's "Rip Van Winkle," and it is reas-

suring to remember that the preachers and the pious in general have approved that work of art; yet, still, many a young reasoner, arguing from accepted standards, must often wonder why, and, as with tears and laughter he sees the ever-recurring failure of dear Rip's good resolutions, must bless what seems to him a puzzling lack of logic. But the application of these Christian standards to moral codes is too delicate a business for the workaday world. It is hopeless at present to devise a penal code for the unchildlike (the groan for which I apologized a moment since as not germane to the subject has, after all, its place here), but it is a step toward that distant reform to study from life, not merely from hearsay, what children really are.

I find in them a mental superiority perhaps more marked than their moral distinction, if you will permit, for the sake of convenience, this arbitrary and superficial separation of the inseparable. The most telling fact for pessimism that I see is the demoralizing effect of life upon—must I say most people? At any rate, it is a question whether the majority benefit by their experience of this world; if they do, why should the word worldly have such dire significance?

The decline in nobility between twenty and forty is a standing subject of sorrow to the judicious, but surely it often begins long before, and from the first it is a mental as well as a moral degradation.

The little children of the race are intellectually more respectable than the majority of its adults. To be sure, it is their attitude and not their achievements that makes them so; but in estimating the human being as a mind rather than as "a screw in the social machine," who can help thinking the attitude more important than the achievement? The abounding intellectual curiosity of children, and their continual return to the biggest and deepest questions,—the origin of things, the sources and ends of being,—these are what make them superior. What if the questions can never be absolutely answered? Is it not infinitely more respectable to have them earnestly in mind than, accepting some mumbo-jumbo reply, to dismiss them altogether and to devote existence wholly to the trivialities we call business, or pleasure, or learning? What else was Carlyle's fundamental *raison d'être* but his power to recall us to a degree of the serious reasonable wonder with which we start in life?

Upon my word, I sometimes think that if the world were started now on a new plan, and peopled altogether with the middle-aged, religions, after going on a short time through the impetus of custom, would die out all over the world from this simple lack of interest in the questions they primarily undertake to an-



ENGRAVED BY W. B. CLOSSON.

OWNED BY ARTHUR ASTOR CAREY.

MOTHER AND CHILD. BY ABBOTT H. THAYER.

swer. As it is, the children force us to keep some sort of theory of existence furbished up.

Perhaps it is the seriousness of its interests that invests childhood with the mysterious, evanescent, exquisite beauty Wordsworth had in mind when he wrote:

The Soul that rises with us, our life's Star,
Hath had elsewhere its setting, and cometh from
afar:
Not in entire forgetfulness, and not in utter naked-
ness,
But trailing clouds of glory do we come
From God, who is our home.

The haunting charm of these lines is not the result of their doctrine, but results from a statement of it that subtly suggests this nameless other-world loveliness. Neither does my rashly ventured explanation explain—or, at most, it goes a very little way. We simply do not know what gives childhood such divine aspects. The fact is one of those grateful, poetical phenomena, of which the world happily contains several, that turn the edge of scientific explanations as the ambient air of some enchanted chamber in a fairy story resists Damascus blades.

Of course, in this case, it is left to the skeptical simply to deny this supreme grace to the miniature human being, and the candid observer must admit that children are touched with it in widely varying degrees. Nevertheless, if you wish, you will probably not need to go far to find a little child to sit in the midst of these scoffers, the sight of whom will simply shut their mouths with shame. With all the immortal pictures of the Christ-child in the world, I have never seen one that so echoed the special ineffable loveliness of soul peculiar to ideal childhood as does a baby, sitting on the mother's lap, painted by Mr. Abbott H. Thayer, and first exhibited several years ago by the Society of American Artists. There was at that time among painters a good deal of discussion—a fact in itself flattering—of Mr. Thayer's technical methods and achievements; any one who sympathizes with the painter's point of view in this picture must find that its technic achieves the one great success—that it pictorially, happily, and subtly expresses his feeling for his subject. The sight of it brings over one afresh the sense of the unfathomable miracles of the painter's art—that mortal man can so infuse matter with spirit, and bend materials so stubborn to ends so exquisite. This

child has the light of heaven in its face, the light of heaven just fading before growing wonder at this strange world, and faintly shadowed by a timid shrinking from its unknown ways that melts the heart with its pathos and its beauty.

Rare as this perfect flowering of the human being must always be, I have seen the same look on one little face after another throughout my life, and its significance passes beyond the range of our reason's conscious grasp. It is a portent and a wonder, and sings songs to the soul no words will ever say.

The fact that so many of us, like Mr. Wegg, decline and fall pretty steadily through life, tells for pessimism, but it is still overbalanced by the optimistic sign given us in the spiritual height from which some of us start; and this sign is none the less impressive for being so mysterious. I do not allow myself to be cast down because these angel faces are often borne by babies who need spanking much oftener than they are likely to get it, for there is a great deal in the richest ore besides gold; but, I admit, it is sadly depressing to see so many children who give little sign of a birthright of grace. How can any one declare he adores them in the lump, after the sentimental manner, when the very infant in arms so often shows a soul-sickening, self-evident likeness to an aggressive, stupid father, or a sharp, vulgar little fool of a mother? Still I believe the case is not then so bad as it looks to the casual but sensitive observer. A wise woman tells me that it is not the sheer fatuity of folly that enchants people with the most unprepossessing young one when it happens to be their own, but that truly it is only its own family who can ever really know a baby's charms, and it is her belief that if we could have all the evidence before us in even the most unaccountable case, we should see that the worshipers were wiser than the scoffing world.

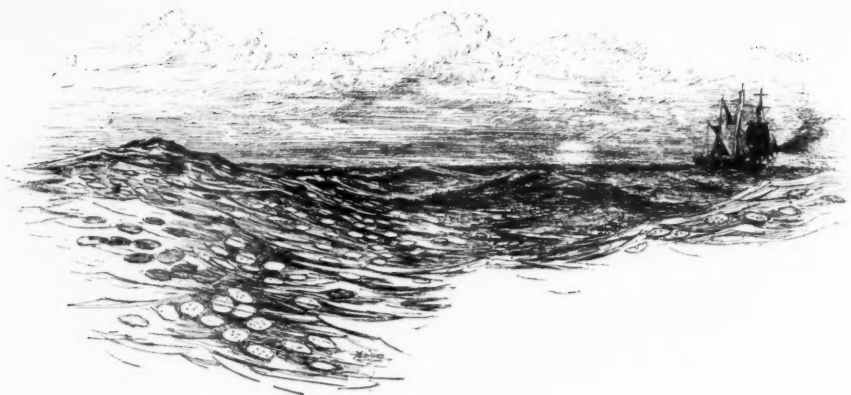
We all know that the tiresomest brat can present wonderfully appealing aspects—say when only the little back is seen, and its sleepy wee head has fallen trustfully on a grown-up shoulder. Science may account for the pull the sight makes on your heart-strings, but in some way, after you have duly informed yourself as to the evolution of the emotions, it is still apt in experience, like childhood's own gaze, to carry tidings to your deeper, perhaps all but unconscious, self of precious undiscovered possessions and kinships in the universal sources.

Viola Roseboro'.



ENGRAVED BY C. A. POWELL.

HOLY NIGHT. BY FRITZ VON UHDE.



THE OCEAN FROM REAL LIFE.



AM now gray with age, and looking back over the eventful career of my life, am impressed with the adage, "An old man for counsel, but a young man for action."

The scene of my story lies in real life,—my own experience on a homeward voyage, from the coast of New Guinea in the Western Pacific Ocean to New

Bedford, where my ship, the bark *Brewster*, belonged, and whence we had sailed now twenty-one months before. The usual incidents and vicissitudes of so long a voyage in the whaling business had been mine to meet. With a difficult set of officers to govern, the factor of good fortune in my enterprise had helped me out. Meeting whales off the north coast of New Guinea, we had been obliged to discharge all our surplus provisions and fresh water into the ocean, to make room for the sperm oil, which was then worth in the American markets \$2.65 per gallon. I well remember the seeming wasteful sight, as we turned the forty-six-inch casks of hand-packed biscuit, one after the other, into the smooth sea. The biscuits will not float one on top of another, and the contents of each cask would cover nearly an acre in area. It was a novel sight to look upon. The molasses went down to sweeten the home of the squid and the octopus, while the salt beef and pork, flour, etc., became food for sharks. Eagerly we battled with the whales. They stove our boats; we rebuilt them, and continued the fight till at last we had a full cargo of oil.

So near had we measured our need for water that we had barely enough to last us to an anchorage, where we obtained a supply. I

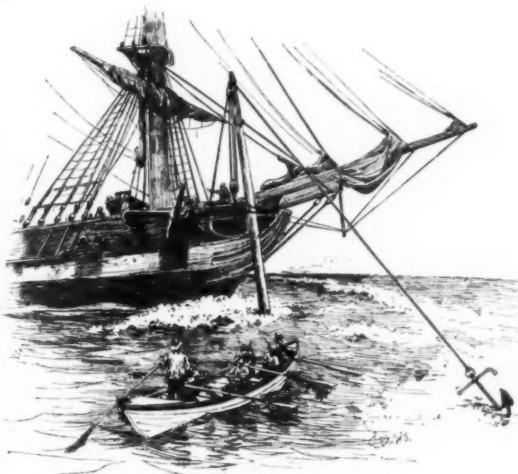
must not stop to speak of the pure character of the German missionaries we found located in New Guinea, or the strange habits and simplicity of the primitive man. It would make a long story in itself, and I must take a departure on our eventful homeward voyage. Passing the Yowl Islands, then through the Gilolo Passage (which is a public highway for sailing ships *en route* for China and Japan), we entered the Dammer Strait, and the following day came out into the Molucca Passage, where we saw two New Bedford whalers, from one of which we received our first letters from home, written five months before. The next morning we saw whales, and captured a small one while in sight of the ships, which was vexatious no doubt to them with the ill luck they were having. Signaling a good-by to them as soon as the whale was cut in, we made sail to the west toward home, passing the Xulla Islands, and through the Bouro Sea. In ten days we arrived at the mouth of the Bouton Passage, which leads into the Java Sea. We were at dusk about two miles from the Islet Cadoopy. The sea was smooth, the wind was strong; we felt a sailor's satisfaction in knowing exactly where we were, which is always a happy factor in navigation. The rising moon gave added confidence, and the beautiful scenic picture of a ship, with all the royals and studding-sails set, bowling along with wind abaft the beam, at the rate of twelve knots an hour, homeward bound, every heart overflowing with happy anticipation, can be fully appreciated only by the sailor. Mark here the illustrative lesson of the changing fortunes of life, alluded to by the biblical story. "Take thine ease and be merry." Why should I not be merry, indeed? Below in the cabin sat my wife, who had been

a passenger with me during the voyage, who as a companion could not be excelled the world over. The cargo of oil we had obtained would be worth, if we could get it safely to market, more than three hundred per cent. profit on the outlay of the voyage. We therefore had much goods laid up in store, and as I went below and sat down with my wife, it was in my heart to take mine ease and be merry, as we neared the renewal of all the pleasant relations of home. Hitherto I had been taxed only with the vexatious incidents ordinary to a long whaling voyage. Thereafter all was changed. Instead of taking my ease and being merry, I was brought in conflict with disaster and difficulties that tried my soul and tested the strain that nature may endure. Directly in our chosen path lay a demon, low beneath the water, with needles rising above, that terror of the sea, the coral reef. It was not laid down in my chart, which was the English survey and not so correct as the Dutch.

There was a crash. Two planets might equal it, coming in contact in their flight through the air,—or two railroad-trains; nothing else could. I was thrown senseless against the partition, and thought some one had struck me with a heavy stave. Then came a yell at the gangway, "The ship 's ashore!" I gathered myself together and sprang to the deck. All was wild confusion in place of the order that had reigned. The sails were slamming in the wind's eye with such force that the masts were vibrating like saplings in a typhoon. Men quailed, as well they might. Rising to the emergency, however, I cried at the top of my voice, "All hands take in sail!" Instantly every man sprang to his place. They were well drilled; it was the usual practice order, calling the starboard watch aft, the port watch forward, and each strove to outrival the other in execution of orders. Thirty-two men all told composed the crew, and before the sails were all furled we had discovered, first, that we were hard and fast on a wall-sided coral reef, into which we had driven about eight feet. A boat was sounding with lead and line, but no bottom could be found abaft the foremast. It was apparent at once that no purchase could be rigged to draw the ship off, and if at all it must be such a one as would push and lift. With care a boat could float in places over

the reef. A spare topmast was soon pointed over the bow, with a kedge on the reef; the spar was raised, its square end planted close to the bow, the small end guyed to the foreyards and jib-boom. To it was attached our cutting-tackle. Lashing the lower block to the heel of the bowsprit and Sampson bitts, we had a perpendicular strain, and hove all we dared by the windlass. Just then it was discovered that the tide had fallen some. We had now been at work about three hours, and a rest was ordered. Distressed in mind and filled with foreboding, I was constantly measuring the danger and our chances of escape.

To the east of us, some thirty miles away, lay a chain of low islands, one of the most notorious resorts of the Malay pirates, who, like the sea-shark, smell their prey when afar off. To the west, about ninety miles, lay the south end of Celebes, studded with innumerable shoals. To the southwest, with a fair wind, three hundred miles away, lay the island of Java, toward which I had decided it was the wisest course to flee should we be driven to the extremity of taking to our boats. Much would depend upon



LIFTING THE SHIP OFF THE REEF.

at what point of the ebb-tide we had struck the reef. With tackles over the forehatch we began hoisting out the cargo furthest forward and filling the deck as far aft as we could stow the heavy casks, in order to bring the ship by the stern, and so ease the bow on the reef. About midnight, to our great joy, the tide had ceased to ebb and a little flow was perceptible, which at 3 A. M. was full up to the measure when we struck. Manning the windlass to heave on our purchase, the ship suddenly launched from

the coral maw which had held her, and swung round side by side, anchored to the reef by the paraphernalia we had used. The sharp points were grinding against the bilge of the ship with ominous sound, as she now lay head to the wind, pressing on the reef. The danger of the moment was imminent; no time must be lost if we would win. Holding a stern strain on our kedge hawser, we got another spar in position against the reef, reaching over across the bow, and with a good sixfold purchase hove the ship's head off so that the jibs and then the foretop-sail filled, and we were safe. By letting go and cutting, our gear came down with



THE PUMPING-SWEEP ATTACHED TO THE MAINMAST.

a whang as the ship forged ahead, passing only ten yards from the outer point of the reef. We had left a couple of tons of material on the reef, but in less than two hours everything had been transported on board, anchor, spars, hawser, and all. We resumed our course, steering south-southwest through the Bouton passage, and the watch was ordered below for sleep. How we had worked! The strain had been terrible. We were filled with gratitude for our providential escape, and later on finished stowing off the hold and got everything snug again. We struck a porpoise from the bow. He dived, and unable to haul him forward, I said, "Put a tackle on the line and haul till you part it," which was done. We afterward saw the fellow towing by the line, which was foul in the fore-foot where it had been chawed up by the reef. There was some leaking, but nothing alarming, and two days later we anchored at Soerabaya on the east end of Java, for the purpose of procuring fresh supplies, water, wood, etc. Notwithstanding my warnings to the men as they went on shore for the usual liberty al-

lowed, they were imprudent, as improvident sailors are apt to be, and my troubles now began in earnest. All hands were on duty the morning we left port, but scarcely had the pilot got out of sight when one of the men came to me complaining of being sick. He died eight hours afterward from Asiatic cholera. Alas! it was the first death on shipboard I had witnessed in a long service. Several others were now prostrated, and, filled with alarm and apprehension, I spent the night studying the medical books and administering to their wants. The next day our situation became truly appalling, with thirteen men prostrate with the most alarming symptoms of the disease. We were now sailing west through the Java Sea toward the Straits of Sunda. The sea was smooth, the wind light; the sun was hot and fiery. We had been so long in those eastern seas that our ship was filled with vermin, the most troublesome of which were the roach and the red ant. The heat was intense below the deck. The well were growing dispirited, for the second man had died while the burial service of the first was being performed. Through the influence of the service we were all somewhat braced up to our duty, and getting out some new spare sails a tent was made over the poop-deck to protect the sick from the night air, and all were moved and comfortably bedded there at night. Eleven now demanded constant attention, and besides these my wife and several others had shown the first symptoms of the disease through the day. I could not sleep; if I had a spare moment I could only think and study. Burdened with care and anxiety, filled with awe at the threatening aspect of our situation, I had no desire for sleep. The following morning the third man died. Another was taken with alarming symptoms requiring prompt assistance, and for the first time strong men quailed with fear and drew back. Only harsh authority kept them to their duty through the day. Toward night we hove to and disposed of the dead after an impressive burial service, conducted by my wife. A prayer was offered, and when all was over I made a short address to the crew, and we braced forward and made sail. We were now approaching a cluster of small islands called Thousand Islands. There was no practicable recourse but to sail in among them and find our way through. Common prudence dictated that we should heave to and take daylight next morning for the passage, but I felt a desperate desire to reach the open ocean and obtain a change of air, and thought my situation warranted the risk. Till long past midnight I was watching and directing from aloft, with short visits to the deck to see the sick, and we had then passed safely through. Morning came — a bright beautiful



"WHICK, WHACK," DAY AND NIGHT.

day. It was Sunday. With one exception there were positive symptoms of improvement among the sick. We were now entering the Straits of Sunda. The open Indian Ocean lay beyond where I felt sure the change of air would prove beneficial. I was worn and exhausted, not having been conscious of sleeping for five days and nights. Alas! there was no sleep that day, for we soon had some six or eight barges alongside. Traders they were who ply to and fro in that highway of commerce with their wares, such as yams, bananas, dates, monkeys, birds, bric-à-brac, etc., trading with the passing ships. They were natives of Java, noisy in the extreme, and most unwelcome visitors they were to us.

Toward night we were free from them, the way was clear, and with the setting sun my hope was rising. For the first time since leaving port I lay down and slept. Next morning with one sad exception the convalescence of the sick was more marked. This one lay very low through the day, and at four the following morning he expired. That day at sunset we hove to with maintopsail aback. Sad and mournful it was, the burial of this the fourth of our ship's company in the deep sea. Three were Americans, one a native of the Azores. All were noble, right-minded men, who had done their whole duty in every emergency. Alas, the seeming recompense!

Drawing out into the broad ocean, the strong southeast trade-winds now embraced us, and we were driving along into the long swelling sea, with the gale abeam. That night the sick were all up and about, though some were yet too feeble to go on duty. The influence of reaction from danger to security was upon me. The pumps had proved no leak of conse-

pulley from each end it seemed like fun, comparatively, for two on each side to pull down, first one side, then the other, and so work both pumps in alternation with every stroke—which, whack, up and down. Our pumps were large-chambered, and with the power now acquired would throw two continuous streams of four and one half inches diameter, and swell the



THE SHIP ENCOUNTERS A "GRAYBACK."

quence, and I took to my berth and slept as only a sailor can. Suddenly a shrill, piercing cry came to my ears: "All hands on deck! the ship's sinking!" Rushing up, and grasping the situation at a glance, it was too apparent that the text of the alarm was true; the heavy, lethargic motion of the ship told the tale. At once the order was given, "All hands shorten sail!" A new fight was before us, and every man had a chance to prove himself for all there was in him. The ship hove to under easy sail. We found four feet of water in the hold; the strain of pressing into the billowy sea had opened the wound made by the biting reef. We pumped, yes, we pumped; we pumped, and gained, and in twenty hours we had her free. But human endurance has a limit, and the necessity for additional power was at once apparent. A labor-saving whiz-jig was now devised; it was a cross-bar of oak, high above the pumps, with standard and a center pin-bolt, driven through into the mainmast; the pump-spears were lengthened by white oak slips to the cross-bar, and with a soft tow-line

water over the top of the pumps. The deck was so flooded that raised platforms were spiked down, so that the men might keep as dry as possible while pumping in ordinary weather.

Off we went again, pumping ten thousand strokes per day, which steadily increased and soon reached upward of twenty thousand. Gloom and depression reigned in every heart. The pumps were being worked more than four fifths of the time, and the labor bore hard upon us all. The situation needed but one more factor to make our burden as great as we could endure, and it soon appeared. We had taken from home about twelve tons of stove-coal, but had no occasion to use it. This I had stowed in one of the chain-pens, beside the mainmast, to make room, as one pen had proved large enough to hold both chain cables. The third mate went down before it was put in, to examine the ceiling and see to it that none of the coal could get through to the skin of the ship, and so get to the pumps. His carelessness was proven by the coal, which now began to appear; the pump-boxes clogged

with it so frequently, we were obliged to shorten sail, hoist out the pumps, and send a boy down the pump-wells in a bowline to gather the coal as far as he could reach, and send it up in pails.

To unrig the pumps, hoist them out, and get them in position again was a masterly job, as any sailor knows, especially in a gale of wind or a rugged sea, but we must do it or sink, and if we did it once we did it forty times on the passage home. As we approached the vicinity of Mauritius, murmurs came to my ears. I heeded them not, and talked of Port Elizabeth and Algoa Bay, in the Cape Colony, as good resorts if the leak should increase upon us. I had visited Mauritius on a previous voyage, and knew it to be the home of the land-shark, whose bite was to be dreaded in a wounded enterprise. Whick, whack, went the pumps, and when I went to my bed for sleep, I lay counting the strokes until the pumps sucked or choked with coal. If the latter, and they must be hoisted out, I was up at once, as I would not trust the oversight of that operation to any one but myself, since a slight accident might prove fatal.

On the 21st of September we were close up with the Cape of Good Hope. It was the season of year when the most treacherous weather prevails, and many a good ship had here come to grief. It was worth about one hundred per cent. to insure our safe passage, but I had no recourse, I could only go forward. As we passed Algoa Bay the murmurs of the men were more pronounced; they were ready to abandon the enterprise, and their spirits were only matched by the weird appearance of nature, for the sky that day grew black as ink. So dark was it at noon that we were obliged to light the binnacle, in order that the helmsman might see the points of the compass. The barometer, a sure indicator in that region, had warned me of impending storm. A heavy southeaster was suddenly upon us; it grew strong and boisterous with the approach of night. We sped along in the roaring sea, with whole topsails, foresail, and maintopgallant-sail set—egads, what a night it was! The furious sea boiled over the rails, and filled the decks. Every crack that led below had been battened tight. The inky darkness, the roaring of the wind, the sea filled with phosphorescent light filled one with awe at the insignificance of man, and with wonder that he should dare to brave his fate and boldly trust his genius for guidance in such a scene. The wind increasing to the force of a hurricane brought us down to a close-reefed maintopsail and reefed foresail, as we boiled along on our mad career. A constant fear of the possibility of mistake in my calculation of our position was dissipated at 11 P. M., when to my great relief we saw the

Cape Agulhas light, which we passed within a distance of two miles.

Whick, whack, went the pumps all the long night, and only next day did we succeed in freeing them for a short rest, when we were well around the dreaded cape, having made six degrees to westward in the twenty-four hours, with the help of a strong current which always runs over the Agulhas bank. Old Ocean had held high carnival, and at Port Elizabeth, which we passed about noon, thirteen ships dragged, or parted from their anchors, and were piled upon the shore that night with great loss of life. This we learned at St. Helena by advices from Cape Town.

Good weather now prevailed, and our sun of hope seemed again on the rise; but the demon of evil, in such constant pursuit of us on this eventful voyage, here dealt another cruel blow.

The first officer was prostrated with inflammatory rheumatism. He took to his bed, and did not leave it again during the remainder of the voyage. It was a loss we could ill afford in our crippled condition. Two weeks after passing the Cape of Good Hope we anchored in the roadstead, at the island of St. Helena. This had been in line with my plans for some time back. The ship was hove by the stern as much as possible; and clearing the forepeak, we calked and battened and repaired, so that I flattered myself the leak would be at least considerably reduced.

My wife and I abandoned for a day the gnawing care which had preyed upon us, and, taking a coach, we made an excursion to Longwood and the tomb of Napoleon. The road up the mountain-side runs at an angle of forty-five degrees with a sharp turn every two miles, thus making the same track that a ship would sail in beating to windward. It was cut in the solid rock by convicts, under the government of the old East India Company. Arriving near the top, the ships, as we looked down to the harbor, had the appearance of miniature boats. After visiting the renowned localities, where we were waited upon by French officers, we attended the Sunday-afternoon service, in an English church, as we rode through the rural district, and came down the valley road from an elevation of seven hundred feet above the sea.

Procuring water and supplies, my business on shore was in a few days completed. I had obtained the ship's papers and a clearance, and was about leaving the American consul's office, when some one called and delivered a paper, which, after looking over, he handed to me. It was a communication signed by eighteen of my crew, setting forth the condition of the ship in such terms as they chose to represent, calling upon the consul to cause a survey, and inform-

ing him that meanwhile they had determined to do no further duty on board. I had feared some demonstration of opposition, and when it appeared in this form was startled at what might be the possible result. I quietly related to the consul what had happened, the personal risk I had at stake, my duty as I conceived it to be, and told him, if he would leave the matter with me, I had no doubt but their grievance could be straightened out. He politely informed me that he had no desire to interfere unless I needed his assistance. I thanked him for his appreciation of my position, took leave, and I repaired on board. There was a disagreeable stillness in the air; the officers looked gloomy, and the forward hands were all below. I made no inquiries, and felt that I had none in whom I could for the moment wholly confide. I was soon prepared for the conflict, and ordering the second mate to call all hands aft, walked the deck until the insurgents were all assembled in the waist, on the port side. I then faced them, and inquired, "What's the matter?" There was no answer until I put the question to the "lawyer" of the forecabin.

I listened to all they had to say, and then addressed them dispassionately, measuring the situation from my own standpoint. Acknowledging the hardship that had overtaken us, I spoke of the duty of all to bear up under it and obey; of my own to maintain good order and obedience; and finally, promising to forget their indiscretion, I ordered them to the windlass to take the anchor; but not a man was willing to obey. First one, then another, ventured remarks, each a little more impudent than his predecessor. The routine order and respect for authority which had governed our daily lives so long was a condition of the past, to restore which now became the first necessity. I had quietly directed to have the handcuffs near at hand, and, selecting the weakest man in the crowd, I ordered him aft to the second officer, and directed him to be put in irons. Before they awoke to opposition, we had secured three in that way. Having exhausted the weakest element, I now took the other extreme, and ordered the ringleader to follow. He sneered at me, and with an oath swore that no man should put him in irons alive.

Instantly drawing from my breast a revolver that had before been hidden, with a step toward him, the weapon leveled for his sight, I ordered him in a thundering voice to move or I would blow his brains out. A graveyard full of ghosts could not have frightened him more. He made haste to obey, begging me not to shoot as I followed him. The scene now assumed a more serious aspect to them.

I was at once master of the situation, and when all were ironed I inquired when they would

be ready to go to their duty again. A reaction had occurred in Mr. Spokesman's courage. He replied, "Never, while God gives us breath." With this declaration they were confined below, grouped so that they would be of as little social value to each other as possible. We then got the ship under way, and drifted under easy sail, with the southeast trade-wind, out of English jurisdiction. The novelty of the situation wore away with the eighteen confined below. I finally listened to their importunities, and with one exception had them relieved and brought to the position where I had last met them. They had found they were no match for the desperate determination of one man in authority, who would maintain his command at all hazards. Satisfied with their change of heart, and feeling that I still had a great undertaking before me, I finally took them each by the hand in token of my forgiveness, and ordered them to their duty. The ship was now on her course with all sail set; all hands were on duty with the exception of two, the mate who was sick in his berth and the "sea-lawyer." The latter had given me a great deal of trouble on the voyage, and was the leader of this insubordination. He was brought up from confinement, and by my order seized to the rigging and prepared for punishment, all hands being called to witness it. When all were gathered aft he felt that his hour of settlement had come. He had learned at last with what manner of man he had been trifling. Begging piteously to be forgiven, and promising the most faithful attention to his duty for the future, I finally claimed that only our misfortunes warranted my decision, and after a severe warning forgave him, and remitted a punishment I had not intended. By this episode the devil was driven overboard, and the men went cheerfully to their duty, satisfied that they had been in the wrong, and willing to make amends.

Whick, whack, went the pumps. We had a little more rest than before, but not much, when the wind was strong; and so we worked along, as fast as possible, across the equator, then through the northeast trades, and finally neared the American shores with dread and apprehension; for it was late in the month of November, when the passage in a good ship is sometimes all that a sailor wants to encounter. There was no escaping the fact that the leak was gradually gaining upon us, so that in boisterous weather we had all we could do to keep her free and carry much sail. Entering the Gulf Stream with a southeast gale, we were running in a high sea, reducing sail gradually that night, as the wind increased, with a half-watch below for sleep. We had not been able to make the pumps suck, though they had been going constantly. At 2 A. M. I became

suddenly convinced that we were in danger from the accumulation of water in the hold, and the furious sea now raging, and determined that we must come under storm-sail and heave to. I would not call all hands,—they were overworked and must sleep. I could be up all the night and all day myself, and catch a few minutes' standing sleep as I could, but I must nurse the strength of the men if we would endure the strain. The pumps were abandoned and sail reduced with all possible despatch; the foresail was hauled up snug, the maintop-sail clewed down; then came the tug of war. When it seemed a favorable moment the wheel was ordered hard aport, and the ship came boldly up to the wind, striking a sea that delivered a blow with ten thousand tons of water. An ominous crash, and two of the six boats we had were torn from the cranes, and with davits and all were swallowed by the angry sea. Not a man could have stood upon the deck and lived. Like so many monkeys we were running aloft as the sea struck, and if the masts stood the strain we were all right. Fearful now that the men could not handle the sails in the terrible gale, I asked the second mate to go up and oversee the work, while I would relieve the man at the wheel, and send him up to help. While I stood watching the regular seas, each a counterpart of the other, suddenly there arose, a few seas off, what sailors term a "grayback," a sea towering high above its fellows. It came rolling on. I was the only man on deck; the loneliness of my situation, the menacing force of the sea—well, I am willing to acknowledge that for the first time since adverse fate had followed us I was frightened. A peculiar fright seized me that went to the marrow of my bones. I thought of those below; the mate was very sick now, so that he required watchers constantly. A retrospect of past events flashed through my mind that would take me a month to put upon

paper. I thought of the struggle and the bold fight we had made against adversity, and felt a sense of injustice, if at last we must sink in the sea and lose our lives so near the goal. The sea, a towering wall, rolled high above the ship. Like the falls of Niagara, with terrible force it broke; a crash overhead, as the two spare boats were stoven to splinters and the hurricane-deck demolished. Clutching the wheel with determined grip, I was buried deep in the sea, and thought my last hour had come. That blow seemed like the forlorn hope of the enemy, for soon the decks were free, the bulwarks and everything loose were gone. The sails were furled and reefed; we lay to under a close-reefed maintop-sail and foretopmast-staysail. Whick, whack, went the pumps now, for thirteen successive hours. When at last she was again free, continuous gales enabled us to get on but slowly, and on the fourth night from this we saw Montauk light, and the following night, November 28, 1865, our remarkable voyage was ended, as we anchored at New Bedford, one hundred and three days from Soerabaya. The next day it happened that I was weighed, and on the seventh day after I was again weighed and turned the scale with a gain of eight pounds avoirdupois; so great had been the strain of care and anxiety coupled with physical exertion.

A fateful destiny had ever seemed following in the wake of the *Brewster*, in which I had now made two successive voyages, covering a period of four years and nine months. She was repaired and fitted again. Four of our men took service on the new voyage, and when the wind was fair and the sky was clear, she sailed away over the treacherous sea—the sea, the sea! No tidings came or ever returned to the friends who were left behind, and we know not how, or where, the merciless sea finally subdued its prey and swallowed the feast.

John A. Beebe.



SCIENCE AND IMMORTALITY.

INTRODUCTION.



IF a man die shall he live again? This is a question which every one of us must seriously face, and answer to ourselves, sooner or later, and upon this answer will largely depend our conduct and our views of life itself.

As age draws near, and youthful ardor gives way to retrospect; as one by one friends pass from sight, and the common fate confronts ourselves; are we to face our coming doom with the despair of the condemned criminal, or

Like one that wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams?

The Christian meets the issue with a hope that reaches beyond the grave. But even to the Christian must come times when the hope grows dim and doubts press in, and he is forced to realize that hope alone does not necessarily imply conviction. Even such hope has been comparatively a late comer into the world, and multitudes of the human race have lived and still live and die without it. Thus the answer of human testimony is conflicting. Unlike the belief in freedom of the will, the belief in immortality is not an immediate deliverance of our consciousness, but rather an attainment, more or less difficult to all, and not to be accomplished without effort. To this belief the Christian attains through acceptance of revelation and faith in the assurances of a divine messenger to man. This must ever be the most satisfying, readiest, and most common method of attainment—a method which appeals to all, and which requires no philosophic study for its apprehension. But we think it will be the uniform testimony even of the Christian believer that faith is not always triumphant. As we stand by the bed of death and watch the unconscious struggles of departing vitality, nothing manifest but the automatic action of the physical machinery; as we survey the lifeless form, and stand by the open grave; or as we mark the sudden extinction of life,—at one moment view a self-conscious, self-determining personality, the next behold but an inert, lifeless form,—who is there who has not felt the rise of questionings which can never be answered, and, face to face with this mystery of daily experience, felt the risings of doubt, and realized with sinking heart that faith is not always the

companion of conviction? The heart would fain believe, but the intellect falters and hangs back. It becomes therefore of supreme importance to all earnest minds and loving hearts to inquire whether this faith can be securely linked to intellectual conviction. Must it ever and always rest upon revelation alone, and can we never expect to find, outside of such revelation, at least such a reinforcement of its claims as shall insure unassailable belief?

From this point of view the question, What has the science of to-day to say about the problem of immortality? appeals to all. Viewing the universe from the standpoint of science alone, does immortality, or a future life for man, appear as the only reasonable conclusion?

If any large number of representative men of science were thus interrogated, a small number would undoubtedly be found to hold that there is scientific evidence both for and against such a belief. A somewhat larger number, possibly, might reply that such scientific evidence as existed at all was dead against any belief in immortality. But undoubtedly by far the larger number would insist that such belief must ever rest upon grounds which science does not touch at all, and that all such questions are entirely beyond its scope. For this latter class Professor Huxley has well put the case for all.

"With respect to immortality," he says, "as physical science states this problem, it seems to stand thus: Is there any means of knowing whether the series of states of consciousness which has been causally associated for three-score years and ten with the arrangement and movement of innumerable millions of successively different material molecules can be continued, in like association, with some substance which has not the properties of 'matter and force'? As Kant said, on a like occasion, if anybody can answer that question, he is just the man I want to see. If he says that consciousness cannot exist except in relation of cause and effect with certain organic molecules, I must ask how he knows that; and if he says it can, I must put the same question. And I am afraid that, like jesting Pilate, I shall not think it worth while (having but little time before me) to wait for an answer."

SCIENTIFIC EVIDENCE OF A FUTURE LIFE.

THESE three positions would, I think, include all men of science. I wish to discuss here the

first position, viz., that there *is* scientific evidence for the belief in a future life.

Professor Huxley's statement of the problem, just quoted, does not put the issue exactly, as we apprehend it. The belief that consciousness can be continued hereafter "in association with some substance which has not the properties of matter and force" is one the very statement of which removes it at once from the pale of scientific discussion. With regard to such a belief Professor Huxley's remarks seem quite pertinent. But a belief that the same consciousness which has in the past associated itself with myriads of successive molecules, by that very fact proving that it depends in no wise upon specific molecular arrangement, can continue in the future so to associate itself with other successive molecules, is a very different belief from that which Professor Huxley attacks. Belief in a substance which has not the properties of "matter and force" does not appear essential to belief in a future life. The future life we believe in is based directly upon the manifestations of matter and force as interpreted by science, not upon their negation, and if any one asks how we know anything about such a belief, that is just the question we purpose to answer.

Upon this question science appears to me to have much more to say than has been commonly supposed, and what it has to say seems quite as conclusive as many beliefs which are unquestionably held upon scientific grounds. It is always within the province of science to employ legitimate inferences from observed facts. Its proudest claim has been its ability from a study of the past to foretell the future, and if this process is to continue to be considered as sound, then it seems to me that science, as it exists to-day, furnishes material for an argument of the greatest strength in favor of immortality.

Perhaps the most brilliant and striking illustration of this power of scientific method is furnished by the discovery of the planet Neptune. By rational inference from observed facts the conclusion was reached independently by two astronomers, Leverrier and Adams, that far beyond the orbit of Uranus another planet must exist. By further rational study of the known facts the place of this new planet was fixed. Finally, when Dr. Galle turned his telescope to the indicated place, the planet was found.

Suppose, now, that when Dr. Galle thus turned his telescope to the place indicated no planet had been observed. Suppose that, from that time till now, we had never been able to verify the result of the astronomical calculations. What, under the circumstances, would have been the scientific value

of the conclusions of Leverrier and Adams? Would the conclusion have been any less scientific because not verified? Would such verification by actual sight have been considered essential to establish the validity of the conclusion that such a planet must exist? By no means. Astronomers undoubtedly would have been forced to conclude that, whether visible or not, the planet existed. This conclusion would have been necessitated by the consideration of the observed facts; and even though the test of experimental verification were forever withheld, the existence of such a planet would have been regarded by them as an undoubted fact, and not as a visionary speculation.

Now the scientific argument for a future life is similar in its character to this supposed case. Irresistibly indicated by the facts, the character of the argument and the validity of the conclusion are not less scientific in every sense, and should be no whit less conclusive even though the test of experimental verification is withheld.

But in every case of satisfactory inference the argument is based upon certain accepted principles. In the scientific analysis which led directly from the observed facts of certain irregularities of motion in the orbit of Uranus to the conclusion of the existence of Neptune, the fundamental principle was the law of gravitation. Observe that such irregularities were, considered in themselves, facts which were apparently in direct contradiction to the accepted principle; but instead of regarding such facts as evidences against this principle, the discovery itself consisted in bringing them into harmony with it. That supposition, which was necessary and sufficient to produce such harmony, was thereby constituted a sound conclusion. Without this fundamental principle no conclusion could have been reached. Indeed, without this principle astronomy itself would be only a mass of empiricism, and could have no philosophy nor ever rise to the dignity of a science. Men might observe the heavens and multiply observed facts, but the key to their interpretation would be wanting. Under such a state of things we might conceivably find astronomers themselves regarding the probable existence of a planet beyond the orbit of Uranus as a very problematical hypothesis. They might, in such cases, divide into three parties upon such a question, just as scientific men now do with respect to the question of a future life. Some might hold that there was evidence for and against the hypothesis, for it would at best be only an hypothesis. Others might hold that the facts were dead against the existence of any such planet. Others, again, might claim that such a question was entirely beyond the scope of astronomical science, and remark that "if

any one knows of the existence of such a planet, as Kant said upon a like occasion, he is just the man I want to see; and if he says there is no such planet, again I must ask how he knows that." This would evidently be the position.

But now introduce the fundamental principle of gravitation, with all its logical consequences, and see what a change. At once order comes out of chaos. Observed facts take on mutual relations, and lead to irresistible conclusions. The statement of the existence of a planet beyond the orbit of Uranus is now seen to be a necessary result of the constitution of the heavens. The facts before supposed to be dead against such a supposition are now the very ones which lead to its acceptance, and there is one attitude of universal consent. Whether the planet can be seen with the naked eye, or with the telescope only, or not at all, still its existence must be accepted because it alone can bring the observed facts into harmony with the demands of the fundamental principle.

To give to our discussion of the question of immortality scientific value, therefore, we must be guided by some similar principle upon which scientific men will agree upon purely scientific grounds. Without such a principle we cannot expect observed facts to reveal mutual relation, or to lead to convincing conclusions. Without it, the belief in immortality must, from the point of view of science, be regarded as but an hypothesis. But if such a principle can be established on scientific grounds, we may then expect general assent. Whether the conclusion can be verified by experience, it is at once taken out of the region of debatable hypothesis, and takes rank as a scientific inference which must be accepted, if found to be in harmony with accepted truth.

Can we establish such a principle as a guide for our discussion, which shall thus bring order and relation into the observed facts, and in the light of which we can hope to read the future of the race? And can we firmly establish this principle upon purely scientific grounds?

I think we can, and this principle I would state as follows:

The universe in all its parts is the visible manifestation to us of underlying mind, and all interpretation by us of the phenomena of nature should therefore be guided by the assumption of underlying purpose.

This principle I hold to be the direct outcome of what we know of nature, as necessary for harmonizing our knowledge as the assumption of the existence of Neptune, and I therefore claim it as a strictly scientific deduction from known facts. Let me briefly give the process by which it is, to my mind, completely established as a scientific conclusion.

It is admitted as an undoubted fact of sci-

ence that the universe is so constructed that any change in any of its parts is a change which affects the whole. This is but a restatement of the law of gravitation itself. If the motion of so much as a single atom of matter is changed, the motion of every atom in the universe must be thereby affected. Every man of science will admit this as a certain conclusion of science.

It is also admitted as an undoubted fact that physical contact between any two atoms or ultimate particles of matter never takes place. The nearer they approach, the greater the force of repulsion between them. Whatever theory of the constitution of matter we accept, whether we adopt the hypothesis of a discontinuous ether or the vortex theory of Sir William Thomson, it is accepted as conclusively demonstrated by experimental test that atoms can never come in contact.

But if this be so, how is it that a change of motion of one atom can affect not only the neighboring atoms, separated as they are by spaces which relatively to the size of the atoms themselves are immensely great, but can also affect all other atoms in the universe? No mechanical answer to this question has ever been found. It is and has always been an inscrutable mystery. From the physical point of view this mysterious fact has no counterpart in what we observe, no analogy in our experience, and cannot therefore be explained in terms of the rest of our knowledge.

But now, when we come to a study of our own organism, we find this mysterious fact to have a very striking connection with our daily experience. We find the evidence incontrovertible, that within our organism certain portions of matter are governed by mind, and move in accordance with the dictates of will. Thus every voluntary motion which we control is a manifestation of underlying mind. As we follow the sequence of cause and effect, we finally arrive at some molecular brain-disturbance, and there, as with the physicist, mechanical explanation can go no further. Here again we meet the same inscrutable mystery. The underlying will sets in motion at some point in the brain molecular disturbances, the outcome of which is the voluntary act. Given this disturbance, we can trace, more or less clearly, a continuous mechanical sequence of cause and effect. But the bottom fact of motion itself, which to the physicist admits of no interpretation in terms of the rest of his knowledge, now appears as a fact of experience in connection with mind. We are thus obliged to recognize mind as an essential condition of motion, so far as voluntary action affects ourselves.

But these brain disturbances, which thus reveal to us the action of mind, must affect the motions of every particle of matter in the uni-

verse. This is admitted. The conclusion is therefore irresistible, and in solid accord with experience, that mind, even as manifested in ourselves, affects the entire universe. We are thus forced to conclude that the universe is so constructed that in every part and throughout its whole extent mind not only can but does affect it. The very assumption of uniformity, the basis of all science, is a direct corollary of this view. We observe everywhere an invariable sequence of cause and effect, so that, having observed any action in the past, we infer that if the same conditions were to recur the same action would take place. In terms of mind this can mean only unvarying purpose, which, because it is unvarying, must always act the same when the conditions or antecedents are the same. Thus uniform action takes on meaning and significance, and instead of being an ultimate fact is seen to be a necessary consequence.

If now all our experience were confined to observation of ourselves alone, and no other facts or phenomena were observable by us than those which we ourselves furnish, we could not imagine even a possible exception to this conclusion of a universe governed by mind. In such case every action we could observe would beset to end ultimately in what we could prove beyond doubt to be mind action, and we should consider it as demonstrated that in mind, and mind alone, all motion had its origin. The chasm between mind and its material manifestation would be still as impassable as ever. But this chasm would not be that which confronts the physicist. The origin of motion, which for him has no analogue in his experience, would be explained fully in terms of the rest of our knowledge by referring it to mind.

Our observation, however, is not confined exclusively to ourselves. Everywhere in nature we observe motions which are not due to the action of human volition. What shall we say of such? What can we legitimately conclude, in harmony with what we already know; unless we admit that since some of the phenomena we observe are beyond doubt due to mind, and such mind action undoubtedly affects the entire universe, thereby proving that the universe is of such a nature that throughout its entire extent mind affects it, therefore all the action and motion we observe, whether due to our human volition or not, must likewise be referred to the action of mind?

Does this seem "mere analogy"? Well, it is none the less scientific on that account, and none the less convincing. There seems to be a prevalent belief that scientific truth is based upon what is called "rigid demonstration." Outside of geometry I cannot name a single instance of what can be properly so called, and

even in geometry and mathematics, pure and applied, the conclusions arrived at are always contained in the premises themselves. The complete statement of any problem involves its solution. In no branch of science can demonstration ever yield what the premises do not contain. So-called "rigid demonstration" is only that which does not go outside of the premises, and which produces conviction. It stands simply for a high degree of certainty, and in every case rests upon analogy and cumulative evidence. Every great scientific generalization is an illustration of the use of analogy. The discovery of the law of gravitation itself is a case in point, and it is worthy of note that of this very force—"the very muscle of Omnipotence"—Sir John Herschel has said, "It is but reasonable to regard the force of gravitation as the direct or indirect result of a consciousness or will existing somewhere."

This is precisely the conclusion at which we have just arrived, and it seems so absolutely demanded by the facts, so directly in accord with the rest of our knowledge, that it must carry conviction.

We assert then, as a demonstrated scientific conclusion, that back of all phenomena in nature we are forced to recognize controlling mind. No philosophy of science can safely cut loose from this conclusion. The verification of this conclusion must be found in its power of harmonizing all our knowledge into one consistent whole, of detecting relations otherwise hidden, of unifying our views of nature. Such verification is the highest that any scientific conclusion can claim. Let us point out briefly how satisfactory in this case such verification is found to be.

It seems to me that very much of the scientific philosophy of our day goes astray simply because it endeavors to cut loose from this principle of mind as the basis of all phenomena. We might conceivably, for example, trace clearly every stage in the progress and evolution of the earth and its inhabitants, from the primitive nebulous state to the present time. We might recognize every successive step as the necessary consequent of the antecedent conditions. We might thus, conceivably, exhaust the entire physical content. But yet the real relation of each step to the antecedent conditions would not be even touched. We would have a multitude of facts more or less coherent in groups, it might be, but no unity throughout. No guiding principle upon which to base such unity would be discerned. We should observe a process, but no plan; orderly change, but no purpose; mind and intelligence emerging from matter and force, but no antecedent mind and intelligence. This, indeed,

seems the bias which to-day warps much of our scientific philosophy and builds upon sound facts a top-heavy structure. The assumption seems to be that if we can trace the mechanism, and exhaust the entire physical content, we shall explain everything, and the intellectual and moral content will be necessarily included. The physicist, dealing exclusively with matter and energy, may be quite right in confining his study to the purely physical aspect; but when he proceeds to construct a philosophy of the universe, such a position is an insufficient basis. To deal with phenomena and ignore that which lies back of all phenomena, to attempt to unify all knowledge by disregarding that which gives significance to unity, is to fail at the very start.

THE GAPS IN SPENCER'S SYSTEM.

THE most striking illustration of this bias is furnished by that system of philosophy which to-day has put its stamp upon all scientific thought. Herbert Spencer, in an outline of something like 4500 pages, has made the serious attempt to unify all human knowledge, to comprehend in one principle every event that has ever occurred in the entire universe, to reduce all science and all human knowledge to a single principle—that of the “persistence of force.” The bare statement of the attempt is stupendous, and the execution is the most brilliant and daring philosophic achievement of this or any age. It is an attempt, moreover, in line with the scientific thought of the day. Such unity is the dream of science. Its progress is marked by such striving, from Kepler and Newton to Darwin and Spencer. The attempt has been carried out by the hand of a master, and stamps its author as among the first philosophers of the age.

Now this philosophy of Spencer assumes to be a logical whole. Upon this unity its value as a system depends. Without such unity parts may cohere closely and remain of great value, but it is then only a system in ruins—no longer a monolith, but a series of detached blocks, each perhaps complete, but without bond of union. This, it seems to me, is exactly the case, and it accounts, perhaps, for the poor success of those antagonists who, realizing more or less clearly this weakness, have tried to assault the system in detail. In such a logical whole any lack of unity must be due to the premises. Now it seems to me that the best verification of the principle we have enunciated, viz., that all force is the manifestation of mind, would be obtained by pointing out that unavoidable gaps occur in this system, and that these gaps are completely closed by the admission of our principle. Once admit this principle into the prem-

ises, and, with little change, the system becomes a logical unity, and at the same time the most comprehensive and conclusive argument for theism that science has yet framed.

The system starts with matter and force, and that is all. Mr. Spencer explicitly states that between mind and matter there is a chasm which logic cannot cross. Yet it is precisely this chasm which he is obliged to cross. For, starting with the persistence of force alone, he is obliged somewhere to obtain mind as the outcome.

Here then is the first gap, and it seems to illustrate clearly the bias I have referred to. Only the physical content of “force” is recognized. Of anything back of force there is no mention. Starting, therefore, from a premise which does not include mind, no mind can be logically deduced.

But in the light of our principle, we see at once that “persistence of force” resolves itself into existence of mind, and uniform action is the manifestation of purpose where action is invariable so long as conditions are unchanged. We start thus with mind in our premises, with purpose back of force. The word “force” has thus a deeper content than the physicist recognizes, and the gap is at once closed.

The same holds true as to the introduction of life and consciousness. No life without antecedent life, no consciousness without antecedent consciousness, becomes now a conclusion for which we do not need to imagine some possible exception at some indefinitely remote period of time. With life, mind, intelligence, we start. They are in the premises. They belong there by scientific right, and thus from a purely scientific standpoint the gaps close up in perfect accord with theism.

Again, Mr. Spencer lays it down as a fundamental axiom that the deliverance of our consciousness must ever have for us a validity transcending all else in certainty. This is the highest sanction truth can have, the strongest ground of conviction. Yet the demands of his system force him to a conclusion which this very consciousness denies. For in not recognizing mind as the basis of all natural phenomena, and conceiving of force as divorced from intelligence, he is obliged not only to evolve life, consciousness, and mind from matter, in spite of the chasm between them which he himself admits to be impassable, but he is also forced to deny the freedom of the will. In a universe of matter and unintelligent force only, mind, even if evolved, must be wholly circumscribed by material conditions. But this directly contradicts the deliverance of that consciousness which he himself concedes as supreme. This consciousness of freedom is the common possession of all mankind. No man requires it to be proved, though untold volumes

have been unsuccessfully written to disprove it. When all is said, and argument has been exhausted, we still remain as sure as ever of our freedom, simply upon the irreversible deliverance of our consciousness. This is as it should be in a world based upon mind. The supreme validity of consciousness ought not to rest in such a world upon formal logic, or be a late and difficult attainment of intellectual conviction. It is with us, born in us, part of us; and a system of philosophy which recognizes its supremacy, and is yet logically forced to deny its validity, stands self-condemned.

Moreover, such freedom is the basis not only of our laws and the adjustment of justice between men, but the basis of moral obligation itself, which stands or falls with it. This is the outcome of Mr. Spencer's philosophy that has chiefly and properly aroused opposition, and gives to it its antitheistic character. Upon this point the theologic fire is especially turned. Unfortunately it has been considered necessary in order to capture this issue to batter down the solid ramparts behind which it finds shelter. This is not necessary. Admit our principle into the premises, and the denial of free will, with all its consequences, ceases to be a logical necessity. It then appears as an unnecessary addition, not an essential part of the structure. The pages devoted to the task of denial can be stricken out without injury to the coherence of the whole. In the light of our principle, we need not go outside of our premises to admit freedom. As the end of creation, we share to some extent the attributes of the will which guides creation; to a certain extent we exercise the same power of causality; within certain limits matter obeys our behest, even as all matter is subject to mind, and we possess conscious personality, free will, and causality as partakers and co-workers with mind, through the possession of mind.

Here, then, we have a system which embraces the moral and spiritual as necessarily as the material and physical; and not the "persistence of force," but the invariableness of that which underlies all force, is the solid basis of it all. Without this guiding principle the facts lose coherence and significance,—they mean nothing,—and the entire system falls into fragments. With it meaning and purpose light up every step, and fragments are organically related, and the stupendous work of Spencer, which has been so violently attacked in the interests of theism, becomes the most convincing and comprehensive theistic argument science has ever framed. That it will one day be so regarded, I firmly believe. It will not be the first time in history that such a result has been attained.

I have devoted this much of space to the

establishment of our principle because it is the corner-stone of our argument. It is a principle which to-day hardly needs to be dwelt upon, and I might well have felt justified in assuming it as a conceded fact. The scientific basis of theism is recognized practically by all scientific men, whatever their religious beliefs or their views of a future existence. None occur to mind, and Spencer least of all, who do not recognize in nature the workings of a power back of nature, to which all must be referred. The testimony on this point is united and overwhelming. I have thought it well, however, to give what seems to me the most direct and convincing of the many converging lines of thought which center in this conclusion. We see it to be a fact of science that mind affects matter; that this action of mind is felt through the entire universe; that the universe is thus capable of responding to mind. The only conceivable view in harmony with these facts is that all phenomena are due to mind.

Once recognize mind and purpose back of all material manifestations, and the question of man's future state becomes one upon which science may have much to say. As, without the unifying power of the principle of gravitation, the existence of Neptune would have been but an hypothesis, and could make no claim upon general consent, and since in the light of gravitation observed facts and even apparent contradictions take on mutual relation and lead to conclusions which all must admit; so, in the present case, without our guiding principle facts appear devoid of significance, and immortality becomes but an hypothesis which science cannot definitely settle,—while with it, order, mutual relations, everywhere spring into view, and the hypothesis gives way to certain conviction.

Looking back now over the whole vast scheme of orderly evolution, each step the revelation of purpose directed toward some end, what are we forced to conclude as to man's relation to this purpose and end? We see a vast interplay of force and matter, on a scale far surpassing human comprehension, leading up to consciousness and life. This consciousness and this life appear in strict accord with antecedent conditions. If we could reproduce those conditions, we should expect again the same action. The result we must regard, therefore, as the action of mind guided by unchanging purpose. Then, still in accord with progressive conditions, we observe an orderly evolution of mind, emerging in conscious identity and the conviction of freedom. Then come to the front moral responsibility, spiritual progress, conscience, self-denial, and character, all pointing in the light of purpose to some yet far-distant goal, and thus at last we are forced to re-

gard man as the result of all this mighty process, as designed for some end commensurable with the vast agencies which have called him forth. And now, if all this wondrous development, based upon mind at every step and with purpose attested by uniform action at every stage, which has led steadily up to the final result of self-conscious mind and spirit embodied in material existence, is to end in collapse and utter extinction of the very result attained, what a ridiculous mouse the mighty mountain has brought forth! What a gigantic failure! A process seen clearly to rest upon everlasting purpose, a plan conceived in intelligence and discerned by reason, is found to be but aimless and purposeless activity, which ends by destroying the very object attained. Can such a conclusion stand for one moment the test of reason?

JOHN FISKE'S POSITION.

As Professor Fiske has put the case:

From the first dawning of life we see all things working together toward one mighty goal, the evolution of the most exalted spiritual qualities which characterize humanity. Has all this work been for nothing? Is it all ephemeral, all a bubble that bursts, a vision that fades? On such a view the riddle of the universe becomes a riddle without a meaning. The more thoroughly we comprehend that process of evolution by which things have come to be what they are, the more we are likely to feel that to deny the everlasting persistence of the spiritual element in man is to rob the whole process of meaning. It goes far toward putting us to permanent intellectual confusion, and I do not see that any one has as yet alleged, or is ever likely to allege, a sufficient reason for accepting so dire an alternative. For my own part, therefore, I believe in the immortality of the soul, not in the sense in which I accept the demonstrable truths of science, but as a supreme act of faith in the reasonableness of God's work.

From our point of view we can go further than Professor Fiske. We can hold immortality also a demonstrable truth of science itself, because, as we have seen, such faith is at bottom the soundest basis of demonstration which science can claim. Demonstration, even in science, can go no further than to show the high probability of certain observed relations, and the very existence of any relations at all can be accounted for only on the basis of underlying reason and purpose. Uniformity itself, the very foundation of science and scientific demonstration, is the necessary result of the action of unchanging purpose. To our mind, therefore, Professor Fiske's statement is itself a demonstration, for its rejection implies the contradiction of that principle of divine causation which we have seen to be a sound scien-

tific induction, in accord with all we know and verified by the whole structure of scientific knowledge.

OBJECTIONS TO A BELIEF IN A FUTURE LIFE.

THERE are scientific facts and analogies which are generally regarded as subversive of a belief in a future life. The changes upon these have been rung so often and so persistently that the impression is common that the weight of science is dead against any such belief. Let us examine the most weighty of these objections, and see how in the light of our principle they fade away.

The first and perhaps most obvious is that, as we see both the beginning and the end of the action of man's will power, analogy suggests an end to the will power itself, *i. e.*, to man's soul. To begin implies to end. In other words, the end of an orderly process governed by purpose toward the attainment of that end ceases to exist as soon as the process itself is completed. If a man manufactures an article by an orderly process, as soon as the process is completed the manufactured article, which is the result of the process, disappears! We see the beginning and end of the process; hence the end attained ceases with the process. The objection needs only to be stated in terms of our principle, to disappear. In any process the end only becomes manifest when the process itself ceases. To the will power back of all natural action we can discern neither beginning nor end, and when we observe in the unfolding of that action through a long series of changes, guided at every step by purpose and culminating at last in man, a cessation of the process, the only sound inference is that the end in view has only just been attained.

Again, it is objected that if man is only the last in a series of organic existences, starting from the lowest, and if consciousness has itself been a gradual development, then it seems difficult to suppose any such break in the series as is implied in the passage from mortality to immortality. The point of this objection lies in the assumption that continued existence is a break in the series. If consciousness has already associated itself with matter for some threescore years, is it hard to admit that it may continue so to associate itself in the future? How about the "breaks" involved in the evolution of life and consciousness itself from inorganic matter? Is it more difficult to suppose the continuance of consciousness when once evolved than to conceive of its evolution?

Again, it is urged that consciousness as a condition of every living organism is observed to cease with the dissolution of that organism. The inference is that it cannot exist without

that special organism in which it has once been manifested. It is hard to see the validity of such an inference. We observe consciousness as a condition of many diverse organisms, from microscopic forms to man, not restricted to any one special form. We find it surviving constant changes in the material of each organism, amounting to a periodical complete change of the material constituents. In the light of these facts and of our principle, we see that since conscious mind is at the bottom of all material manifestations, it is manifestly inadmissible to make its existence depend upon the dissolution of any special and constantly changing form.

Again, it has been alleged that there is no sentiment or emotion manifested by man that is not traceable in some degree, however slight, in animals below man, and immortality of the personal consciousness for one would imply immortality for all. "There would seem to be no reason," says a well-known naturalist, "why certain early protoplasm should have been left out in the cold, and hence there should be some chance for every toadstool and thistle."

Immortality, it may be replied, is not claimed for consciousness or mere power of sensation, but for self-consciousness, for self-determination, for personality, for conscious identity. Consciousness such as this is not the property of all, and is not possessed by every toadstool and thistle. Not the survival of consciousness but the continuance of personality and conscious identity is the point at issue. Still, it may be urged that such conscious identity may be claimed for many animals besides man, and the objection, though modified to exclude toadstools and thistles, may still apply far down the scale of life. Even this claim might be disputed. Conscious identity is an abstract conception, and animals below man have not yet been proved capable of abstract thought. Still, waiving this point also, our principle easily refutes the objection. Once admit meaning and purpose in the universe, and the objection is answered. From this point of view the statement of Lotze is unassailable, "that every created being will continue whose continuance belongs to the meaning of the world, and so long as it does so belong; whilst every one will pass away whose reality is justified only in a transitory phase of the world's course."

From this point of view there is much in nature very significant in its bearing on the point at issue. Admitting an orderly development from inorganic to organic, through plants and animals to man; admitting that the sentiments and emotions of man are traceable and foreshadowed in lower forms of life, let us turn our faces toward the future instead of the past, and, in the light of reason and purpose running

through the whole process, ask, not whence and how these things have come, but whither do they point?

When we do this we observe at once one very significant fact which marks man off from all the lower animals, and stamps him unmistakably as the end of the physical process. This fact, which has been dwelt upon by both Dr. Martineau and Professor Fiske, is the vast disproportion which exists in him alone between his faculties and his physical needs. Everywhere else in nature we find perfect adjustment between organ and function, of means to ends, of faculties and physical requirements. Indeed, the theory of evolution itself demands that such shall be the case. The animal produces new organs, by modifications of those already existing, only in accordance with his needs and the pressure of environment, and thus keeps in perfect adjustment with that environment, but in the very nature of the case can never rise beyond it. Development follows need, and never outruns it. This is another proof of the action of mind in molding matter. Mind lies back of change. To eat, avoid enemies, live and multiply, sums up the whole of animal life. Not an instinct, propensity, habit, appetite, or passion is observed which does not exist solely for these ends. Should such appear, they must at once be lost, for the animal has no need for it. He cannot accumulate a store of useless mentality. We see that the dissolution of such an organism means that it has served its purpose. The statement of Lotze applies at once.

THE ARGUMENTS IN FAVOR.

How different is the case with man! Where is this exact adjustment, and what is the meaning of its loss? Appetite, passions, instincts he shares with the animals, gets them from the animals if you will, but satisfy them all, leave him not a physical need unsatisfied, nor a bodily want unsupplied, and only then does he really *begin* to live. The energy for such needs and wants is a handicap on his true development. He strives incessantly to get them out of his way with the least effort possible that he may gain room for spiritual ends. These are his pressing, impelling powers. His environment is spiritual as well as physical. What is this spiritual environment for? For what is it fitting him? He must needs know the secrets of nature, pry into the formation of far-distant worlds, and tell their courses and periods. The worlds of large and small, of time and space, open before him. He interprets by reason the workings of reason everywhere about him, allies himself with his fellows in social bonds so strong that the very animal instincts, desires,

appetites, and passions which are the means of development for the lower animals are by him opposed, subjugated, ignored even, for higher ends. He is impatient of them, feels them as restraints, and beats against them as the imprisoned bird against his barriers. He alone can treat this physical life as dross, and lightly toss it away for the sake of spiritual truths. He alone has it in his power to bring will into accord with right reason, to cooperate as an active agency with the supreme will, and he alone can build up character by voluntary action, in the light of reason and in defiance of his animal inheritance. He claims immortality as his by the divine heritage of hope. He is the hopping animal.

Toadstool and thistle indeed! What does this enormous endowment in excess of physical needs imply? It must mean something. This cannot be without import. If in a world of purpose and intelligent design science, from a consideration of man's physical similarity with the lower animals, can unfold his past, can she not with equal certainty, from a consideration of his dissimilarity, prophesy his future? Does the revelation of design in nature hold good only in the backward view? Shall science tell us of man's descent and have nothing to say of his ascent? Man is not fitted to this world. He is hugely over-fitted. He has broken loose from physical environment, and has passed up, through, and beyond it. "From the moment," says Wallace, "when the first skin was used as a covering, . . . the first seed sown, or root planted, a grand revolution was begun in nature,—a revolution which in all the previous ages of the world had no parallel; for a being had arisen who was no longer necessarily subject to change with the changing universe, a being who was in some degree superior to nature, inasmuch as he knew how to control and regulate his action, and could keep himself in harmony with her, not by a change of body but by an advance of mind." And what an advance! His environment is no longer physical, it is spiritual. The physical environment has served its purpose and produced him. Has this new environment no purpose, and is it fitting him for no ulterior end? Reason, intellect, awe, wonder, the sense of beauty—do these things in man merely feed the body? Conscience—what does it mean, this scourge of disobedience, which we find to be sharpest and most imperative on the first offense, but which becomes blunted and dies out through repeated action? This is no mere punishment. As a punishment it is a failure—precisely the reverse of what it should be. As a punishment it should be light at first, but heaviest under repeated disobedience. All physical suffering and penalty act thus. Why should the reverse

hold true for the soul? This is not penalty, not *post*-, but *pre*-monition, not a punishment for the past, but a warning of the future, and it acts most vigorously precisely when most effective for this purpose, ceases when this purpose is useless, and flings man back to the stern tutelage of outraged law.

Justice demands immortality. The unequal distribution of happiness, disasters mingled with pleasures, misery side by side with happiness, the hard, unequal lot of many, bearing the heavy burden not only of their own but of others' transgression—the sins of the father visited upon the children, ignorant transgression punished with merciless severity, lifelong pain, and suffering, and misery of soul and body incurred through no conscious fault—is all this for some ephemeral and far-off benefit to a short-lived race, drifting onward to final extinction on a cooling planet? And shall there be no compensation to the individual? No hereafter where the patient sufferers of earth's injustice and nature's pitiless reprisals may look back through the vista of years and see unfolded before their glad eyes a vast plan of wisdom infinite, of righteous justice, of goodness and mercy; may rejoice in sufferings past, as they trace the influence of their suffering lives, and begin to understand at last their share in the wondrous plan, and look forward with glowing anticipation to continued cooperation and loving service!

Or take love. Is there no difference in this as manifested in man and the lower animals? Does it count now for the individual alone, or even chiefly? An impelling power which puts self in the background and brings to the front self-sacrifice, self-denial, duty; smoothes the rugged path, and makes desirable action which would otherwise be intolerable; which attaches man by every fiber of his heart to others as though in very assurance of unbroken fellowship hereafter; which implants in the deepest depths of his being the unquenchable hope of immortality—is there no meaning in this? "It is," says Dr. Munger, "related of an Arab chief, whose laws forbade the rearing of his female offspring, that the only tears he ever shed were when his daughter brushed the dust from his beard as he buried her in a living grave. But where are the tears of God, as he thrusts back into eternal stillness the hands stretched out to him in dying faith? If death ends life, what is this world but an ever-yawning grave into which the loving God buries his children with hopeless sorrow?" Shall men have the "soul of a seraph and the fate of an ephemera"? Shall love and adoration rise for countless ages to a God who has no reply? Cannot man demand immortality by the "inexorable logic of love"?

Or take man's intellectual advance. Why should he read the work of design everywhere about him; why this insatiable thirst to *know*; why the revelation of power and wisdom and design and love in and about him, till, offspring of earth, he lifts to heaven adoring hands and names "Our Father"; why should he only just begin to learn the capacities of his being, the nobleness of his intellect, the infinitude of the universe, and just begin to appreciate what he must reluctantly relinquish, as his longing eyes close in everlasting death? Is not the reluctance itself a premonition, the very longing a promise? And what a waste is here! "It takes all mankind to make a man, and each man when he dies takes a whole earth away with him." "It is to the honor of human nature, and what can be said of no other creature, that the best fruits of all together suffice for no more than to make each one what he may be." Or take the great fact of death itself. Everywhere in nature we find death to be the first step of further progress, the invariable antecedent of higher life, the prelude to entrance to another state. Each stage is the heir of all the past. Can it be that man is the sole exception, and that for him alone of all created beings these facts have no significance? Everywhere in nature we see the workings of a process keeping every step gained and steadily rising to the next, always taking over into the next stage all that has accrued in the past, transforming inorganic into organic, tending then upward to higher development of life, then passing into mind, ever subordinating material to mind, passing on into the spiritual realm, and culminating in a self-conscious individuality. With the birth of this individuality man enters upon the scene as a new creation. And now shall the next stage for that being prove like all the preceding, the inheritor of all the past; shall we take over into the next stage all that has accrued in this, or shall man prove the sole exception, and in the next stage of his life-history leave behind him the culmination of it all? Looking backward we can see each gain foreshadowed in a previous gain.

Does self-conscious mind, the last gain of all, foretell no future?

These are facts of nature and science. Scientific thought cannot ignore them. Their interpretation is as legitimate, as necessary, as conclusive as that of the rocks and stars. In the light of purpose they are as decisive of man's future as the structure of his physical organism is of his past. If the record of the past is recorded in his skeleton, his present endowment of soul, mind, and body is prophetic of his future.

Here, then, man stands as the terminal bud of the tree of life, the end of a mighty process,

with a meaning which interprets the process, but which cannot be identified with it. "In the beginning psychical life was but an appendage of the body, in the end the body is the vehicle of the soul." In the light of purpose, this means something. "If we can imagine," says Professor Fiske, "a future time when warfare and crime shall have been done away with forever, when disease shall have been for the most part curbed, and when every human being by moderate labor can procure ample food and shelter, we can also see that in such a state of things the work of civilization would be by no means completed. In ministering to human happiness in countless ways, through the pursuit of purely spiritual ends, in enriching and diversifying life to the utmost, there would still be almost limitless work to be done. I believe that such a time will come for weary and suffering mankind. Such a faith is inspiring. It sustains in the work of life, when one would otherwise lose heart."

It is indeed a noble hope and faith, and the process means this in truth, must mean this at least. But does it mean no more than this? Such an outcome is grand, but ephemeral. Earthly civilization, no matter how complete, must one day pass away. The earth, science tells us, is but a cooling cinder, and the time must come when it will be no longer fit for human habitation. The tribes of men on its surface are but as fleeting shadows. Such an outcome is less durable in the scale of the vast process than the fabric of a dream, and its very grandeur only emphasizes its failure. Even fully developed humanity is only the prelude to extinction. Some end other than this, some faith higher than this, must justify our belief in the "reasonableness of God's work."

CONCLUSION.

THERE can be but one conclusion in terms of the rest of our knowledge. Happiness, enjoyment, the enrichment of life, these are pleasant things, but this earth, as science reads its future, cannot be their lasting abode. They are a means but not an end. They have their purpose in the scheme, and work toward the final aim. Misery, want, warfare, disease, crime, sin, sorrow—these we call evil things. We even question why such things should be, and call their existence a mystery. But these, too, are means to the same end, a part of the same process, neither more nor less mysterious than all the rest, and must play their part also in the attainment of the final aim. This aim may well be happiness in the end, but that end is not here. Here the road is *designedly* thorny, and passed with suffering: Such happiness as we

find here is ever and always the outcome of intelligent voluntary action in obedience to the guiding will. It is well and right to strive for happiness here, because its attainment is linked to righteousness. It is thus an incentive to impel us on, at once a motive power and a promise of the future. It has no meaning divorced from the future. Here is surely no mystery. Suffering we find ever and always the result of violation of law, whether wilful or ignorant. It is in our power to diminish it. It is right and proper thus to strive. It is both an incentive to such effort and a scourge to disobedience. It works in the same direction as happiness, and to the same end. Happiness itself loses meaning without it. Why should we seek to make a special mystery of this, as though man had an inalienable right to happiness apart from voluntary right action?

Could we not then have been set in a world of happiness perennial, free from sorrow, care, suffering, and sin, where disease and crime should be unknown, and man could live in blissful ease, a stranger to pain? And what then? Beginning with such a stage, man would have no future. Then, indeed, the reason for his existence would cease with his organism. Death itself should be unknown in such a world, or else it must be a world without human affection. In such a world there is no future outlook, no progress, no discipline, no self-development. In such a world freedom of will would have no significance, voluntary action no moral consequence, choice would be meaningless, obedience a figment, character an impossibility. Why should such an automaton live forever? Why should such a colorless, fiberless ghost and nonentity live at all? Without happiness as the reward of conscious striving, without suffering as the punishment of disobedience, without conscience, duty, self-development, such an Eden would be stripped of all meaning, and would stultify the power that produced it. The millennium of Professor Fiske may well be the end, but it must be the result of our coöperation, an attainment, not a gift falling to heedless hands. We must take into it those self-developed qualities of soul and spirit, which it alone could not produce, but which, once produced, are eternal, and the previous existence of which alone can render such a state desirable. These qualities we must ourselves attain; for this reason we are here, to attain selfhood. For this we have the gift of conscious personality, the consciousness of freedom, the ability to choose, the responsibility of choice. Here we find the true meaning of this our life, and begin to understand the mystery of pain and sin. Intelligence is ours, to guide but not to govern us. We must govern ourselves. We must voluntarily conform to the supreme will,

and not find ourselves without effort in accord with it. Our intelligence itself we must attain to; it is not furnished ready made. We must learn by pleasure to pursue the right, by suffering to avoid the wrong. Violations of law due to the ignorance of one generation become the voluntary transgression of the next, and sin appears; as the result of ignorance, suffering, and as the result of knowledge, wilful wrong action and sin. The physical struggle is now transferred to the moral and spiritual side, and through sin itself the struggle with self begins. Mastery of self can be attained only in a world where temptation and sin are possible, where voluntary disobedience is the outcome of ignorant transgression. These are necessary to the end; not merely allowed, but designed. The purpose of such a world is plain to read. It means that not happiness here is the end for which we are to strive. That is a means to help us, to encourage us, to lead us on. Not the avoidance of pain is the end. That also is a means to warn us, to guide us, if needs be to compel us. But the great end which science itself is forced to recognize is the mastery of self through the struggle with sin and temptation, and the formation of a personality—of a character self-attained, of a spiritual influence in the midst of a universe governed by such influences which, disciplined by pain and trial, strengthened by the sweet uses of adversity, guided by reason and knowledge, voluntarily brought into accord with supreme will through the stress of sin itself—is thus made capable of coöperation with that will both here and hereafter. This is the significance of the process we observe. This alone harmonizes all the facts. For such a personality there must be a future. Such a personality belongs to the meaning of the universe. Not, therefore, the production of automatons who may pass a few years of blissful irresponsible ease and then cease to be; nor the development from lower forms of an animal who can for a time explore nature, increase in power and civilization, develop a higher nature, stretch forth hands of entreaty to an unseen God, and then, just as the universe opens to his gaze, when higher possibilities and hopes and yearnings begin to dawn, when he has grown completely out of his physical environment, and with an endowment far beyond his needs catches glimpses of glories he can never share, and with heart filled with loving longings that can never be satisfied, sinks into a hopeless grave—such is not the end indicated by the facts. Such an end is worse than futile. It is a cruel mockery.

But the development of a conscious inde-feasible personality,

One soul against the flesh of all mankind;

of a spiritual energy in accord with eternal purpose, capable of coöperation and fit tool for higher things — this is an end which alone satisfies reason, science, revelation, faith, and hope. This alone is commensurate with the whole mighty process. The attainment of such a personality we begin here. So surely as we begin it has our true life begun, and opportunity must be afforded to complete the work — else is the whole process a failure. And this personality, science tells us as certainly as she can tell us anything, is not born to die.

Augustus Jay DuBois.

SYMPATHY.

BY us she waits, unglorified and meek,
 Forgotten in the blessings that she brings.
 We do not deem her eyes conceal the springs
 Of all the streams of gladness that we seek.
 Until she wills kind words we cannot speak,
 Lacking her hint the angels fold their wings.
 How soft her touch, and how for feeblest things
 The smiles and tears run races on her cheek!
 Without her counsel Love might go astray,
 Or Charity itself would cast a chill,
 And Happiness on earth be but a name.
 Her golden key unlocks the poet's way,
 Else Genius, natheless all his mighty will,
 Might stumble blindly at the gate of Fame.

Charles H. Crandall.



FROST-FLOWERS.

FROST upon my window-pane,
 Delicate flowers in frost —
 Thus the old dreams come again,
 Dreams of the loved and lost.

Not the buds of early spring,
 Not from the fields of June,
 Fruit of ghostly blossoming,
 Under the winter moon.

Fern and lily pale and sere,
 Drawn by an airy hand,
 Etched by night this time o' year,
 Blossoms from No-man's-land.

Thus, mayhap, long after death,
 Strangely as flowers in frost,
 Thoughts of us who still draw breath
 Come to the loved and lost.

W. P. Foster.

THE GOLDEN AGE OF PASTEL.



HE hopes of rendering some service to the art of painting with crayons, and of explaining its principles for the benefit of such as in this age of dissipation may prefer the silent amusement of a beautiful art to the delusive enchantments in the gay circles of unrestrained pleasure, have induced me to this undertaking.

So wrote John Russell, R. A., portrait-painter in pastel to his majesty George III., in his work, "The Elements of Painting with Crayons," published in 1777. Pastel-painting is indeed a beautiful art. Its delicate purity of color and its delicious crispness of texture lend themselves more easily than any other medium to the reproduction of feminine beauty and the exquisite complexion of childhood. It is to oil-painting what the vaudeville is to the tragedy, or the sonnet to the epic, and in the hands of a master it can show all the vigor and depth of oil. Easily destroyed if left unprotected by glass, the medium was at first regarded with suspicion, and its durability questioned; but paintings made a century and a half and even two centuries ago still retain the same lovely qualities with which they delighted the beholder when fresh from the artist's easel, while some oil-paintings of the same period have sunken in and blackened. This is only what we ought to expect, for a piece of pastel is pure color. All that chemical action can do has been effected in the absorption of the pigment by the chalk. No oil or varnish is mingled with the paint to darken as time passes and to obliterate or obscure the original hues. When pastels have faded we must conclude that poor pigments were originally used, for the delicate tints of the earliest masterpieces enjoy an immortal youth which years cannot destroy. The most insidious enemy of pastel is dampness. Mildew may dim the colors if the paintings are hung in moist climates or in seaside cottages; but properly protected by backing and glass, and in our dry atmosphere, there is nothing to fear.

John Russell's hope of rendering service to the art of pastel-painting was fully realized in his portraits, if not in his somewhat didactic and tedious book. His paintings, wonderfully clear and fresh in color to-day, amply prove the durability of the material, while his genius as a painter showed that its possibilities were no whit inferior to oil. The pastels of Russell

hold their own in loveliness and artistic perfection beside the portraits of Gainsborough and Romney.

Born in 1744 in Guildford, in the beautiful county of Surrey, he came to London at the age of fifteen and devoted himself to art with such success that he soon became the popular painter of the fashionable world. It was a very naughty world, as we well know, but "the silent amusement of his beautiful art" kept him from its "delusive enchantments." He had another scholarly taste, a penchant for astronomy, and he found time to invent an instrument to show the phases of the moon, and to write a work on that luminary which he illustrated with engraved plates.

An explanation of this unusual combination of tastes so incongruous as those of astronomy and art was given us by the grandchildren of the famous astronomer Sir William Herschel. While visiting them at Observatory House, near Windsor, the remark was made that the best portrait of their grandfather was a pastel painted by his friend Russell, now among the art treasures at Guy's Cliff, Warwick. It pleased George III. to affect to patronize men of letters and of science, and when Herschel's wonderful discoveries electrified the world, the king created him Astronomer Royal, and presented him with a patent of nobility, and in the gay circles of court life Russell made one friendship which colored his entire life.

Our first acquaintance with the works of this master came about through a happy chance.

We had gone abroad on a pastel pilgrimage, our plan being to search the galleries of Europe for examples of the beautiful works done in this medium in the last half of the seventeenth and during the eighteenth century—works which have proved the inspiration of the brilliant galaxy of French painters, to whom is due the present renaissance of the art. Our quest was richly rewarded in Germany, Switzerland, Italy, and especially in France, but at the outset only discouragement met us in England. There are no pastels in the National Gallery, and only an insignificant number in the South Kensington and other museums; but very opportunely there came to us an invitation from Mr. Edwin Lawrence, a munificent patron of the South Kensington Museum. "Come and lunch with us," he wrote, "and see my collection of pastels by J. Russell, R. A." It was a rich collection. Mr. Lawrence had found in the hands of an art



"CHILD WITH CHERRIES."

PASTEL BY JOHN RUSSELL, R. A., IN THE LOUVRE, PARIS.

dealer the portfolios of unfinished sketches and studies for portraits accumulated in the artist's studio during his long career as court painter, and had pounced upon them with the sagacity of a connoisseur. Many of the portraits were torn across, and these the present owner has restored with much skill and taste. The paintings had been subjected to the roughest usage, having tumbled about in odd corners unprotected by glass for upward of a hundred years. Now exposed to the light, now rolled or crumpled, the paper has become ragged; but the colors are exquisitely fresh. Mr. Lawrence has been very generous, sharing his treasures with the South Kensington Museum and with friends, but his collection is still unrivaled. Nagler gives a list of the portraits painted by Russell, which includes nearly all of the celebrities of London of that period.

His portraits of his fellow artist, John Bacon, R. A., and of Mrs. Bacon, have been lent to the South Kensington Museum by Miss E. S. Bacon. A very popular picture, his "Child with Cherries," is in the Louvre. In style it reminds one of Sir Joshua Reynolds, and has recently been reproduced for several art journals.

But with the exception of the works of Russell our pastel researches in England were destined to meet with disappointment. The portraits by La Tour, Liotard, and Rosalba Carriera, many of which exist here, are hidden away in private collections. It is in the museums of France that admirers of pastel will find the best representations of its golden age, in the works of La Tour and his great contemporaries.

The real inventor of pastel-painting is unknown to history. It is possible that the perfected art was developed very slowly from the drawing in crayons of which the early Italian painters were so fond. A drawing, executed in black, white, and red chalk by Frederigo Barroccio, bearing the date 1528, is in the Dijon Museum. To these three colors others may have been gradually added until the crayons arrived at the full gamut of the portrait.

Robert Nanteuil and Charles Le Brun (1619-1690) have left us numerous pastels of such excellence as to prove that they were not the first who have used the medium.

A gap of half a century occurs between their latest portraits and the first of the galaxy of pastelists who appeared during the reigns of Louis XV. and Louis XVI. Nevertheless, Le Brun's portrait of Louis XIV., in the pastel room at the Louvre, is so characteristic that it deserves special mention. Bombastic, theatrical, selfish, and unscrupulous, the Grand Monarch stands revealed to us as in a magician's mirror. Le Brun was able to keep his place throughout life as the king's favorite painter. He has been

rightly called the Louis XIV. of art, for he perfectly expressed the theatrical and grandiose taste of his royal master. Le Brun's pupil Vivien is the only link to connect him with the golden age. His color was hot, and his paintings do not usually attract us; but he gave the medium the same seriousness of effort which others gave to oil, and in the museum at Rouen we came across a most admirable portrait by him.

The Italians make a claim to the invention of pastel based on the fact that the name used by all nations for the material is derived from the Italian word *pastello*, signifying little rolls of paste. Whoever may have first discovered the medium, it is to a gifted Italian lady that we probably owe the prevalence which the art obtained in France during the latter half of the eighteenth century, and the impulse received about the same time by English and German artists.

Rosalba Carriera was born in Venice in 1675. She early attained great honors in her native country, was elected a member of the academies of Bologna, of Florence, and of Rome, and painted the portraits of many noted Italians, among others that of the Grand Duke of Tuscany, Cosimo III. In 1720 she made a visit to France, accompanied by her mother and sisters. Her stay was marked by a series of ovations. Vivien's popularity was due rather to the novelty of employing the material for large paintings, and for dark and sumptuous accessories, than to any real genius in the painter, and Rosalba's management of pastel was a revelation to the Parisians. She painted the king, Louis XV., then only ten years of age, and during the year of her stay was the most popular woman in Paris, receiving the most distinguished hospitality and flattering social attentions. Watteau, Vivien, and the other leading artists of the day gave her the most generous recognition, and on the 26th of October she was received with acclamation as a member of the French Academy. She is described as forty-five years of age, not beautiful, but possessing grace, modesty, and charm, which set off her rare talent. She received more orders during her Parisian visit than she was able to execute, and returned to Venice delighted with her French experience. Three examples of her work are preserved in the Louvre, all portraits of women, displaying great delicacy and grace of treatment, but painted on a rather white and chalky key when compared with the glowing carnations of Prud'hon and Chardin. Her name Rosalba, white rose, is said to have been a sobriquet given by her friends, possibly on account of the very light and delicate tints which she affected. After her return to Venice her popularity increased. She painted so many traveling Englishmen that the number



A VENETIAN LADY OF RANK.

PASTEL BY ROSALBA CARRIERA, IN THE DRESDEN GALLERY.

of her works still preserved in England gave rise to the impression that she had visited that country. She is mentioned in Russell's work on pastel-painting, and Russell was doubtless familiar with her portraits, perhaps receiving his inspiration toward that medium from them. In 1730 she was called to the court of Vienna, and the King of Saxony, Frederick Augustus, acquired a number of her paintings, which are now in the Dresden Museum. It would be interesting to ascertain whether any pastels of real merit were produced in Germany before this date. If not, whatever nation may have invented the material, to the White Rose of Italy belongs the honor of the first propagandism of the perfected art. At every station of our pilgrimage we found some example of her work. In the fascinating Museum of Arts at Dijon—which has grown out of the old palace of the Dukes of Burgundy—we discovered four of her most characteristic and lovely portraits; at Innsbruck were two in her style, and purporting to be her work, but of doubtful authenticity; but it was at Venice, as might be expected, that we found her at her best. Twelve of her finest portraits hang on the walls of the Academy of Fine Arts, the old assembly hall of the brotherhood of Santa Maria della Carita. They are the legacy of Count Omobon Astoria, and are chiefly of members of the Astoria family. The Astorias were men and women of marked and varying characteristics, for the collection shows two ecclesiastics of gentle, studious mien, two nobles in curled wigs and brocade, with handsome, luxury-loving features, one stern old woman, elegant ladies in delicate shades of satin set off with flowers and jewels and exquisite lace, and two beautiful children. But by far the most interesting portrait in the collection is that of Rosalba, painted by herself. She is robed as richly as the Astoria ladies; there are great pearls in her ears, and yellow chrysanthemums relieve her brunette complexion; the face is of such dignity and intelligence that we quarrel with the French writer who said that she was not beautiful.

Rosalba died in Venice at the age of eighty, working up to her last decade, when she lost her sight and a little later her reason.

Italy did not retain the preëminence which she had gained, and it is to France that we must look for the finest display of the art. It flourished most brilliantly during the latter half of the eighteenth century.

In 1704 the town of Saint-Quentin in Picardy gave to the world a painter of extraordinary original genius, Maurice Quentin de La Tour. To his personal work and to the influence which he exercised upon his contemporaries and followers is due the golden age

of pastel. The names of all other pastelists of this time group themselves about La Tour, and after his death the art fell into speedy decadence. La Tour's father opposed his desire to become an artist. The boy had his own way to make, and while pursuing his studies in Paris he made cheap portraits, choosing pastel as a medium, because of its rapidity of execution. From the first he displayed a marvelous aptitude for catching a likeness, and though at this period his work was immature and careless, it caught the popular fancy, and he speedily sprang into notoriety. As money came to him he wisely declined orders, preferring to give himself to more serious study, thus improving the quality of his work. In 1737 he made his first appearance at the Salon, exhibiting a portrait of Mme. Boucher, and one of himself.

Standing before Mme. Boucher's portrait one is not surprised that it gained for him a great artistic and popular success. His fellow artists recognized a painter of marvelous power in depicting character and of great originality of treatment. The populace were attracted by the strikingly lifelike qualities of the portraits. This homely, honest man, with his slightly ironical smile but kindly eyes, seemed to look them through and through with a quizzical expression which was not to be resisted. There was no attempt to parade technic; it was nature itself. The crowd lingered before his pictures, and came again and again, attracted by the same magical spell. The critics could only blazon abroad the universal opinion that a new master had appeared in France. From that time his success was assured, and the small shopkeepers of Paris lost their little painter of rapidly made portraits at four dollars a head.

He did not, however, desert the mistress who had made his fortune, and La Tour did as much for pastel as pastel had done for La Tour. Thoroughly enamored with the medium, he devoted himself exclusively to it throughout his long life, giving it an unprecedented vogue, placing it side by side with oil-painting, and proving it the equal if not the superior of the older manner of painting for the perfectly naïf representation of nature.

His popularity increased each year. The critics declared it impossible for art to go beyond his work in its perfect resemblance, its delicacy of color, and its grace of style. Louis XV. became his chief patron, and for forty years from the date of his first exhibition he was the leading portrait-painter of his day. He painted nearly all the noted men of his country and age, preferring, we are told, to make the portraits of celebrities for his own pleasure to painting those of opulent nonentities at any price. In spite of this assertion he showed himself an able man of affairs, speedily amass-

ing great wealth from his extraordinary prices, finding fault with the sum, twenty-four thousand francs, paid him by Mme. de Pompadour for her portrait, and claiming that he should have received double that amount. Ten thou-

sented in armor magnificently painted, relieved by the blue sash of the order of Saint Esprit. It is said that the marshal, who was a great friend of La Tour's, had fallen into disgrace with the king, who, in consequence, had con-



LOUIS OF FRANCE, THE DAUPHIN. PASTEL BY MAURICE QUENTIN DE LA TOUR, IN THE LOUVRE, PARIS.

sand dollars seems to us a rather exorbitant demand for a portrait in pastel, but there was only one La Tour, and this was his masterpiece. It is doubtful whether it has ever been excelled. Universally conceded to be the most important picture in the pastel room of the Louvre, "it is the despair of all pastelists and also of all painters in oil." The accessories are cleverly treated, while the lady, from her blond tresses to the high heels of her dainty shoes, is a delicious bit of painting. The delicate-flowered satin gown, the lovely hands and bosom, and the small but perfectly shaped features, are all exquisitely rendered. The head, we know not for what reason, was cut out of the picture at the time of the Revolution, and has been replaced. The painting forms a striking contrast to La Tour's strong portrait of Marshal Saxe, which hangs on the next wall. He is repre-

fiscated his possessions. La Tour, knowing him to be in want, interested Mme. de Pompadour in his behalf while painting her portrait, and she interceded with the king with such success that the marshal was reinstated in royal favor.

Louis XV.'s portrait by La Tour was painted in his prime, and shows a dashing handsome face slightly marred by a disagreeable mouth. The portrait of his wife, Marie Leczinska, an insipid but smiling beauty, hangs beside his own. La Tour painted their son, Louis of France, more than once. The portrait, which represents him as a young man, resembles his father, but the face is softened by the mother's amiability, and is singularly innocent in its expression. The dauphin never came to the throne, for his father outlived him. His character was gentle and lovable, and he was deeply regretted by



JEAN-ÉTIENNE LIOTARD, PASTEL BY HIMSELF, IN MUSÉE RATH, GENEVA.

all who knew him. La Tour's portrait of the dauphin at the age of eight or ten is still more charming, for here he is represented in perfect health, with no premonition of early death in the plump face and pouting lips. His hair is puffed and powdered, and tied in a queue, and he wears a stiff little stock and a frill of delicate lace, which falls upon a satin coat of pale rose-color decorated with the rich silver star and the broad blue ribbon of Saint Esprit. But in spite of this courtier costume the little prince is not one bit priggish or affected. The beautiful dark eyes sparkle mischievously, and the retroussé nose has a saucy turn. He is a bewitching mother's darling, whose loveliness of feature and character explain the satisfied smile on Marie Leczinska's face—a smile which could not have been occasioned by the treat-

ment which she received from her handsome husband.

Rich as the Louvre is in fine examples of La Tour, the town of Saint-Quentin possesses a still greater number of his works. He was always fond of his birthplace, and when he returned to it at eighty his fellow townsmen welcomed him with acclamations of joy. The church-bells pealed chimes of welcome, and the inhabitants, in holiday attire, headed by their magistrates marched to meet him, while in the evening all the houses were illuminated. They had reason to love him, for he had done much for Picardy. He left to its principal city, Amiens, ten thousand francs, the income of which is given each year "to the author of the most beautiful action or of the most useful discovery in Picardy." But the sums given during his

life and at his death to Saint-Quentin amounted to a hundred thousand dollars, distributed between different charities and in the founding of a school of design. He had left his home a poor boy; he returned wealthy, to make his native town his principal inheritor. For four years he lived quietly and peacefully, an eccentric old man of whom many whimsicalities are related, but who was nevertheless greatly beloved. He left a large collection of pastels, which he had made for himself, to his brother, who in turn left them to the museum of the art school which the artist had founded, where they form a unique and interesting collection, unknown to the world at large, but well worthy a pilgrimage to any lover of art.

Contemporary to La Tour there appeared in different parts of Europe a comet-like genius called, from his Oriental costume, *Le Turc*, the Swiss painter Liotard. His extraordinary ability as a pastelist was acquired during his residence in France, but the Louvre has no examples of his pastels. It is fortunate, however, in possessing thirty masterly little sketches in red chalk made during his travels in the Orient. Versailles has merely a copy of his pastel portrait of Mme. d'Épinay to show his peculiar piquant charm and cleverness in the management of his material. Happily, other European galleries are richer in examples of his talent. Born in Geneva in 1702, Liotard began his career as a miniaturist and painter in enamel, but, coming to Paris, he became devoted to pastel. The French ambassador to Naples took him to Italy in his suite. At Rome Liotard met some wealthy traveling Englishmen, who persuaded him to join them in a tour to the Orient. He remained for several years in Turkey, adopting for convenience the costume which he never entirely relinquished, and allowing his beard to grow. In 1742 he paid a visit to Vienna. It happened that just at this time the Count Dietrichstein had committed the misalliance of marrying his pretty servant. All Vienna was shocked, and Liotard had the good fortune to be able to paint the portrait of the bride, which was at once the observed of all observers. It was a happy combination of *réclame* and real merit, for the painting was the now celebrated picture known as "*La Belle Chocolatière*." It was immediately purchased at a high price, and is now one of the jewels of the Dresden gallery. The event led to an order by Maria Theresa for her portrait, and Liotard's future was secure. He returned to Paris preceded by his reputation. His Turkish turban rendered him conspicuous. The king ordered a number of miniatures, to be set in diamonds and worn as bracelets by the queen and other members of the royal family. But the old passion of roving was unquenchable,

and patronage could not chain him to Paris. He crossed to England, when he painted the Countess of Coventry, Garrick, and other celebrities; wandered to Holland, where he executed portraits in pastel of the Prince of Orange and Nassau, and of the Duke of Brunswick, and where he succumbed to the charms of a little maid of Amsterdam, who consented to marry him after having first induced him to shave his beard. He settled down at last in his native town, where he died in 1790, leaving the city some of his best paintings. To Geneva, therefore, we came in our pastel pilgrimage. We found three of his celebrated portraits at the Rath Museum—the original of Mme. d'Épinay, copied for Versailles, his Maria Theresa, and his portrait of himself, painted before Love had shorn his flame-like locks and Turkish beard. He chose to depict himself using the crayon-holder, the badge and implement of his profession.

The works remaining in his studio at the time of his death were left by Mme. Liotard to the museum at Amsterdam.

One of La Tour's most characteristic portraits is that of his friend, the artist Siméon Chardin. Another pastel portrait of Chardin, painted by himself, hangs in the same gallery of the Louvre. Comparing the two, we find that Chardin has not flattered himself, for his portrait, exceedingly broad in treatment, shows only a strong, homely face, with spectacles on nose, and crowned by a grotesque sort of nightcap, or turban. There is nothing to indicate the rare intelligence, the genius for composition, which was rather a faculty for the discovery of harmonious relations of things, the prompt, assured grasp with which he seized the artistic aspects of nature, and his naïf but masterly interpretation of the effects of light. He was by nature a colorist, reveling in sunshine. He was born in 1699, making his appearance, as Charles La Blanc tells us, just as the pompous art of Louis XIV. was disappearing, and the affected art of Louis XV. was coming on, though he had no affinity with either style. Diderot wrote of him: "He has no style. I am wrong, he has his own; but since he has a style, he must be false in certain circumstances—yet Chardin is never false." It was this childlike following of nature, as it was given to Chardin to see nature, which made him an original genius. His paintings at first were unambitious—still-life subjects painted with great fidelity, and with a caressing touch which told how he delighted in their representation. He afterward turned his attention to figure-paintings, painting scenes of domestic life with much delicacy of sentiment and honesty of feeling. One genre painting, "*Le Bénédicité*," is famous. It represents a little girl with folded hands



THE DAUPHIN, LOUIS XVII. PASTEL BY MME. VIGÉE LE BRUN.

repeating her grace before meat, while her hungry glance wanders slyly to the plate of steaming soup which her gentle mother holds ready for her upon the completion of the prayer.

In all of the mothers whom he painted it is said that a resemblance is traceable to his wife, Marguerite Pouget of Rouen. His portrait of her, painted when he was seventy-seven, is one of the treasures of the pastel room of the Louvre. Reiset says of this portrait, "La Tour himself never painted a better." The face is

full of "the beautiful lines of experience" and the ripest and richest coloring. It beams as with an inner light, irradiating intelligence, benevolence, sweetness of disposition, matronly grace and good sense, and a certain all-pervading motherliness, which makes us exclaim, as Diderot did before the pictures of Greuze, "One sees well that this man loved his wife." Chardin received moderate appreciation while he lived, and was speedily forgotten. This beautiful portrait, together with his own, was sold thirty years after his death for twenty-

four francs! Real merit could not long suffer such oblivion, and the fame of Chardin has of late been disinterred.

A great contrast to this quiet, domestic life, its moderate ambition satisfied, its entire course so tranquil and blessed in every aspect, is the stormy career of another great colorist, Pierre-Paul Prud'hon.

He was the son of a master mason, born in the provincial city of Cluny, so noted for its Romanesque houses and its beautiful old monastery, for which the Cluny Palace at Paris was merely the abbot's city residence. It was in this monastery that Prud'hon received his education and his first impulse toward art. Here indeed he reinvented oil-painting, for being told while engaged in attempting to copy one of the altar-pieces that he would never succeed, as it was *painted in oil*, the boy of fourteen set to work to experiment, messing together various dye-stuffs with salad oil, doubtless greatly to the despair of his good mother, until he succeeded in furnishing his palette with the colors which he required. But although he afterward attained eminence in oil-painting, Prud'hon's peculiar talent as a colorist found its best expression in pastel. His sketches and schemes of color for his oil-paintings were made in chalks. A very lovely study, a half-nude figure, said to be a sketch for a figure in one of his large compositions, is one of the chief ornaments of the pastel room of the Louvre. The coloring, attitude, and expression of this study are all very lovely. The hair is reddish gold, and the flesh tints are the rich carnations when the milky blond complexion is warmed by a touch of auburn fire. Prud'hon was the French Correggio, but a hint of melancholy broods over his most joyous creations. He had a sensitive, poetic nature, which was embittered by an uncongenial marriage, and by early struggles with an adverse fortune. He worked incessantly, and when *la grand peinture* failed, decorated *bonbonnières* with cupids for confectioners. Unable to feed his family with bonbon boxes, pastel portraiture attracted him by its rapidity of execution, as it had first appealed to La Tour, and he left Paris to make a tour through Franche-Comté, painting portraits at the village inns at a single sitting.

During this trip the itinerant artist made the acquaintance of a certain M. Frochot, a man whose friendship was destined to stand him in good stead a little later. Prud'hon had a peculiar faculty for making friends. There must have been something irresistibly attractive in his personality, for all who knew him loved him, and it was to his friends that he owed the success which his genius merited, but which he was not sufficiently self-assertive to claim. M. Frochot became prefect of the

Seine, and in his prosperity he remembered the traveling painter of pastels who had interested him so much in Franche-Comté. He sought Prud'hon out and invited him to dine, telling him at the dinner that he wished to order an important painting for the criminal courtroom. A sudden inspiration came to the artist, and he rapidly sketched a design of the picture which afterward made him famous, "Vengeance and Justice Pursuing the Criminal." When the painting was finished his friends counseled his exhibiting it at the salon of 1808, together with his "Psyche Carried Away by the Zephyrs." Another friend of Prud'hon, Guizot, the historian, was then a young man who amused himself by writing art letters for the public press. He was profoundly impressed by the varied powers displayed in these two pictures, and he heralded in glowing terms the advent of a new genius. The praise of the art critic had its effect on the career of the artist. It drew the attention of the public, possibly that of Napoleon, to the pictures. The emperor decorated Prud'hon with the cross of the Legion of Honor, and ordered a portrait of the Empress Josephine. His fame as an artist was secured, and for a time fortune seemed to smile upon him. It was but a delusive gleam, and Prud'hon's life closed early under a cloud of domestic misfortune, the inevitable result of his own erring conduct.

La Tour's success had given such popularity to pastel, that there immediately sprang up an overwhelming number of pastelists of more or less talent. It became the fashion to have one's portrait painted in pastel, and there were painters of the first order for great purses, and mediocre painters for little ones. The medium was especially affected by women painters, two of whom, Mme. Vigée Le Brun and Mme. Guiard, deserve to stand in the first rank with their brothers of the crayon. The same year, 1783, saw them both created members of the Academy.

Adelaide Labille Guiard, afterward Mme. Vincent, was a pupil of La Tour and of the miniaturist Vincent. She possessed remarkable talent, and although she did not attain the celebrity of Mme. Le Brun, her paintings have a power and charm which prove her the peer of her famous rival. The Revolution found her popular with the nobility, but she was pardoned this favor of the aristocrats, and enjoyed the patronage of the new régime, painting the portraits of Robespierre, Talleyrand, Beauharnais, and others. It was the dying effort of pastel-painting, which was completely crushed by the Revolution. There is a charming example of her work in the Louvre, a portrait of a handsome man in a light-gray satin coat. Few tourists find it, for the guides do not point

it out, and it is skied in lofty loneliness over one of the doors.

Mme. Le Brun held the same position for the court of Louis XVI. that La Tour had occupied during the preceding reign. She was the friend of Marie Antoinette, and her three portraits in oil of this lovely and unfortunate queen look down upon us from the walls of Versailles. She painted the dauphin in pastel, the little prince about whose death in the prison of the temple there rests so much of mystery. Mme. Le Brun's pastel of the dauphin hangs in what was formerly his bed-chamber, in Le Petit Trianon. He is represented at nearly the same age as La Tour's charming dauphin of the Louvre, and wears the same decoration, the blue ribbon and silver star of Saint Esprit; but here the resemblance ends, for his long dark hair is unpowdered, and there is something almost plaintive in the sweet expression.

Mme. Le Brun's art was identified too closely with Marie Antoinette to obtain any great success after the death of her royal patron. Like Mme. Guillard she painted a few pastel portraits during the Revolution, adapting herself to the change in the temper of the times with wonderful tact. The account in her memoirs of the impromptu Greek dinner given in her studio is a proof of this adaptability, as well as of the power of the classical renaissance. The dinner was a pretty *pièce de théâtre*, arranged with charming spontaneity; but the theatrical spirit was destined to stifle everything that was natural and simple in art. Mme. Le Brun was one of the last French pastelists of note of the period. Johann Heinrich Schroeder, the German court-painter, at this time was very popular, and has left many charming pastels of the beauties of his country; none lovelier than the celebrated pastel portrait of the Countess Potocka in the Berlin gallery. But the golden age of pastel-painting was drawing to a close. The works of the painters La Tour, Chardin, Prud'hon, and Mmes. Le Brun and Guillard had begun and carried it to its height in France. The modest pastel room of the Louvre, to which we have referred so frequently, may well be said to inclose "infinite riches in little space," for here are to be found excellent examples of these artists, and of the English painter John Russel, of Rosalba Carriera, and of many others less known but scarcely the inferiors of those we have mentioned.

Among these are Ducreux, La Tour's pupil, represented by an admirable laughing portrait of himself, and Perroneau, the rival of La Tour in later years, whose delicate color and graceful treatment never received full recognition during his life, having been overshadowed by the fame and popularity of his great contemporary. Here, too, are Mme. Strel Paigné, with her magnificent flower-pieces; Lundborg, a Swedish artist, pupil of Rosalba Carriera, whose portraits of the artists Boucher and Natoire are highly finished and lovely in color. Charles Le Brun and Vivien are represented by the ostentatious grand seigneurs with whom they were so popular; and there are many charming studies by other pastelists whose names are unknown or whose fame is forgotten.

In the neighboring room of drawings are the sketches in red chalk by the Swiss pastel-ist Liotard, and others in the same material by Watteau, Boucher, Fragonard, and Portail. It seems almost impossible that these artists did not use pastel, as the medium is so well adapted to their graceful style.

At the beginning of the nineteenth century the hour had struck in France for a change in its art as well as in all of its institutions. It was the birth of the Republic. Henceforth no more of the graceful art of beauty and pleasure, of delicate tints and poetic sentiment. Romance, gallantry, amusement, refinement, and playfulness were all swept away by the great tide of emotion. Prud'hon fought during the latter part of his life for the art of pure beauty, but he was overpowered by the rising popularity of a new genius, David. The French Revolution had modeled itself on ancient republican institutions, and David sprang to the front with a renaissance of classical art. Oil-painting was his chosen medium, and the beautiful art of pastel faded from view.

But the medium is too lovely to suffer this ignoble neglect. So well adapted to the art of the landscapist, the flower-painter, the painter of still-life, and, above all, to the requirements of the portrait-painter; it was to be expected that the turn of a century would bring it again to the surface, and that the renaissance of pastel would find among its most enthusiastic adherents the colorists of the day.

So strong is the movement lately begun by the leading French artists that we may even hope that the renaissance will surpass the brilliancy of the golden age.

Elizabeth W. Champney.

THE CENTURY'S CHRISTMAS PICTURES.

THE SPIRITUAL AND IMAGINATIVE IN MODERN ART.



MODERN French art has often been reproached for its materialism, for its tendency to exalt the technical side of painting at the expense of the intellectual, spiritual, emotional side. Artists of an elder day, we are told, while displaying the most magnificent technical skill, made careful choice of a subject, and won their highest glory by the heartfelt and personal manner in which they interpreted it; but living French artists—and by reason of their influence living artists in general—are content with any subject that will permit them to show how well they can paint, and even when they label it with a name which suggests an intellectual or spiritual meaning, are content to let this meaning reside wholly in the name. They care, we are told, a great deal for painting as such, but very little for the ideas or feelings that it may convey. They seem to have wonderfully gifted eyes and fingers, but no hearts or souls; great skill and sometimes great individuality as craftsmen, but no personality as artists in the highest sense.

Such statements are undoubtedly true as regards most of the painters of to-day. The majority of figure-pictures in all recent exhibitions which have borne idealistic titles have been merely portraits of studio or peasant models, revealing nothing more than that the painter had had a keen feeling for the external, prosaic facts that had lain before him.

But a glance at the pictures which are reproduced in this number of *THE CENTURY MAGAZINE*, illustrating the scenes of the first Christmas season, will show that this general tendency in current art is not without conspicuous exceptions; and also, perhaps, in view of the comparative youth of their painters, that the tendency itself is changing. They represent artists who

have risen to great distinction in very recent years, and they prove that each of these artists has treated an idealistic subject in a way as adequately imaginative as it is personal, individual.

The finest of all, to my taste, is Dagnan-Bouveret's "Madonna." I need not speak, from the strictly pictorial point of view, of its singular charm, distinction, and originality as a composition, or of the beauty in color and handling which we know must exist in any canvas painted by this masterly hand. I wish merely to draw attention to the tenderness and truth of the sentiment rendered by the mother's attitude and expression and the pose of the baby's helpless little head. Each observer must decide for himself whether the fact of sacred, supernatural maternity is perfectly expressed—whether the picture really shows a madonna in the traditional, emblematic sense. But I am sure all will feel that it is at least a most veracious, touching, and poetic picture of motherhood, that the artist has keenly felt and sympathetically interpreted the inner suggestiveness as well as the outer aspect of the lovely group. To my mind this is one of the most beautiful of modern paintings; and its beauty is in part technical, but in large part intellectual, emotional.

The spiritual quality of much of the work of Bastien-Lepage is well known to all students, though he is often called the most pronounced of realists. We have seen it revealed in his familiar "Jeanne Darc," and we see it again in this "Annunciation to the Shepherds." In the German Uhde's triptych we have an astonishingly interesting combination of realistic treatment, based upon a study of the peasant life of to-day, and of sincerely imaginative feeling. And the remaining pictures of the group teach us similar lessons with regard to the persistence of an intellectual quality in modern art, and the possibility of a general re-birth of high imaginative power.

M. G. Van Rensselaer.

FRANK VINCENT DU MOND.

THE painter of "The Holy Family,"—the frontispiece of this number,—Mr. Frank Vincent Du Mond, was born in Rochester, New York, in the year 1864. His education in art has been in the main gained while earning a livelihood, he having spent some years in the designing-rooms of the "New York Daily Graphic" and Harper Brothers. He was a student in the evening class of the Art Students' League of New York, and, later, out

of his savings he paid for a three years' course in Paris at the Académie Julian, under Le Febvre and Constant. During his first winter in Paris—in 1889—he sent a small landscape to the Salon, which was accepted, and in the following year the picture we have engraved. It was awarded a medal of the third class. He was also an exhibitor in the Salon of 1891. He returned to the United States in the spring of this year.

W. Lewis Fraser.

WULFY: A WAIF.

A CHRISTMAS SKETCH FROM LIFE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CENTURY. DEAR SIR:—You may possibly find this sketch of "Wulfy: a Waif" suitable to your pages. The sketch is a bare transcript of fact. No word or act is modified. It would have been easy, by a few changes, to produce a dramatic story out of the life of my small friend, but these changes I was unwilling to make. May not a simple record of fact have its place also, since such strange and lonely little souls as Wulfy's actually wander on our planet?

Sincerely yours,

The Author.



Y father 's a good father; he don't hardly ever hit me," wheezed Wulfy.

"No, but he scolds him awful," interposed Jakey.

They were standing around Miss Margaret's chair—three little waifs of the street. Jakey, the Italian, with Murillo curves to mouth and eyebrows; Fritz Hütter, somewhat taller, his soft hat worn on the back of his curly head, his facesickly and sweet-eyed; Wulfy, the shortest of the three, his large and rickety head with its wide mouth, giving him something the effect of a Japanese doll. All the boys were dirty and ragged, but Wulfy's rags carried off the palm. There was more hole than cloth. His face, overspread by a peculiar yellow grease, had a curious smile; at times it was a positive leer of worldly wisdom; again there crept into it something shy, appealing, and—could one venture to use the word—childlike. His eyes, when one could find them, were blue.

"He scolds him awful," said Jakey.

"Yes, but that's all right!" said Wulfy. "Yer see, he gives me two cents ter buy my breakfast, an' sometimes I'm hungry an' I asks him for fi' cents, and then he does scold; but that 's 'cause he wants the fi' cents hisself, don't yer see?"

All this with an eagerly apologetic tone.

"How old are you, Wulfy?"

"I *think* I'm ten, but I might as well be twenty-five. I'll never be no bigger. I'm go-in' to be a little man, yer know, like the little man at the dime museum. I went to the dime museum once, an' I saw a man swaller two swords!" This speech, somewhat mournful and meditative at the beginning, became gleeful toward the end.

"And you live alone with your father?"

"No. I ain't got no mother, yer know. There 's a friend of my father's lives with us. I calls her aunty."

"And is n't she your aunty?"

"No. She ain't no relation. She 's jist a friend of my father's."

"O-oh," said Miss Margaret. Her knowledge of life was becoming enlarged. "And is this friend of your father's good to 'you?"

"She don't hurt me. An' my father 's a good father now. When I was littler I could n't dress myself 'cause my leg used to be so bad; he had to help me, an' course he did n't like that. Then it used to be hard. But I can dress myself now. He don't have to do nothin' for me. He 's a good father."

The other boys, attracted by picture-books, had wandered away. Wulfy still stood beside Miss Margaret. There was some lop-sided deformity about the tiny, stunted fellow. His weak hands pecked at her dress, and an indescribable guilelessness shone paradoxically through his world-weary little person. He talked in a guttural, gasping fashion, hard to follow; yet there was no accent, except that indefinable accent of the streets which becomes one's mother-tongue as one descends into the region of the Bowery.

"I had a mother once. A mother's a good thing to have. When I was little, an' my leg was bad, an' I could n't get dressed, I used to lie in bed and remember her; an' do yer know, sometimes I 'd feel so bad, I 'd feel as if I 'd like to die!"

All this with no touch of sentiment, but with the same matter-of-fact tone in which a few moments before he had been telling of his ambition to own a nanny-goat and peddle newspapers.

Miss Margaret, however, who had seen less of life's hard realities than Wulfy, was still inclined to be sentimental.

"You wanted to die so that you could be with your dear mother again, did n't you, Wulfy?"

Wulfy looked sideways, with a scared expression.

"No, no! She died in the horspital."

Miss Margaret waited, puzzled.

"They said they put her in a box and buried her. 'T was over on Long Island. I should n't be buried on Long Island."

"Oh, but Wulfy, don't you know? Your mother was n't buried, the real part of her; she went to heaven, and you can go there too when you die."

Wulfy was blank. Evidently no impression entered his mind.

Miss Margaret looked at the forlorn little

figure in silence an instant. Then all those lofty and etherealized conceptions of a future state which had been formed in the most advanced school of liberal theology slipped away from her, and she found herself saying:

"Wulfy, Jesus Christ, who is very good and who loves you dearly, died and went to a beautiful place called heaven on purpose that he might get ready a lovely house all for your mother and you. And when your mother died I think she went there, and I think she is waiting for you. Do you understand?"

Not at all. No more than if she had been talking Greek. With abrupt and disdainful transition, he announced:

"I won't die in the hospital."

The child quivered a little in speaking, like a frightened animal:

"They said they buried her, but they did n't, yer know."

"Why, what makes you think they did n't?"

The answer came reluctantly, in a hoarse whisper. Wulfy was evidently making a grand confidence.

"There was a sick man in a gutter. They took him to a hospital. They were *glad* to get him."

"Well?"

"He died. *They did n't bury him.*"

"Wulfy, what do you mean?"

"They take the poor, sick people, and when they die they—make—castor-oil—out of them."

Miss Margaret gasped.

"Who told you that wicked story?" she demanded.

"The man on the corner."

"Now I want to tell you something." She took his two wee hands and spoke impressively. "That is a wicked lie. Do you understand?"

Wulfy gazed at her blankly, then repeated his statement with serene and sorrowful assurance.

"They make castor-oil of them. He said so, the man on the corner."

Nor could any amount of persuasion, then or later, shake in Wulfy's soul the mystic authority of "the man on the corner."

"But I wish she had n't died," he went on drearily. "A mother's a good thing to have. Better nor a father. A mother can make yer clothes. A father, he can buy yer clothes, but shoh! what's the good of that? Costs him fifty cents to buy yer a coat. What's the good of spendin' all that money? A mother, she'll make yer coat; yes, and wash yer clothes too. I wish my mother had n't died. Do yer know, my mother, she—used—ter—kiss me."

It was Miss Margaret's first experience of life in "the slums." Already she had begun to resent the opprobrium of the title; already

felt that the frank and sturdy humanity of her neighbors deserved a more respectful handling. She found character more interesting here than on Fifth Avenue, because less sedulously concealed; at the same time, she recognized as the chief evil of this existence its crushing monotony. There was less room than she expected for the exercise of that somewhat high-strung compassion with which she had left her home. She was at first inclined to lavish a double measure of such compassion on Wulfy, for the sickly little fellow limped the streets all the bitter winter, foraging for himself like the sparrows, with the aid of an occasional two cents from his father. When asked at any hour to describe his last meal the answer came cheerful and invariable, "Coffee and Ca-ake"; these, picked up at the street-booths, formed the staple of the child's diet. His little shivering body showed here and there through his rags. He suffered much pain at times, and, though silent for the most part about his home-life, it transpired slowly that he did not dare seek the mean shelter of his father's tenement till after nine at night. And yet, for all this, Miss Margaret soon found that in a sense her compassion was wasted. Wulfy was as happy as the day is long. He would suffer hardship with the unconscious patience of a kitten, and the prevailing mood of his sunny nature was delight at the queer pleasures of street-life. Wulfy had been to school once, and liked it; but having been absent, he was turned out, and his place given to another. No one was to blame. What would you have when thirty applicants are sometimes refused at these public schools in one day for lack of accommodation! Wulfy, under these conditions, could hardly expect to be educated by his country. He had also, at one time, peddled papers, but a member of the S. P. C. C., seeing his shaky little legs, put an end to this occupation from mistaken kindness. So Wulfy became an attendant imp in the street-life of lower New York. He knew by heart all the theater-posters on the Bowery; he haunted the Hebrew booths on Henry street in the evening, his small, ancient face watching like a child-Mephistopheles the evil that went on by the flare of the kerosene-torches. He joined in the rapture of barrel-bonfires, fleeing with all his small companions when the cry "Cheese it!" warned them that the "cops" were in sight. He was in the thick of every street-scandal, watching not only the row but the "flatteys"—a term which Margaret, highly amused, soon learned to know as the nickname bestowed on detectives by the hoodlums whose sharp eyes would pick out instantly, in spite of civilian garb, the flat-topped boot of the policeman.

There was nothing in the outer aspects of

city-life among the poor which Wulfy did not know. There was nothing apart from the limits of that life of which he had ever heard. Full of strange superstitions that had no grace of fancy or of perverted faith; a thorough little materialist, with no vocabulary and no consciousness outside of the life of the body; conversant with evil of which the woman who talked to him hardly knew the name,—Wulfy was yet innocent in heart as the Christ-child. Scraps of child-wonder and desire were interwoven with his wizened knowledge. Every impulse was generous, and his whole nature set to sweetness. He radiated affection; to hear him talk, no little fellow had ever been so favored with friends. Now it was the kind "butcher-lady" who had given him a dinner; now he had gotten an "o'er-coat"—poor, flimsy little o'er-coat, looking as if it had been chewed—"off" of his father, and beamed with filial devotion.

Like all ardent natures, he had one great passion. It was for his sister. Poor waif! His little husky voice poured forth one day the whole pitiful story, while one hand rested confidently on Miss Margaret's knee:

"Do you know my sister Milly? She don't live at home. She's a bad girl, my sister Milly. She's twelve years old, an' you can be a bad girl when you're twelve. Milly she come home late nights. Why, it was one, two, twelve o'clock an' she did n't come home! I'd sit up an' open the door; father he'd go to bed. But he found out as she come home late, an' he took her, and sent her off. The place where she lives, it's a place where bad girls live. My sister Milly's awful good to me."

"And do you ever see Milly now?" asked Miss Margaret, crying in her heart over the child's sorrowful knowledge.

Wulfy's whole face brightened with an inward radiance that at times changed him from a Japanese doll to a child-angel.

"I'm goin' to see Milly after Christmas. They've promised me I may. I ain't a-goin' to let 'em forgit it."

"Are you glad Christmas is coming?"

"Yes," with the bright impulse that always came first. "Ye-es—" more dubiously, and with a clouded face. "Santa Claus don't come to my house, of course."

"Why not, Wulfy?"

"He only comes to houses where there are mothers. There ain't no mother at my house. He comes to Jakey's house. Last year he brought Jakey a knife and a drum."

"Do yer s'pose," he went on eagerly, "as Santa Claus comes to the house where Milly is? There ain't no mother there, yer know."

A vision of the Reform School rose before Miss Margaret.

"I don't know, Wulfy," she said gently.

"But tell me: if Santa Claus should come to you this year, what would you like to have him bring?"

Wulfy brightened; for once, he looked like a genuine, jolly little boy.

"I'd like a drum, and an orange, and a pony with real hair on wheels, and—and—and a nanny-goat. Only a nanny-goat could n't get into the stocking."

"No," assented Miss Margaret gravely. "Now, Wulfy, Santa Claus visits this house, I am quite sure, and, if you like, you can come here Christmas eve and hang up your stocking. Would you like that?"

Wulfy's response was not made in words. Sticking out a spindly leg, he started with beaming face to strip off its grimy, wrinkled, and antique casing.

"Not now! Not now!" interposed Miss Margaret hastily. "Christmas eve! and, Wulfy, mind you wash the stocking before you bring it."

Now Wulfy had aspirations after cleanliness. The first signal of his arrival was always a demand to "wash me hands"; and in a pan of hot water and a cake of soap he did delight. One day, when Miss Margaret had by vigorous scrubbing caused five pink finger-tips to emerge from thick grime, she had said, on didactic intent, "I think clean fingers are prettier than dirty."

"So do I," assented Wulfy; "but if you had a bad leg, and had to climb six pairs of stairs every time you washed yer hands, I guess yer fingers would go dirty." To which *argumentum ad hominem* Miss Margaret had instantly succumbed.

On Christmas eve arrived Wulfy, his face one wide smile. In his hand he bore a trophy:—"I washed it myself," he announced with unspeakable pride.

"I should think so!" gasped Miss Margaret.

It was a stocking. Rather it had been a stocking. Thick and slabby with dirt and grease, it had evidently been dipped in water, squeezed out weakly by tiny fingers, and allowed to stiffen, rough-dry. Miss Margaret took it, handkerchief at face.

Wulfy viewed the stocking in her hand, and a shade of anxiety began to gather in his eyes. Toe and heel looked as if large bites had been taken out of them.

"Can yer tell Santa Claus something?" croaked Wulfy.

"Yes."

"Tell him, then,"—with a look of uncanny wisdom,— "to put the orange in the toe. It can't fall through, yer know, and it'll keep the other things in."

"I will," promised Miss Margaret. And with due solemnity the stocking was hung.

Christmas was not many hours old when

Wulfy came to welcome it. His face was clean in spots, to do honor to the occasion. Miss Margaret took him to the fireplace, his small body tense with expectation.

Santa Claus had remembered! He had remembered everything. There was even the orange in the toe; only, as the stocking was after all a very wee one, it had to be a mandarin. But there were the drum and the pony with real hair, warm stockings too, and mittens, and a muffler: yes, and a knife, and candy and raisins, and a large gold watch which would tick vigorously for over an hour when wound up.

If Miss Margaret had expected a demonstration, she was disappointed. Wulfy received his stocking in silence. The unpacking was an affair of time, for the little hands trembled so that they could not lift the packages nor untie the string, yet no one else was allowed to lay finger on the sacred treasures. At last it was accomplished, and the objects were ranged in a semicircle, Wulfy, cross-legged, like a Hindu idol, in the midst.

Then he broke silence.

"I got a gold watch!" he said, with a shaky sigh.

Nor could another word be extorted from him. This he repeated over and over, gazing at the gilt object as if hypnotized. Not his coveted pony, nor his ball, nor his drum, could hold his attention long. His eyes strayed back to the glittering watch, which he dangled speechless before each new-comer.

It was time for Wulfy to go home; and the journey was a function of state. In vain did Miss Margaret offer to help to carry the packages; he shook his head with determination. "Yer may go with me, though," he announced graciously. "I'd ruther the boys." So Wulfy was laden like a small pack-horse, and started from the house, bundles under each arm and the full stocking slung over his shoulder. By Miss Margaret's side he hobbled joyful but exhausted. His feeble fingers dropped something every few steps, and not a raisin must be lost; his half-paralyzed side bent double under his burdens. As he jogged along, one boy after another of the street-urchins hailed him with surprise and glee, for Wulfy was known to them all.

"Hello, Wulfy!" "My eye, what a Christmas!" "Whatcher got?" met him on all sides. Wulfy's grotesque little figure staggered under its bulky bundles with the proud and serene air of an Eastern prince. Secure in the protection of Miss Margaret, he answered briefly but freely.

"I got a gold watch," was his response to every salutation. As they advanced, the walk became a triumphal procession. Boys sprang up from the paving-stones, poured from the alleys, dropped from the sky. In front marched Wulfy's special friends Jakey and Fritz, as a

guard of honor; behind and around was a crowd of boys of all sizes, hooting, curious and envious, and in the midst trudged Wulfy, laconic in his triumph, his stocking bobbing on his shoulder. The bright gold of the orange showed through the jagged toe. He was growing pale and breathless when at last the cavalcade halted at the entrance to a dilapidated court. He surveyed his followers an instant in silence, then, croaking a little louder than usual, he announced:

"Yer can go back now."

And the boys went.

Miss Margaret waited. She hoped for an invitation to Wulfy's home. But she received none.

"Good-by," said Wulfy with dignity.

Thus dismissed, Miss Margaret murmured meekly, "Good-by," and turned away. But another thought had struck him.

"Wait!" he called. "Where are yer going?"

"To church."

Church was one of the ideas and probably one of the words which lay outside of Wulfy's sphere; but perhaps he associated it dimly with beneficent powers, for he sidled a little nearer and wheezed with a touching sweetness of manner:

"Yer might tell Santa Claus as I liked all this stuff."

For some time after Christmas Wulfy, to use his own phrase, did not "come over." There was nothing surprising in this. He was irresponsible as a squirrel, and often would vanish, no one knew whither, for a month at a time. But at last, on a bitterly cold day, he reappeared. His rags were a little more sparse than usual, his face looked pinched, but he wore his familiar smile.

"Wulfy," said Miss Margaret, "where are your new mittens?"

"I gave 'em to Jakey. Poor Jakey did n't have any," he said, looking at his blue fingers.

"And why don't you wear your nice stockings?" for the little legs were incased in the old rags.

"Them stockings were n't no good."

"Why not?"

"Sho! they fitted tight! Stockings ought ter wrinkle. Like these. Then they keep yer legs warm. See?"

Miss Margaret saw: Wulfy's wisdom was, as usual, convincing.

"I've seen Milly," he announced.

"I'm glad. Was Milly pleased to see you?"

"Yes. She kissed me," he said with shy pleasure. "They're good to her. She has puddens twice a week. I gave Milly my gold watch."

"Why, Wulfy! I thought you liked your gold watch."

"Like it! Guess I did. 'T ain't every feller as has a gold watch. Milly liked it too."

Every shred of his Christmas gifts had vanished. To trace them was impossible. The pony, it seemed, and the candy had also gone to Milly. The knife, the ball, and all the rest had doubtless been distributed among the members of the youthful procession which had followed Wulfy through the street in his hour of triumph. He had not kept a peanut for himself.

"Wulfy," said Miss Margaret soberly one day, willing to try him, "oh, Wulfy, where are your Christmas things? Are n't you sorry they are all gone?"

Wulfy looked sober too for a minute, and his worldly-wise little lip quivered childishly. Then a smile broke over his face, he gave a brief chuckle, as was his wont when pleased, and then croaked jubilantly: "I had 'em once."

Happy Wulfy! In this short sentence he had found a philosophy of life.

And Milly? Did Milly, who was a "bad girl" who had known a wild and secret life, did Milly care for a tin gold watch, for candy, and for a pony on wheels? Did she take them to please the little brother whose clinging loyalty may have been the one tie that held her to good? Or did the child perhaps still live in Milly,—poor Milly, who, although she was bad, was only twelve years old, after all,—and did she like the pony and watch for their own sake, with a little girl's affection? Who shall say!

Wulfy, at least, was happy. Santa Claus had given him the two greatest pleasures in life: the pleasure of possession and the pleasure of sacrifice.

MISS MARGARET went home soon after this: it was a year before she returned to lower New York. The day after her arrival Wulfy "came over." He looked plumper, his face was clean,

and his clothes were neatly patched. Altogether he was a far less uncanny object than of old.

"Good mornin'," said Wulfy, "I've got a new mother. She ain't a friend of my father's. She's a new mother—a real one. She cooks my meals. Look here,"—holding out a fine patch,— "she did that. Look at them pants. I got 'em off my father. She told him to buy 'em for me. Once I did n't go home, and she thought I was lost, and, do yer know, she cried till she was black and blue. She was sorry."

With this wondrous climax he paused, breathless and rapturous. So Wulfy was to know the joy of being missed, of being shielded! He was no longer to depend on the chance kindness of the butcher-lady or the grudging two cents of his father to feed his small body; no longer would he laboriously scrape together stray pennies to buy for himself the shirts that barely covered his thin little chest. The waif of the streets was to be a waif no more. He was to know, though in a rough and poor fashion, something of the kindness of a home. Already the child-face, that of old showed only in rare moments, had become habitual to him; and the wicked and antique wisdom which had overspread it as a mask came back only in flashes now and then. The stunted body and sunny soul might know a little comfort at last. Life was sweet to Wulfy now.

Yet not all sweet. Still there was sorrow; still, disappointment, and desire unfulfilled. For Milly was not at home.

"I goes to see her," said Wulfy. "But I don't tell her about the new mother. I tell her its jist another friend of my father; for if she knew it was a new mother, Milly 'd want ter come home. An' they say she can't come home—yet."

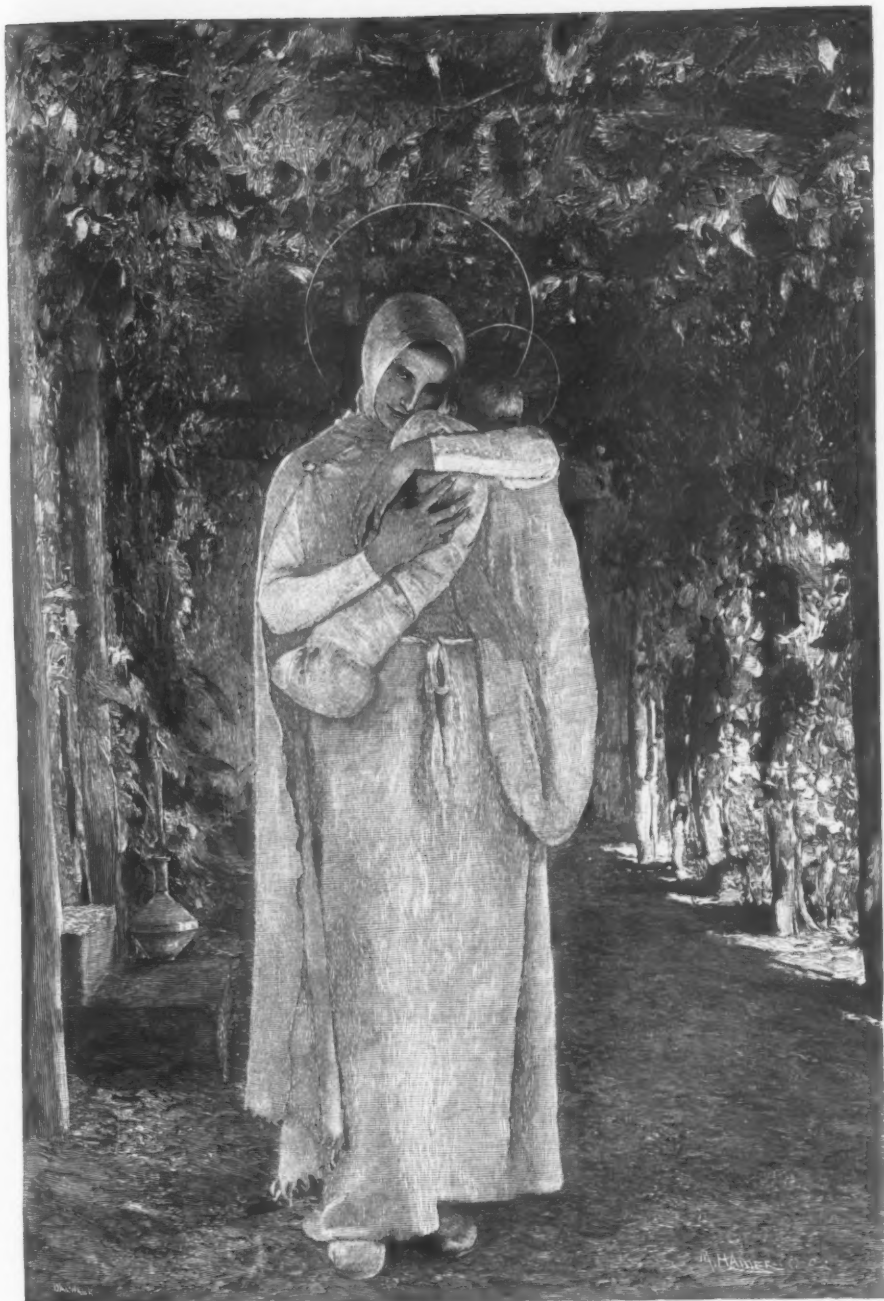
Vida D. Scudder.

AN OFFERTORY.

OH, the beauty of the Christ-child,
The gentleness, the grace,
The smiling, loving tenderness,
The infantile embrace!
All babyhood he holdeth,
All motherhood enfoldeth,—
Yet who hath seen his face?

Oh, the nearness of the Christ-child,
When, for a sacred space,
He nestles in our very homes,—
Light of the human race!
We know him and we love him,
No man to us need prove him,—
Yet who hath seen his face?

Mary Mapes Dodge.



ENGRAVED BY M. HAIDER.

MADONNÀ. BY DAGNAN-BOUVERET.

VOL. XLIII.—36.





THE SONG OF THE BROOK.

(TO LÉONIE CINQ-MARS.)

OH, listen! hush!
As lightening down its path among the grasses,
'Neath brier and spreading bush
Hidden, and fleet
On silvery feet,
The swift brook passes.

Unseen, but heard—
Heard with rapt heart, and brain, and eyes that listen;
Oh, the clear, wild refrain;
The sighs; the rippled laughter;
The songs which have no word
That poet's happiest rime can follow after
Nor truest harp intone;
The low, sweet, stammering talk against the pebbles
That wait to catch
And break its deeper sound in quivering trebles;
The silence, sudden, strange, that seems to snatch
All this glad music to its deep, still heart,
Just for a breath, apart!

Oh, listen! hark!
The woodland voices here imprisoned, blended;
The sway of leaves; the singing tone and splendid
Of mounting lark;
The timid, coaxing chirp that warns the nestling;
The cleft branch, crashing through the startled air;
The ceaseless stir and soft, mysterious rustling
Of hidden insect life
In bark and twig, in moss and crevice moving,
A voiceless world of toil, perchance, and strife,
Perchance of joy and hope, and happy loving.
Hark! the ripe, dropping nuts; the squirrel's chattering calls,
And sounds of dancing feet, as fauns were keeping
Time to the music of its liquid falls
That ever oceanward go leaping, sweeping
Over low, mossy walls,
Down rocky ledges,
Past swirling vines and through the bending sedges.

Strange that the woodland's song, and spelt-out story,
So full and clear,
So whole and rounded to the poet's ear,
Should lose its deep significance and be
Only a breath, a tone—
One of the many murmurs of the sea!

And so, my brook, good-by!
Dumb distance takes thy song, with echo blending
Ripple by ripple, sigh by lingering sigh,
And tear by tear—at last, in silence, ending.
And there is left to me
Only the memory
That fills my soul, still, with thy melody.

Mary Ainge De Vere.



PAINTED BY FRANK HOLL.

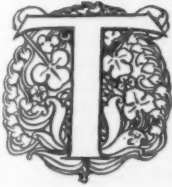
ENGRAVED BY T. JOHNSON.

S. WEIR MITCHELL.

CHARACTERISTICS.

BY S. WEIR MITCHELL, M. D., AUTHOR OF "IN WAR TIME," ETC.

I.



THIS book is a broken record of portions of the lives of certain friends of mine, and of what I, Owen North, physician, have seen and heard. My people, who were of the Society of Friends, came from Wales, and were with Penn in the *Welcome*, but had lapsed from grace and followed the religious guidance of Hicks. I was further emancipated by the study of medicine, which I took to because it interested me and not of necessity, since at the age of twenty-one I was a man of ample means, free to do as I liked. After a year of hospital work, and three years of added study in Europe, I came home to settle in my native city.

Whatever value this irregular account of myself and my friends may have is due to the care with which I have watched the developmental growth of character. I like, therefore, to say at the outset what I appear to myself to have been — leaving the reader who likes to follow me to learn for himself what life did to foster the good or ill that was mine by nature. In early manhood I was shy, reserved, and self-conscious. Always ambitious, and disliking failure, my youth did not supply me with such other competence of motives as to urge me to success in consecutive study. What I liked to do I did fairly well. When older I found that the power to do best what I enjoyed doing led at last to the easier doing of whatever I wished to do. I cannot remember that as a boy any intellectual work had for me the smallest attraction. In those days it was thought in my native city not quite reputable to have no distinct occupation in life, and under this influence I began to study medicine. As I became increasingly interested in the studies of the profession I had chosen, I was curiously surprised to find that the capacity to concentrate my thoughts, which I never had in youth, rapidly grew; in fact I developed later than most men. About the time I began to like scientific study I lost for life the sense of ennui which had been one of the peculiarities of my childhood, and too, with success, became quietly sure of myself and more and more capable of sustained effort. Finally my long absence abroad enabled me usefully to escape from many of the narrowing associations of my youth, and to enter

on life untrammelled. I found, indeed, as I grew older, that the comrades of my youth were no longer such. I had moved away from them; but friendly time brought others whom I learned to love better and with more reason. It is only needful to add that I succeeded in my profession, and at the outbreak of the great civil war was in an enviable position, having a practice far beyond what would have been possible in Europe at my time of life.

The call of war stirred me in many ways. My people had been Friends from the day of their landing in America, but I myself had ceased to be, like them, troubled with scruples as to war. I only hesitated as to how best I could serve my country. That in some way I must do this was clear to me. As to slavery I had been little disturbed; it was a gangrene sure in time to die of its own accursedness. But the thought of a dismembered land, and, above all, the final insult of Sumter, settled for me, as it did for thousands, what I ought to do.

I soon saw that as a surgeon I could be of most use. I was, as the world goes, rich, and had no need to consider the future. Accordingly I gave up all my appointments, and entered the service as an assistant surgeon in the regular army. Of this life I mean to say little.

I could wish that some one would fitly record the immense services of my profession during the great war, but this is not the place to do so; and I content myself with the merely personal statement that I was almost incessantly occupied with field duty. This open-air life gave me the physical vigor I somewhat lacked; and this I saw occur in many others. Despite the cripples made by war, and those who came out of it diseased, I am disposed to think that the survivors returned to civil life with, on the whole, a larger capital of available health than the like number would have possessed had there been no contest. I was soon to learn in person how valuable was this toughening process.

We were lying before Petersburg, very weary of the siege, with its many failures. An attack at dawn on the left flank of Lee's extending lines necessitated the usual ambulance service, and for this I was detailed. The effort on our part failed, and the return attack cut off for a time my ambulance party and a number of wounded. We were in a rather dense wood, and remained unperceived until toward evening; nor was it prudent to attempt escape. The firing had been distant and irregular most

of the day, and near dark, hearing the groans of wounded men somewhat nearer to the edge of the wood, I took a sergeant and two men, and went in search of them. There were many dead, and, lying among them, three more or less badly hurt; one of these needed immediate amputation of an arm, and we set about this at once. Meanwhile a sharp firing broke out on the right; the balls began to fly over us so that the twigs fell about us from the trees. Rarely does a man have to operate under fire. This time it fell upon me to do so, and as I began my assistant suddenly cried out, "It is no use, doctor." A sharp convulsion shook the body of the wounded man, and, looking up, I saw that a bullet had gone through his head. A moment later I felt a blow on the back of my neck, and lost consciousness.

I cannot say how long I remained insensible. By degrees I began to see the trees, the moon, and the swift hurry of clouds across its brightness. I faintly remember that at first I connected their quick motion with retreat and failure, and was hurt with the shame of it. Then again I lost it all, and for a time—how long I do not know—rose to brief spells of dream-haunted consciousness. The sadness of dawn was in the sky before I was fully myself. I heard the moan of wounded men, and knew that it was my duty to take care of them. I tried to rise, and could not; my arms and legs were alike motionless. I made an immense effort, and knew that it was in vain. I was also paralyzed as to sensation, and could not feel that I touched the ground. But about my neck I felt the blood dried stiff in my collar. I must, however, have been still bleeding freely, for again I lost myself while divided between wonder and horror at my state.

At about sunrise I was awakened by familiar voices, and presently was rolled over and inspected by a hospital steward and one of my brother surgeons, to whom were soon added two line officers. I could not speak, but could hear more and more easily as they lifted me to a stretcher and made my obituary in a few brief and not altogether eulogistic phrases, with a final remark by a captain that "He treated me at Cold Harbor and got me a long sick-leave, and gave durned little medicine, too."

One man remarked, "Good fellow, but a dreamy sort of a cuss." And thus, having died for my country, and heard its opinion of me in little, I came to myself. As my bearers trudged along I had first a misty recognition of the fun of it, then curiosity as to where I was hit, but at length pain in my neck from the to-and-fro roll of the stretcher as my bearers, keeping step from habit, moved toward camp.

At last I was able to say, "Break step. I'm not dead."

"By George! The doctor's alive!" exclaimed one of my aids, and so, after this excursion out of my wits, I got into a good tent and, after a more thorough examination, was sent home to die.

A bullet had passed through the muscles at the back of my neck and paralyzed the spinal column without directly wounding it. For several months I lay quite powerless, all that there was of me within control of my will being the head and its contents. I could not stir arm or leg; I even spoke with difficulty; and would awake gasping for breath at night, because my will was more or less needed to keep my chest in motion.

I was for weeks, as I well knew, on the margin of another world, and absolutely clear in mind to consider the peril. I had no wish to die, despite my horrible state, for I had no pain, and it is pain which makes the ill man indifferent to living. Neither did the nearness of death alarm me. I remember that I concluded that the naturalness of death must be strongly set in our instinctive being, because, although I have seen many wounded or ill men die slowly without suffering, and fully possessed of reason, obvious fear of death, when death is near, scarcely exists, and most men, under these conditions, seem to await their fate with calmness. In fact, I can recall only one case where a man, conscious of death at hand, showed intensity of fear.

I lay at rest, if rest it can be called, in my own rooms, and had all that means could give me. Friends I had too, for I have a talent for friendship, and these came and sat with me or read to me. I remember, however, that some who were very dear to me in health did not seem to fit into my new conditions of life, and that in my helplessness the women whom I was able to see were always the more acceptable visitors. I suspect that at this time I must have been very sensitive. Certain persons depressed me; I could not easily say why others soothed. Now and then came some one who made me feel as though I had taken a strong tonic.

This priceless gift nature has given only to a few. It cannot be acquired; no imitation of it succeeds; nor is its quality easy of analysis. It is not manner, neither is it dependent on a sanguine temperament, as one might fancy. Nor is it a part of such mere unthinking manners as make some men always willing to predict success. One comes here to the question of professional manners, a delicate matter of which I thought a good deal as I became a more and more sensitive human instrument. There is no place where good breed-

ing has so sweet a chance as at the bedside. There are many substitutes, but the sick man is a shrewd detective, and soon or late gets at the true man inside of the doctor.

I know, alas! of men who possess cheap manufactured manners adapted, as they believe, to the wants of "the sick-room"—a term I loathe. According to the man and his temperament do these manners vary, and represent sympathetic cheerfulness or sympathetic gloom. They have, I know, their successes and their commercial value, and may be of such skilful make as to deceive for a time even clever women, which is saying a great deal for the manufacturer. Then comes the rarer man who is naturally tender in his contact with the sick, and who is by good fortune full of educated tact. He has the dramatic quality of instinctive sympathy, and, above all, knows how to control it. If he has directness of character too, although he may make mistakes (as who does not?), he will be, on the whole, the best adviser for the sick, and the completeness of his values will depend upon mental qualities which he may or may not possess in large amount.

But over and above all this there is, as I have urged, some mystery in the way in which certain men refresh the patient with their presence. I fancy that every doctor who has this power—and sooner or later he is sure to know that he has it—also learns that there are days when he has it not. It is in part a question, of his own physical state; at times the virtue has gone out of him.

The gift is not confined to men. One middle-aged woman had it for me when I lay helpless in my palsied state. She was a person so simple, so direct, so easily sure to do and so certain to abide by the right thing, that to unthinking people she may have appeared to be commonplace. An angelic form of good sense dominated by tenderness underlay the positiveness of her character and was a part of her nature. Moreover, she possessed also sense of humor, that gentlest helpmate in life. I do not mean that she was creatively humorous; she was only appreciatively and apprehensively humorous.

I had a rather grim but most able surgeon. He seemed to me to have a death-certificate ready in his pocket. He came, asked questions, examined me as if I were a machine, and was too absorbed in the *physical me* to think about that *other me* whose tentacula he knocked about without mercy, or without knowledge that tenderness was needed. Our consultant was a physician with acquired manners. He always agreed with what I said, and was what I call aggressively gentle; so that he seemed to me to be ever saying with calm self-approval, "See how gentle I am." I am told that with

women he was delightfully positive, and I think this may have been true, but he was incapable of being firm with the obstinate. His formulas distressed me, and were many. He was apt to say, as he entered my room, "Well, and how are we to-day?" And this I hated, because I once knew a sallow undertaker who, in the same fashion, used to associate himself with the corpse, and comfort the living with the phrase, "We are looking quite natural to-day."

My soft-mannered and mellifluous doctor who thought well of himself was nevertheless a most intelligent physician; but some people possess no mirror for social conduct, and the court fool, who tells men the truth, is out of fashion. He went along in life not knowing how absurd he was at times. To have known would have lessened his usefulness. Self-ignorance is sometimes an essential condition of utility.

My good little woman friend supplied me with what my doctors did not, and to this day I cannot tell how she did it. Despite, however, her too rare visits, and those of others who were less helpful, I had a horrible amount of time on my hands. Much reading wearied me, and so I lay imprisoned within the limits of my memories, or took a curious interest in the minutiae of the little life or action I could see in my room or through my windows. I watched for long months the leaves come and flourish and depart from a tree (a horse-chestnut across the street), and saw its varnished buds unfold to queer insect shapes and then spread out into green tents. The spider which spun on my window-pane I would not allow to be disturbed, and even the flies were sources of interest. Far away were two weathercocks; one was too motionlessly conservative to stir with the breeze, but now and then, when the wind was east, it was correct. It seemed to me like the man with one unchanging opinion, and with whom the world comes some day to agree. The other cock was an honest, mutable fellow, and warned me that a norther was on the way to torment me, as it always did, with a horrible sense of futile restlessness. I used to lie and wonder whether the cock was chosen for a sign of changeful winds because it was a reminder to the unstable Peter. But these trifles are of the intimate life of chronic sickness, and perhaps are of little interest to the thoughtless who are well.

The man thus imprisoned within himself recovers by effort a vast amount of memorial property presumed to have been lost. If I shut my eyes and lay still, as, indeed, I had to do, and then seized firmly on some remembrance of verse or prose or events, by degrees it seemed to aggregate other memories long forgotten. It was like a process of crystallization—to stir up the fluid is apt to disturb the formative action.

If I stopped to think, compare, and conclude, I found that I interfered with the process of accumulative recollection. My favorite amusement was to recall men I had known, and to construct for them in my mind characters out of what I had seen or heard of them under the varying conditions of camp, battle, or wounds. This would lead me to anticipate what their future lives would be and how in certain crises of existence they might act. I did this also for myself over and over, until it seemed to me that I could be sure of my precise conduct under any and almost every variety of circumstances. Some of the insights I thus won by these excursions into the puzzle-land of character used to startle me at times, because it seemed as though the concentration and intensity of attention imposed upon me by my state enabled me, from the memory of a single interview or incident, to work out easily the whole characteristics of a man. This power did not continue in as full force when my conditions of life were altered. What it left with me was an unusual fondness for the study of men and women, and this I take to be a rare taste, because although people make guesses at character, and novelists and dramatists are presumed to study it for a purpose, and some men of affairs have an almost instinctive appreciation of what a man in contact with a given matter will do, the tendency to study character for its own sake from a naturalist's point of view is most uncommon. In fact, too, the businessman's working knowledge of character and the writer's are distinct, says George Eliot; the former cannot put in words what he uses any more than the latter can use in the give and take of life what he can so well put on paper.

I look back with surprise at the months I passed as a crippled man, my head alone alive. My cheerfulness was due to temperament, and also to what I may call the temperament of my disease, for people who have spinal lesions without pain are apt to be more calm and un-irritable than those who have certain visceral disorders. Consumptives are said to be hopeful, but the sick liver predicts damnation. A learned divine said a thing of extraordinary wisdom when he announced that no man, however secure he may be in mind as to his future life, ever dies a triumphant death with disease below the diaphragm.

On the 8th of May, 1866, I observed that I could wiggle the second toe of my left foot. I have ever since had a peculiar affection for this little sub-member of my locomotive organs. Head and toe were now both alive, and seemed to salute each other across a length of motionless body. I indicated this immense fact to my affable doctor. He put on his glasses and looked. Then he said, "You will get well."

To which I replied, "I always was sure of that."

I saw that it was disagreeable to him to be thus anticipated by hope, and so said no more. In the evening he brought the consulting surgeon, and triumphantly pointed out the prophetic conduct of this hitherto uninteresting part of me.

I am not concerned to dwell upon the medical details of my case except as they bear upon life or character. Sensation came back first, and in about a month I could move both legs and arms; but I had become the victim of a new experience. As my locomotive powers increased I suffered agonizing pain in the back and neck and arms. It was almost my first enduring personal sensation of acute pain, and it lasted long enough to enable me to make acquaintance with every variety of torment. Civilized mankind has of will ceased to torture, but in our process of being civilized we have won, I suspect, intensified capacity to suffer. The savage does not feel pain as we do; nor, as we examine the descending scale of life, do animals seem to have the acuteness of pain-sense to which we have arrived, a fact I have often observed in regard to wounded horses on the battle-field. I had at one time served awhile as assistant surgeon in the wards of a hospital to which were sent most of the bad cases of wounded nerves. In this abode of torment, where sixty thousand hypodermatic injections of morphia were given and needed within a year, I saw every form of suffering. But personal acquaintance with pain is quite another matter. It inclines me to think that every doctor ought to go through a sharp little course of colic, gout, and, if you please, a smart fit of hysterics before venturing on the practice of his profession. An old friend of mine used to say that all clergymen should have a mild education in iniquity as a preparation for their career, but this I hardly hold to as a serious opinion.

Assuredly I had never realized the influential qualities of pain as I now came to do. Of all the means not of his own making which degrade, debase, and morally ruin a man, pain seems to be the most potent. I became irritable, perverse, ungrateful, and selfish. I lay abed thinking how I could put my tortures into language descriptive enough to impress the infernal calm of that placid doctor, who came and went, and was as cool as I had been in the wards of that museum of anguish to which I have above referred. I had been wont to think and speak philosophically of pain, but this continual and ingeniously varied torture was to me a novel experience, and left on my mind the belief that certainly an abode of eternal torment would have the effect of making men hopelessly regret lost opportunities, but would

as surely make them morally worse, if it left them leisure to think at all.

I steadily resisted all efforts to induce me to use sedatives until one day, toward evening, when I had a new performance in my hands, as if they were being rasped with hot files. Then I yielded, and my doctor gave me a hypodermatic injection of morphia. I lay awake all night in perfect comfort, heedless of the passage of time, and wondering at the bliss of relief. 'T was heaven bought with hell, for the next day I was doubly tormented.

None who have not known long chronic illness can conceive of the misery enforced idleness inflicts on a man used to active life. This intensity of ennui, comparable only to that which some children suffer, is eased by morphia. The hours go by almost joyously. Misfortunes trouble no longer. One drifts on an enchanted sea. This death of ennui is the most efficient bribe which opium offers.

I dreamed a great deal during my long sickness, and not always unpleasantly. At one time, in my younger life, I read that Lord Coke kept a diary of his dreams, in the belief that from them he could learn more of his true character. Before I took morphia I followed his example for a time, dictating my dreams to my nurse; but I soon tired of this, as I observed that often in dreaming I could, as it were, examine my own mental state, and always to the effect of concluding that what I did, said, or thought was as I would have done under the like circumstances when awake, except that I rarely seemed to myself to laugh in dreams, whereas, when awake, life was full of humorous aspects to me. Under morphia I was capable of mirthful visions, which occurred to me while I was awake at night. Dreams are very personal things, and this may be why my father always insisted to me when a child that it was bad manners to relate dreams, and certainly nothing interests one less than to be told the dreams of another man. I had, however, two experiences in this matter which are so amusing and curious that I venture to relate them as additions to the rather grim literature of opium.

I had taken one night a grain of morphia, and then another like dose, and thereupon passed into a sweet sleep. In an hour I awoke and began to see things, chiefly scenes from the "Arabian Nights," and then, abruptly, the following:

I had been for some years, as I have said, in practice in a great city, and now I saw my little study with all its belongings set out clearly in the darkness of my chamber. A maid servant entered and told me that a patient wished to see me. I said, or seemed to say, "Ask him to walk in." Upon which the

woman opened both leaves of the folding-door between me and my waiting-room. This excited my wonder until I saw enter with difficulty a man of enormous bulk. He looked at the chairs, and finally sat down with care on a lounge, remarking:

"At hotels I have to be careful; they put it in the bill."

The vision went on, and I apparently said, "What can I do for you?"

"As a gentleman," he returned, "I cannot go further without a warning. I want to consult you, but I cannot in justice do so until I say that whenever I mention a symptom to a doctor it leaves me and goes to him."

"Really!" I exclaimed, incredulously.

"Yes. They all tell me that I am a crank; that this is a peculiar delusion, and the like."

"Go on," I said. "It is easily tested."

As I replied I noticed that his eyes were singular, the iris and pupil being quite double the ordinary diameters. The color was a dead gray, and the organs in question had a malicious fixity of expression.

"Pray go on," I repeated. "Are you in earnest?"

"I have a severe pain in my back, about the lumbar region on the left."

Instantly I myself felt a sharp pain just in the part mentioned, and I put my hand to it, or seemed to, for the arms were still unable to move freely.

"Aha! I was right; you doctors are all skeptical."

"Nonsense," I returned. "This is not strange enough to convince a reasoning man."

"The last fellow said it was a coincidence."

"Go on."

"Oh, very well. I am blind in my left eye."

At once I covered my right eye, and knew that he was right. I was unable to see anything.

"That will do," said I, faintly. "Stop."

"Yes. You cannot say that I did not warn you. It may interest you to know that as I came up the street I left eleven symptoms with different doctors. One was difficult to satisfy; he got an enlarged liver, emphysema of the left lung, and varicose veins. I have seen but one reasonable doctor, and it, or she (for the doctor was a woman), said she always carried away some of her patients' symptoms, and would have nothing to do with me."

At this he rose, and I also attempted to do the same, but found that my armchair rose with me.

"What horrible thing is this?" I said.

"I forgot!" he exclaimed. "How shall I ever forgive myself! Now it is too late. I ought to have told you that as my aches and ailments leave me to settle in the body of the doctor, so also does my flesh, which, as you see, is un-

duly great. A few days more and I shall have left the rest of my excess in Boston. There no one believes anything old, and everybody believes anything new."

"Please to go away," I said; and I saw him waddle slowly out of the room.

The notes of this queer vision I managed to make my nurse write for me the next morning. Its oddness to me consisted in the fact that it amused me as it passed before me, and that I appeared to be at the time watching myself, as if I, the watcher, were one, and I, the actor, another person—not a very rare state in ordinary dreams.

These opium visions were of a definiteness which is never found in the dreams of sleep, and they were rarely unpleasant. I could not command their presence. For many nights I would sleep well under morphia, and then pass a night of entire wakefulness haunted by spectacular scenes. I promised to limit myself to the telling of only two; both had some relation to things in which I had been especially interested. Thus I had once experimented with care on myself to learn how most safely to reduce an excess of fat; and my second vision was in some way the outcome of a paper I wrote as a student.

I was of a sudden in the laboratory of the foremost of American chemists, and had arranged an apparatus so that on one side of a piece of tanned rhinoceros-hide I placed bisulphid of carbon, and on the other an agent well known to my dream state, but, alas! lost to the memory of daylight. My chemical friend smiled blandly as I told him that osmotic currents would slowly form in the course of months, and, my bisulphid of carbon being very gradually decomposed, crystals of carbon, or, in other words, diamonds, would be formed on the surface of the membrane. Having arranged my apparatus, it was put into a safe. I remember to have felt the most profound interest, not unmixed with amusement, at what I did, and I was annoyed when the laboratory faded away and a Druidical procession appeared in a grove. At last I had a distinct sense of gratification as again the laboratory appeared, and my friend stood before the open safe. I carefully drew out the tray on which stood the dialyzer. On the top of the membrane were several dull-looking stones, one as large as a walnut. My friend took this up, and crossed the room. In a minute he came back, saying: "You have made seven hundred thousand dollars' worth of diamonds. This lesser one is of perfect water; the large one is a little blue."

I said that I knew I should succeed.

"It will be very useful in the arts," returned my friend. "I shall like to have about two dozen of the size of a pigeon's egg to enable me to make certain studies in chemical physics."

Now this was pretty much what the man would have desired, and would have asked under like circumstances. The scientific aspect of the matter would for him have been the only one, and it did seem to me odd that, without act of will of which I was cognizant, he should thus speak through me with the simplicity and directness which are a part of his character. Again, it was characteristic of me that some of the moral developments of the affair should present themselves. However, without more comment, I will relate my further remembrance of it as it was written down next day.

I answered his desire by a promise that he should have what he wanted, and went on to say: "What shall we do? I may make ten millions in diamonds, and then cease, and never reveal the method; or I may at once publish it, in which case all the diamonds in the world become as glass, and multitudes of people are ruined. And what will the women say?"

"Some one must continue to make diamonds," said my friend. "There are numberless uses for them which their cost now forbids."

But I could not consent to make a fortune, sell my diamonds, and then render them valueless to those to whom I had sold them.

"It is a difficult problem," said he.

"It is an impossible one," said I; and here the vision ended in some wild cavern scene, for neither will nor wish on my part had power to detain a picture, nor to secure the continuance of one of these dramatic visions where I was the whole company and the whole audience.

II.

I WAS a year in bed before I could walk, or even stand, but my recovery was then rapid and complete. Pain I knew by this time in a wonderful variety of forms, but of whatever it finally did of good or evil to me I shall say but little. The evil was immediate, the good remote or indirect. If any man wants to learn sympathetic charity, let him keep pain subdued for six months by morphia, and then make the experiment of giving up the drug. By this time he will have become irritable, nervous, and cowardly. The nerves, muffled, so to speak, by narcotics, will have grown to be not less sensitive, but acutely, abnormally capable of feeling pain, and of feeling as pain a multitude of things not usually competent to cause it. I did what I have known one other human being to do, and that a woman. After several efforts to get rid of my foe by degrees, I shut myself up in my room, and, declining to see any physician, fought it out alone and unaided. At the close of two weeks I could sleep without morphia, but of the torture of that fortnight I have even now scarce courage to

think. The victory left me, as to my body, a wreck, but made me forever tender to those who are under the despotic rule of this and other as hurtful habits. I learned also how much of character is a question of health, and this too has had for me its value in life.

At the close of two years I was well and as vigorous as ever, but the wound and its consequence left with me one other result for which I was not prepared. I took a growing dislike to the profession of which I had been proud, having looked forward to being enabled to apply myself wholly to the study of the science of medicine rather than to its general practice. I suppose that I could have conquered my feelings, and that in time they would have left me; but I had no need to make a fight, and as yet my power of self-government was not what it had been. I disliked most of all the idea of practising among disorders like my own. This I cannot understand, but I may say that patients who have grave chronic maladies which they know to be fatal are, as a rule, indisposed to hear of the sad needs of like cases among the poor; nor, if rich, do they especially incline to help these, or to provide for them in any way. I am, as I have said, a student of character, but this peculiarity has never been quite explicable to me, and that it has had noble exceptions only serves to emphasize the existence of the mass of facts which prove my point. I saw pretty soon that I was in no condition to make a struggle, and so gave it up for a time, and went abroad.

While in Europe I amused myself with a close study of the characteristics of the Slav, the Teutonic, and the Celtic races, and for this purpose lived much among all classes. Some of my conclusions are to be found in my volume on the "Influence of Language on Character," which is, of course, but a part of a larger subject. I am not wholly satisfied as yet with my method of treating this matter, but I am quite certain that if to-day France and Germany were suddenly and miraculously to interchange tongues, the two nations would shortly undergo some unlooked-for alterations. I have known several people whose superficial characteristics were quite different according as they spoke French or English, although they were as fluent in the one as in the other. I know of one woman who is common and ill-bred as an Englishwoman, but who, when she speaks French, which she knows well, is apparently well-mannered and rather attractive. Nor, as we reflect, does this seem altogether strange when we consider how much national character has to do with the evolution of language and how impossible exact translation is. I have heard a man say that to read or speak French made him feel gay, and that the effect of like uses of German was quieting.

The second part of my work on national characteristics was to have been on the relative conception and valuation of truth, and then of courage, among nations. I was interrupted in the study by a call home on a matter of business which involved a large amount of money and allowed of no delay.

On my return I found that a certain Western capitalist, a man already of vast fortune obtained by modern methods, had succeeded in depressing what are fantastically termed securities connected with a short railroad, and that a good deal of my means was likely to disappear in the process of adding a million or more to the hoards of a great gambler.

What was worse, my father, who had had charge of many trusts, had confidently invested certain excesses of income for the widow of a friend in the securities in question, and for years their rise in value had justified him. But now came a robber who, by a variety of methods, succeeded in injuring the road with the intention of buying it in at a low rate as a bankrupt concern. In the case just mentioned a sick woman and two children relied largely on the income hitherto coming to them with regularity, and I felt that, as regards these victims, I must make good their losses. I was told by business men that this was absurd; that my father had acted in good faith and within the law; that it was no one's fault that their sources of income had failed these people.

It became more and more clear to me on my way home that I was to be a serious loser, and I went at once to consult a friend of whom I shall have, by and by, more to say. When I entered his office, Frederick Vincent was talking with Clayborne, another friend of both of us, and whom I had not met since my recent return. Clayborne looked like a giant out of business. A tall, stalwart man, clumsily strong, he stooped a little, and carried off but ill his unusual stature. To shake hands with this huge creature was a serious matter. He was innocently given to crushing the hand one confided to his grip in a fashion which not insignificantly reminded one of the way in which he was apt to deal with the emotions or prejudices even of those he loved the best.

"I have been to see you both," I said, "and did see Mrs. Vincent."

It was pleasant to feel sure how glad these men were to welcome me. As I explained the reason for my sudden return Vincent's face took on that look of grave intensity of attention which so inspired confidence in his advice. The large ruggedness of Clayborne's features underwent no change, but he, too, set himself to listen, and now and then made a note.

"Well," I said, after fully stating the situation, "it is my good fortune to have found you together. I come prepared to take whatever

counsel you may give. Does the law offer me any chance, Vincent?"

"You might as well go to law with a cyclone," growled Clayborne.

"No," said Vincent; "I think we might beat him in time; but it would be costly, might take two years or more, and, frankly, my dear Owen, I do not think you could stand it. Commercial men have no idea what a torture business—complicated business—may become to—"

"To one like me, Fred? You are right, quite right. I could not stand it."

"I would not go to law," continued Vincent, "and I see no other way out, except to sell and accept the loss."

"Transfer your interest to me," said Clayborne, "and let me fight it for you; I shall enjoy the row. It won't hurt me."

"No; I cannot do that."

"And what else will you do?"

"I must go West, and look into the state of the road. If it seem hopeless, I shall sell out and make good the losses of the woman I spoke of."

"Nonsense!" exclaimed Clayborne.

Vincent said nothing.

"Do tell the boy not to make an ass of himself," said Clayborne, who was, I should have said, by many years our senior.

Vincent smiled. "In a year or two, you, under like circumstances, would do the same as Owen. Your moral mill grinds slowly, my friend, but I have observed that it is pretty sure at last."

"But no man's conscience—not the most scrupulous—"

"Pardon me, Clayborne," interrupted Vincent; "it is not a case of conscience or of honesty."

"And of what then?"

"Men used to call it honor," said Vincent, gently, without reproach or cynicism in his manner.

"Confound it!" said Clayborne, slowly rising. "The note is above my moral gamut. I am like the people who cannot hear the squeak of a mouse."

"Nevertheless, Owen is right."

After this I went away to my hotel, reflecting as I walked along on the possible character of my robber. Here was a man with overmuch who wanted more. Was this avarice, or was it due to the pleasure he found in a game played without scruple? A famous burglar once told me that it was largely the excitement and the immense obstacles in the way which made him a plunderer of safes. Perhaps my foe had a certain joy in the complexity of the game of destruction; yet it must have been also that he loved mere money, because no one ever heard of his having suddenly restored a road to its ruined owners, as one sets up tenpins it has been a pleasure successfully to bowl over.

Had he never been threatened? Did he fear no wild justice, the outcome of the agony or madness of some one who saw wife and children beggared and himself too old or too ill to renew the fierce battle of life? My robber financier must have the courage of his guilt or lack predictive imagination.

Meanwhile the process of ruin went on, and, quite helpless, I resolved at once to carry out my plan of investigation. Accordingly I went straight to the great Western city which was one terminus of the road in question. A few days made plain to me how rapidly my bandit had matured his plans.

On my arrival in L—— I found two letters. One, from Vincent, said:

I send you a blank check. You must not be incommoded by this scoundrel, or let this trouble break up your life plan. I shall leave you in my will the amount you draw, and you can then repay my estate. Anne and I have talked it over.

The other was from Clayborne.

Dear Owen: It is immensely pleasant to be able to help a man make a fool of himself. If you do not let me pay that woman I will give the money to a homeopathic hospital. You may choose as to which folly I shall commit.

Yours, C——.

I said to myself, these are some of the sweet uses of adversity. So, having made up my mind to accept the loss, and having taken my ticket for the homeward journey, I went out quite at rest in mind to wander in L—— for the hour or two yet left to me. Pausing in the street to ask of an elderly man a light for my cigar, I inquired the name of the owner of a huge house at the corner. The man replied, "Why, that's Xerxes Z——'s. Guess you're a stranger. I knowed him when he was a boy; blacked my boots many a time. Wonder what he'd take to black 'em now?" Surprised to hear thus the name of my foe, I went on; but the house attracted me, and presently I turned back. Then I crossed over, and just at that moment the door was opened by a rather frowzy maid. A sudden impulse seized me. I would see this man if he were at home, and if he were not I would go away, and accept tranquilly the misfortune his avarice had created for me. The woman said Mr. Z—— was at home, and showed me through an unfurnished hall into the parlor. The house was an old one with open grates in which blazed fierce anthracite fires. The furniture was ugly but not extravagant.

I had no plan in mind. I would at least learn what manner of creature this was, and have the poor comfort before I left of telling him what the world of the honest thought of him and his ways.

As a preliminary to our interview, I glanced about me hastily. Several large Swiss landscapes adorned the walls, and there was also an excellent oil-painting of a man in a red shirt casting for trout beside a quiet pool. Near it was a clever sketch of the same sturdy person caressing a beautiful setter. On a marble center-table were piled a few books: a volume of American scenery, Bryant, Longfellow, and Tupper, all with a certain stiffness of back symptomatic of lack of use. One, gorgeously bound, was "Travels in the Holy Land," a gift from the Rev. P. Y. to Xerxes Z., Esq. A volume on the "Education of the Young," by the same to the same. Also memoir of "Travels in Strange Lands," affectionately and gratefully dedicated to X. Z., by his pastor, P. Y. My knowledge was accumulating. In the darkened back parlor was a full length of the fisherman by a great English artist. It looked as if the painter had found pleasure in labeling the visage with his own opinion of the sitter. I wondered at the courage, or the ignorance, which could accept such a vivid commentary; but, as I have said, it was rather too dark to see well this or other portraits, and, observing a single square green volume on the table, I walked back with it to the lighter room, and stood with wonder looking over its few pages. It was made up of old pamphlets containing chess problems, and at the close was an account, written in 1760, of the famous automaton chess-player. On the fly-leaf was the autograph of Von Kempelen, the inventor.

As I looked over the queer little book, puzzled and interested, and knowing, too, something of the fate of the great and really historical figure which had played with Maria Theresa, Frederick the Great, and Napoleon, I heard a heavy footfall, and my host entered—a man tall and broad, with ruddy, coarse, and large features borne on a head which was carried well back and up.

I said, "Mr. X. Z., I presume? And first, before we talk, let me replace this book which I brought from the back room. As a chess-player it interested me."

"All right," he said, and sat down while I disposed of the book, and came back to my host, who was still seated.

"Set down," he said. "What is it you want? If you're a reporter, my secretary will attend to you."

"No; I am not a reporter. To go at once to the mark, I want a half-hour's talk with you."

"You can't have it unless it interests me. What's it about?"

"About the P. L. and C. Railroad."

"Oh, yes; go ahead. That is interesting. Papers say I'm whittlin' it up to buy the chips low."

"Are you not?"

"Well, you are a cool hand. What's in all this? Who sent you?"

"I am a considerable owner of the stock and bonds," I said, "and, as I see that these are tumbling pretty fast, and observe that you have diverted all the natural coal and goods traffic to a longer loop line, and that some one is shoveling the stock out in heaps, I concluded that you are the man who, having organized arrangements to injure my little road, will step in some day and secure the property of myself and others."

I supposed that he would be angry. Not at all. He slowly stroked his long grizzled beard, smiled as I went on, and as I ended said:

"Is that all?"

"No; not quite. I want your advice as to what I shall do."

"Suppose that I tell you to go to the devil?"

"But you will not, or you would have done so at once. I promised to interest you, and you are interested, and, besides, it would be like—well—I could n't go there, because I am there now."

"There? Oh, I see. I am the devil, am I, and you want advice? Sell out."

"I cannot afford to do that. That is diabolical advice."

"Well, hold on."

"That means almost total loss. You are advising me from your point of view; reverse it, and take mine, and then, with what you know, say do this or that. I shall do as you say."

"Oh, will you? I won't do it; it ain't business. Mind, I ain't said I'm in this thing at all. By George! my son Peter's in the same boat as you. He wants advice too. He thinks he's clever. Well—I advised him, I did. I give him high-class advice. He was grateful, that boy. Hope it'll last. Are n't we gettin' off the track?"

"Yes; I'm sorry for Peter. Of course you must keep up financial discipline."

"That's good. I'll tell Peter that financial discipline must be kep' up in one's own family circle."

"And now, as you have admitted to being in this scheme—"

"I—I did—did I?"

"Yes; you rose to my third fly."

"Look here, I won't stand this. Suppose I am in it? Suppose I am not in it?"

"But you not only rose to my fly, you took it too. You're hooked. Once you are in an affair you go through. You began to advise me, and it is not in your character to fail. Advice is what you yourself, with your knowledge and in like circumstances, would accept. You say, hold on. I cannot. You are trifling, and that is not your nature. You might have

said, I will not advise. I should have taken that, and left; but now you are pledged to find me a way out, and a safe way. You are hooked, and it is time I reeled you in. Three runs are enough."

My host rose up, and set two heavy paws on the table behind which I sat. He looked for all the world like some strong plantigrade beast of the grizzly type. For a moment he regarded me with curiosity, and then broke into a roar of laughter which shook the bulky chandelier-pendants above us. I remained tranquil. At last he said:

"Who 's been a-blowin' to you about me?"

"No one."

"Oh, come now. I rose to the fly, did I?"

"Yes; it looked new to you, and up you came. Fatal curiosity."

"Oh, it is all very well to compare me to a trout, but no man was ever took that simple. I'd like to have old Phil Sleeper with a hook in his gills and a long line and quick water and a multiplyin' reel—hang him."

"I am not Phil Sleeper. The case is reversed."

"Is it? Why, you must be a fisherman yourself. Come here and see this picture. I had Simmons do that; it is just at the outlet of Moosehead. I'm fast to a cast of eight pounds—one five, one three. Ever tie your own flies?"

"Sometimes."

"This morning, I suppose?"

"Yes."

"Rather curious, is n't it, that two men as different as you and me should like the same sort of things—fly-fishin', chess?"

"And how are we different?" I said, much amused.

"You're the queerest man I ever saw—a whole menagerie. By the time you're ten years older you won't have a dollar. How 's that for a guess?"

"Not a bad one. And here is one for you. Some day you will go to bits. I see it in your face."

"Why, I've been worth millions three times, and not a cent next day. Safe this time; got it solid."

"I'm not sure. One more smash, and your nervous system won't stand it. What advice have you? You have wasted quite time enough. Three long runs, sulked a little, two or three dangerous jumps. Now I propose to reel in. You like a man who can outwit you; he is the only thing you esteem on earth."

"That's so. Tell you what I'll do. If you can beat me one game at chess I'll take your stock at par."

"And bonds?"

"Yes; last offer."

"I'll do it," I said.

"Then you're done for, young man. Come along. Who riz to the fly this time?"

I followed him into a small room, bare of furniture except a desk, chess-table, and spittoons. I was looked upon as a good second-rate among our local players, and had a pretty clear idea that I should win. He chuckled as we went in, and, sitting down, arranged the board. He won the move, and opened with the famous but little-known Catapult gambit. I replied with Herr Strombalovsky's defense, and the game went on. I soon saw that he was quite my equal. Presently, having a little view ahead, and his queen being in trouble, I said, "Did you ever see Maelzel's automaton?"

"Never," he returned, abstractedly.

"It used to be in Philadelphia; was burned up; said 'check' in its last moments. Queer that, was it not?"

"Oh, look here, there's a lot of money in this game. If you think—"

I had accustomed myself to talk to a bystander while playing chess, because I found that constant attention never helped me, and that a few moments of intense concentration between moves got the best results out of my chess capacities. I thought a moment, and castled the king. This altered the situation, and while he studiously contemplated the game I went on talking.

"I have an old Dutch treatise on chess. There is one splendid gambit. Never been published. You begin with the king castle's pawn."

"Nonsense! Oh, look here," he said, "I don't believe in new gambits. What is it, anyway? You wait till we're done. Bet you five hundred dollars it is n't new."

Then he moved a knight.

"Check," said I. "I have myself two books of ends of games belonging to Von Kempelen." He made no answer, but moved a bishop to guard the king.

"Check," said I.

"Oh, that's your talk. It's against the rules." "Nonsense! This is a game of chess, not the game. Check again."

"Ever kill a salmon?" I added.

"No; that must be fun."

"There is a boss salmon in the Cascapedia, weighs about ninety pounds. They say he has been hooked at least six dozen times. His mouth is so full of flies and leaders it looks like a beard. They call him the governor-general."

"Oh, bother!" And he moved a pawn.

"Check."

"Euchred," he said. "I give up. It's sure mate in three moves. I give up."

"No; we must play it out. A given game is not won. You would turn around and say I had not beaten you, and decline to pay the forfeit."

"That 's just what I meant to do, my boy. I wish Peter was like you. He believes every word I say."

"Check—mate," said I.

"I've lost. What possessed me? You just write to Falls & Sons. They'll settle. Want it in writing?"

"I? No. Of course not. You are free to pay or not. I pestered you with talk. It was hardly fair. Pay or not, as you like. I did not in any honest sense win."

"Stuff and nonsense. Do you suppose, sir, I don't keep my engagements? I don't guess you came here to insult me."

"No; hardly. I really came because I was curious to see what manner of man you were."

"Like going to a menagerie show. Well, you've seen it, and got your money back too; but don't you go and buy a lot more stock now. It's awful low. How much am I in for this gamble?"

I named the amounts; he noted them, rose, and as we went out into the hall said, "Let me see those ends of games."

"I will send you the books. Pray keep them."

"And look here—I never had a better mornin' in my life; but don't you go and tell everybody, and put it in the papers. What 's your address? I'll send you the Wall street trout-fly. Peter calls him the bull."

At the door I said, "By the way, I never told you my name."

"That 's so!" And he took my card.

"Well, by George! you're a doctor. That 's the very queerest thing I ever did know. Why, I never knew a doctor ever knew anything—their own business, or any one else's. How Peter would laugh. But he won't next Monday. Good mornin', Doctor North. Come in again and give me my revenge."

As I turned to go he stopped me. "You said I did n't look well—"

"Yes; I said that. It is something, I cannot tell what, about your eyes—"

"Hum! come back and go over me a bit. I ain't felt well of late, that 's a fact. And I can't tell the doctors here. Don't trust 'em." I went in again, and finally remained in the city overnight to complete my study of his case.

"Well," he said at last, "what 's wrong with my works? Not much margin, eh?"

"You have a disease of the kidneys—"

"Fatal? Mind, I don't skeer easy. Yes, or no? Out with it."

"Yes; but with care you may live many years."

"How many?"

"I do not know. I will write out my advice for you in full."

"Good. And I may trust you not to let it get into the papers. It would be worth a lot of money to somebody."

"You are safe with me."

"I believe you. You have done me a big service. What 's your fee?"

"It is large."

"I don't care. What is it?"

"My fee is that you put that road back where it was a year ago."

"Darned if I do. And take your stock too? No, sir."

"I have reflected. I won't take the money for it. I have told you my fee. Good morning."

"I'll do it, No man can say Xerxes Z—don't pay his debts. Five years? Ten? How long have I got? You'll have to take care of me. I'll send my private car for you every month."

"I will do it. There is even a chance, a small one, of recovery."

"Is that so? Hold on to your stock; buy more; it's pretty low. And come and dine here to-day."

"No; I cannot. I must go. Good-by."

"Well, buy soon. Don't you forget, and hold your tongue, too. It 's the biggest bill I ever paid. You're not a cheap doctor."

XERXES was as good as his word, but I bought no more of the stock. In a year or two I was better off than before. Nevertheless, I did not appear to myself well in this transaction. I had used the robber's methods to overcome the robber. It was true that I had estimated correctly the character of Mr. X. Z., but to meet the demands of the situation I had acted against my own habitual ways. To this day the first part of that little affair sits like a toad in one corner of my mind and sneers at me. It is the one thing I have never told Vincent. I merely said to him on my return that I was resolved to wait, and have been much applauded for my sagacity. Also, I am free to admit that I did pull the great financier through his physical difficulties. He lived to do untold mischief. I was once standing on a pier in London when a thief, sharply pursued, in trying to jump into a wherry, fell overboard. He sank twice, when in dashed a huge Newfoundland and towed the unconscious rascal ashore, where he was promptly seized by the police. For my part, the behavior of that dog interested me. He shook himself, and settled down in the sun on the pier with a look of distinct self-gratulation at his feat. The morals of the drowning man did not concern him. I have often thought about that dog.

S. Weir Mitchell.

(To be continued.)

SHERMAN AND THE SAN FRANCISCO VIGILANTES.

UNPUBLISHED LETTERS OF GENERAL W. T. SHERMAN.

[LETTERS written during the time of the great Vigilance Committee of 1856 at San Francisco, and containing some account of its work as viewed by an interested resident of the place, are rare in the literature of the subject, and are sure to be valuable. How much more must this be true of letters written under such circumstances by General W. T. Sherman! The case for the Vigilance Committee is authoritatively stated in the November number of this magazine, by the former president of the committee, Mr. William T. Coleman. Sherman's relation to the committee has been described by himself in his "Memoirs," and that account has led to considerable controversy. As major-general of the State militia, he was, until his resignation in June, the official opponent of the committee. His "Memoirs" criticize its doings with severity; and the defenders of the committee have replied with vigor. The "Memoirs," written long afterward, it is claimed contain, as regards this portion of their text, some obvious historical errors of detail; and on this ground argument has been made against Sherman's whole case. It is therefore especially fitting that his later statements should be either corrected or borne out by means of his contemporary record of his impressions. Such a record the following correspondence furnishes.

Of General Sherman's own position during this period, it remains here to point out how hard a one it was. As a banker he was as much interested as were others of his class in the purging of the community. As a business man, moreover, he was also naturally disposed to act so as not to alienate his fellows, who were nearly all in sympathy with the movement. In fact, as the following letters clearly show, he was himself not at all devoid, at the outset, of an appreciation of their motives. But not only was he opposed to the committee from the strongest conviction of the general impolicy and the special danger of the movement, as his "Memoirs" show, but having accepted the Governor's appointment as major-general of the State militia, he felt the loyal instincts of the soldier setting him actively against the extra-legal position of the committee. It was his duty to act with the Governor. But the Governor began by an effort to treat privately with the committee. The effort led to a controversy in which a question of veracity was soon involved, and Sherman still sided with the Governor. A little later, he had to undertake the trying task of raising a force of militia in a community where only a small minority sympathized with his cause. Arms were lacking. Appeal was made to Major-General John E. Wool for the use of the arms at the United States arsenal at Benicia. The appeal led to another controversy, which soon involved another question of veracity. Meanwhile Sherman

had not forgotten his right and his duty to seek such terms of compromise with the leaders of the committee as could be honorably obtained, through the aid of certain conciliatory persons who were anxious to act privately and unofficially as intermediaries. These efforts at mediation were thwarted by Judge Terry and other violent counselors who had the Governor's ear. Thus all Sherman's plans were defeated; he resigned his commission to the Governor, and returned to his private business. Henceforth he remembered the committee with increasing disapproval.

The story of these matters fills up most of the letters here printed. In following the incidents of the time, the reader may be aided by a table of chief events and dates, mostly chosen from the early history of the committee.

Wednesday, May 14.—King publishes an article concerning Casey, the "Bulletin" appearing about 3 p. m. Between 4 and 5 p. m., King is shot by Casey, who is imprisoned. By 6.30 there is an excited crowd about the jail, which the mayor tries to disperse. Excitement continues all the evening, with public speeches, resolves, etc. Later Mr. Coleman and his friends prepare the "call of the committee of thirteen" for the morning papers, and agree on a plan of organization for a vigilance committee.

Thursday, May 15.—Vigilance Committee begins the general organization, and the Executive Committee begins secret meetings.

Friday, May 16.—Drilling of members of Vigilance Committee begun on a large scale. Sheriff Scannell calls for the posse to defend the prison. Governor Johnson arrives in the evening from Sacramento, and interviews privately the vigilance leaders.

Saturday, May 17.—Vigilance Committee removes to its permanent quarters on Sacramento Street. The vigilance guard of ten admitted to the city prison. Orders privately given for the movements of next day.

Sunday, May 18.—Vigilance guard early withdrawn from the prison. Seizure of Casey, and an hour later of Cora, accomplished shortly after midday by the whole assembled force of the committee.

Tuesday, May 20.—King dies of his wound about 1.30 p. m. Casey tried by the Executive Committee for murder that evening.

Thursday, May 22.—King's funeral. Execution of Casey and Cora.

May 23-31.—The committee continues its activity by arresting persons, investigating cases of election frauds and of similar offenses, and by preparing to banish offenders.

May 31.—"Yankee Sullivan," a prisoner of the committee, commits suicide at its quarters. At Benicia, in an interview between General J. E. Wool and Governor Johnson, Sherman being present, Wool makes what both Johnson and Sherman interpret as a promise of arms from the United States arsenal for the suppression of the committee.

June 3.—Governor Johnson issues proclamation declaring San Francisco to be "in a state of insurrection."

June 4.—Governor Johnson, by the hand of his aide, Colonel Rowe, forwards request to General Wool for the needed arms from the arsenal at Benicia. At San Francisco, members of a "conciliation committee" carry communications between Sherman and the Vigilance Committee, hoping to bring to pass some peaceable settlement.

June 5.—General Wool replies that he has no authority to grant the Governor's demand.

June 7.—Governor Johnson repeats his demand upon General Wool for arms, making a formal and urgent requisition. At Benicia, on the same day, the Governor meets Sherman and the "conciliation" delegates from San Francisco. The peace negotiations fail. Sherman resigns his commission as major-general of militia.

June 9.—General Wool finally refuses to aid the Governor against the committee.

June 19.—The Governor writes to the President, asking for national aid in suppressing the committee.

June 21.—Judge Terry at San Francisco resists and stabs a vigilance policeman, and is arrested.

July 19.—The President writes from Washington, declining, on grounds of constitutional law, to interfere to suppress the Vigilance Committee.

July 29.—Hetherington and Brace hanged by the committee.

August 7.—Judge Terry released by the committee.

August 18.—Final parade of the Vigilance Committee.

November 3.—Governor Johnson revokes his proclamation.

The fullest account of the Vigilance Committee yet printed is that in the second volume of H. H. Bancroft's "Popular Tribunals." The official correspondence of Johnson, Wool, President Pierce, and others, relating to the affair, is printed in the "Senate Executive Documents," 1st and 2d Session, 34th Congress, Vol. XV., Doc. 101; and 3d Sessions, 34th Congress, Vol. VIII., Doc. 43.—EDITOR.]

THE SHERMAN CORRESPONDENCE.

I.

[Extract from a letter, no date, from General Sherman to Major Turner of St. Louis, contained in a letter from Mrs. Sherman, dated May 18, 1856, to her father, Mr. Ewing. The letter to Major Turner, as appears from its contents, was also completed on Sunday, May 18, but was begun on Saturday.]

THIS steamer will bring you news of most distressing character, growing out of the shooting of James King of William, editor of the "Evening Bulletin," by Casey, editor of the "Sunday Times," the same man who so recklessly attacked all the bankers and decent people of the city. I will send you so many newspaper extracts that I may confine my letter to my own personal history, and I beg you to preserve this, in view of any untoward events, in which, in spite of all caution, I may become involved.

Shortly after the sailing of the last steamer, several gentlemen connected with the volunteer companies of the city mentioned that Governor Johnson would offer me the appointment of Major-General of the Second Division, California Militia. I expressed a strong disinclination to do anything at all, and hoped the Governor would do no such thing. The Governor soon after called in person and offered me the appointment. I expressed a dislike to do anything that might distract my attention from business. He assured me . . . that it

was simply for the purpose of organization, and that no expense would be incurred and little time needed to perform its duties. I gave a reluctant consent, which, at the time, I felt to be imprudent. Last Saturday, feeling the want of exercise, I crossed the bay to Oakland, got a horse, and took a ride over the mountain toward Monte Diablo, making a circuit back to the city. On my arrival, on Monday, I found a commission awaiting me, which I accepted, and wrote for a copy of the laws governing the militia, meaning to take my time to appoint a staff and do what seemed requisite. On Wednesday, after bank hours, I came home, and about half-past eight o'clock Bainbridge and Helland came out and told me that King had been shot by Casey, and that excitement ran high. King's articles have all been provoking, and I have long expected him to be attacked, and therefore was not astonished; and had the populace got Casey that night and hung him, I would have rejoiced, but Casey was smart enough to have himself confined to the jail before feeling had become concentrated. The mayor called out the volunteer companies—three of infantry amounting to some sixty men turned out; a few straggling, mounted men and about a dozen men stood by two guns, six-pounders. That night passed off without violence, and next morning, Thursday, I went to the bank as usual, when I found everybody intensely excited, threats to take Casey and Cora and hang them, and a revival of the old Vigilance Committee. A public call was made for the old members of that committee at a certain room, round which was gathered all day a large crowd. I went to the mayor, Van Ness, a large, good man, but as usual so mused up and involved in old business that he could do nothing. I then saw the officers of the volunteer companies, and found them wavering. I went to the jail and found the sheriff, a strong, gross, bluff, athletic man, surrounded by his deputies, in a kind of anteroom, excited, and apprehending an attack on the jail each moment. . . . I informed the mayor that the jail could not be defended, that the mob could occupy a few of the buildings, and completely drive out any posse the sheriff might command. What complicated matters was that the sheriff and his friends are "shoulder-strikers"—the very class against which is raised this storm of indignation. Colonel West, Major Johnson, and a few of the volunteer officers thought maybe in the course of the day they could prevail on some of the volunteers to act, when I pointed out to them that the only possible way to hold the jail against a mob was for the sheriff to occupy the jail with his deputies, the police, and such citizens as would serve as a posse, and

the military companies to occupy such buildings round about as would prevent their occupation by the mob. I then went about my business, but went down town that night, walked about town, and found, as I expected, that the volunteer companies had not turned out, that there had been no mob, but that the Vigilance Committee were in session, enrolling men, and keeping up a secret dread of some violence. Friday was the same continued excitement, but no direct attack on the jail or direct interference with the civil authorities. On Friday afternoon the mayor called on me, saying he had telegraphed to Governor Johnson to come down, and had received an answer that he would be down that evening, and he requested me to meet the Governor at the boat at half-past nine. About the same time a formal writ was served on me commanding me to meet the sheriff at the Fourth District Court-room at half-past three P. M. I went, and found about a hundred people who had been summoned.¹ The sheriff called out the names of all on whom the writ was served, and it seemed about one third had come. These were mostly lawyers or persons in some way friends to those in jail. . . . The sheriff commanded all to accompany him to the jail, to obey the law and prevent rescue. I did not go, but told the sheriff that I had to be at the Sacramento boat on its arrival. I came home to dinner, and before leaving the table, Hall McAllister and another gentleman came out and said that the posse comitatus at the jail, composed of some sixty gentlemen, had organized at the jail by electing me as captain, that it was understood to be indefensible, and all wanted to see me. I explained to them that I could not act as captain of a sheriff's posse; that the sheriff was of law and necessity to command their services; that I was major-general or nothing; that there were no forces and I could not exercise military command at all; that I had an appointment to meet the Governor, with whom I should probably be engaged all night, but that I had no objection to give my advice and counsel. I went with them to the jail, found there the sheriff, his deputies, and policemen, amounting to about thirty men, and the citizen posse. They clustered around me, anxious and concerned. The duty was a most disagreeable one, to defend a jail against an infuriated mob, to defend two such scoundrels as Casey and Cora. I told them frankly that the only influence their presence could exercise was a moral one, the consciousness of sacrificing their comfort and endangering their lives in the maintenance of

organized law, as against the violence of a mob. I pointed out the weak points, and concluded that to defend the jail successfully certain buildings outside must be occupied. Upon examination, this move was too late, for the Vigilance Committee had them all filled. There was no alternative but to desert or stay in that open corral. The night was bright moonlight, and beautifully serene, contrasting with the tremulous fears of the doubtful and the growing passions of the determined. I became satisfied that unless King (from whom bulletins of health came forth almost every hour) died, there would be no direct attack upon the jail until the Vigilance Committee had strengthened themselves by enrolling their entire force. At half-past nine o'clock Friday night, I went to the Sacramento boat to meet the Governor; found his brother and Captain Garrison waiting for him too. The *Senator* came along the wharf; we stood at the after-gangway, but the Governor did not come ashore. Soon we heard he had passed up the wharf, having landed from the lower deck at the forward gang-plank. So we followed him up to the International Hotel and there found him. Johnson is a young man, very pleasing in his manners, a lawyer of intelligence, and I am satisfied, if he had the power, would sustain the law. We told him all that had occurred, described to him the position of things, the small civil force the sheriff had, the danger of the posse of good citizens, who, at his call, were now gathered together at the jail. We went thither, when he saw for himself how utterly indefensible the jail-yard was, open to the rear, overlooked on all sides by brick houses with parapet walls,—no part of the interior of the jail safe from shots but the cells, which are full of prisoners; the wall at one corner almost undermined, a large wooden gate on a side alley which could be cut through in a minute. Indeed, if I were forced to meet an armed mob, I would rather be in an open prairie than in that jail. The Governor saw the entire mass of people arrayed against the civil authorities, the only military force in existence sharing the feelings of the people, the cause of the civil authorities being a bare naked principle with two such wretches as Casey and Cora as its exponents. All this time the Vigilance Committee was strengthening its numbers, then 2500, now 5000, having at its head such men as William T. Coleman, the brothers Arrington, Flint, of Flint, Peabody & Co, Myras Truett, and indeed all the large merchants, active controlling members, whilst Parrott, Ralston, Drexel, Sattler and Church and most of the rich men are contributing means and countenance sub rosa. I suggested to Johnson for us to go right to their headquarters at the Turn Verein Hall on Bush

¹ The San Francisco "Herald's" list of those enrolled at this meeting contains 54 names.—EDITOR.

street, and we all concluded to go — Garrison, the Governor and his brother, and myself. We reached the hall about eleven o'clock at night, found it lighted up and a stream of people coming and going. . . . After a little delay we were admitted into a bar-room at the right, where we sat down and Mr. Coleman, President of the Vigilance Committee, sat down and had a very general conversation, in which Coleman said the purpose of the association was not designed to subvert the law but to assist it in purging the community of the clique of shoulder-strikers, ballot-box stuffers, and political tricksters generally; that the courts and juries had become of no use, and that they must be purged or spurred on; that they did not meditate violence, and were willing to await King's fate. If he dies, Casey to be tried and speedily executed. All this was fair, and we almost coincided with him in opinion. At first he intimated a desire that Casey should be given up to them, but Governor Johnson told him distinctly that he would enforce the law as speedily as its forms would allow, but he would never consent to Casey being taken from the sheriff's custody; but that if the committee felt any uncertainty about Casey's being safe in custody there was no objection to a few men of their number being admitted, who were to be considered as assistant-guards but under control of the sheriff. It was then agreed that if such an arrangement were made that the committee should pledge themselves that those of the committee so admitted should not attempt any violence or league with those outside, but if a change of purpose became necessary the committeemen should be withdrawn and reasonable notice given. Coleman then went into the large hall, and after some time returned with six other gentlemen, with whom further conversation was held, all to the same effect, and the treaty was made verbally, Governor Johnson telling them that he treated with them as individuals, and not in their capacity as a body of men leagued together for a purpose unknown to the law. We were there till half-past one at night, and parted with a clear, distinct understanding that no mob violence was contemplated at all, and no demonstration on the jail should be made until their guard was withdrawn and reasonable time thereafter to enable the sheriff to resume the status quo. We agreed to meet at the jail at two o'clock to admit their ten men — the sheriff being at liberty to keep as many as he pleased. We went to the jail, found the sheriff disinclined to admit the enemy, but as he could not depend on the citizens to defend the jail, he became satisfied his only chance of life was to save time, and therefore consented. At two o'clock Friday night ten men of the Vigilance Committee were

introduced, and a room in the jail placed at their service, and one or two of them were allowed to stand or sit near the cell door in which Casey is confined. Coleman and Truett came with their posse, assured themselves that Casey was there, and we all left, thinking that, under the circumstances, it was the best thing then at our choice. We all parted Friday night at three o'clock, satisfied to await King's fate, and believing that the community at large would be satisfied.

SUNDAY, 12 o'clock.

Governor Johnson has just sent for me. He is at the International Hotel on Jackson street. My belief is that the leaders are not able to control their men, and that they will be forced to extremity. I believe Casey and Cora to be doomed; if the sheriff resists and blood is shed no man can foresee the result. All the elements of the Paris committee of safety are here, and once put in motion they cannot be stopped. I regret having been placed in this position, but I am bound in honor to serve the Governor of the State to the best of my means and ability.

2.15 P.M.

I have just returned to my house. I went to the International, and on my way saw crowds hurrying in the same direction. When I reached the hotel I found the Governor and mayor on the roof along with many others. He simply pointed toward the jail; all the houses commanding a view were covered with people. Telegraph Hill was black with them, and the streets were a complete jam. He told me that the committee had sent him word at half-past ten that they would withdraw their men, and the treaty was at an end. Johnson went immediately to the jail and found the sheriff with his deputies and a few citizens. The sheriff has been firm and constant, and he very properly asked the Governor to give him some orders how to act in case the committee demanded his prisoners. The Governor told him that, if they appeared with sufficient force to make resistance idle, he might surrender his prisoners under protest. If the sheriff should fire on that mob the immediate result would be terrific, whatever the future effect and consequences yet in the lap of futurity may be. Well, shortly after, the masses of people began to move toward the jail, covering all the houses and hills, soon followed by the committee in full organization, 2500, armed with muskets, rifles, a field-piece, besides as many more arm-in-arm, silent and quiet, whilst at least five thousand men flocked up as to a show. When I reached the roof of the hotel there must have been at least ten thousand people within a rifle-shot of the jail. Soon a man rode by on a white horse, followed by a carriage which stopped at the jail door; soon a shout announced success, and the procession began

to move from the jail, down Kearny to Pacific, Pacific to Montgomery, Montgomery toward Sacramento, when I lost sight of them. It was headed by two platoons of about sixty or eighty men, with bright muskets, then the carriage with Casey with two files of armed men on each side, these followed by a promiscuous crowd. A great many armed men appeared to remain at the jail. This Vigilance Committee seem to take the old one of 1852 as their model, and as that one hung their prisoner at 3 P. M. on Sunday, I take it for granted that before the ink dries on my sheet, Casey will be hanging from some beam out of some committee-room of that power that now governs San Francisco. Soon after the passage of the crowd Sheriff Scannell and his deputy, Harrison, came on the roof of the hotel to see the Governor, but he had disappeared; we descended the roof to his room, but he was not there; we searched through the hotel without success.

Whilst this was transpiring, Scannell told me that Coleman and Truett were the spokesmen; that they demanded Casey, whom he surrendered under protest. They took Casey from the jail and despatched him in the manner I have stated, and then demanded possession of the jail.¹ This not being contemplated, his instructions did not cover the case, so he and his deputy ran down to see the Governor, and thus far he has not seen him. But I did not stay long. I came home. San Francisco is now governed by an irresponsible organization claiming to be armed with absolute power by the people. The government is powerless and at an end. I don't care if they take the jail, the courts, and what they please. Coleman told me he thought they could control the movement; I doubt it, for reasons I will now proceed to explain in continuation of the events of yesterday. On Friday night we made an agreement with the controlling members of the Vigilance Committee that, to be assured of no complicity of the sheriff with his prisoner, they should have a force of ten men nominally under the orders of the sheriff. Yesterday the sheriff suggested to Johnson to try and get the number diminished to five, when he would reduce his force in proportion — this under the supposition that no attempt to take the prisoner would be made until King's fate were determined. So yesterday at 1 P. M. the sheriff asked me to walk with him to the committee to make the proposition. We found new men — a new tone — and a positive refusal to reduce the number. In reannouncing the conditions agreed on the night before, we claimed

that *reasonable* notice should be given; that, too, they denied. New elements were at work, and outside pressure was brought against them which they could not resist; an absolute issue of fact presented itself, and Governor Johnson found himself in a most delicate position: to have conferred with an illegal body; to have admitted spies and enemies in the jail. We asserted so positively this change of promise, this want of truth, that we agreed to bring Garrison; we found him about 4 P. M. and his memory was positive, and with him we again went to the committee-rooms; again a change of men more rabid than ever, asserting that they never contemplated a trial of Casey save by themselves. This was so utterly at variance with their stipulations of the night before that we sent for Coleman and Arrington and one other who was present the night before, and these had to confirm our version of the agreement; quite an angry debate followed among themselves, showing a division of purpose, the very object we had in view.² But, as always, the most violent prevailed, and the honorable stipulations of Friday night were thrown on Mr. Coleman individually. Coleman reiterated them, and as no conclusion could be come to, they asked to advise with the society and agreed to come to the hotel at half-past eight last evening. They did not get there till a quarter past nine, and made short work of it. The society had overruled Coleman, and would make no promises or pledges, but simply agreed to give the Governor notice before they withdrew their men, which we all knew was to be the signal of attack. This morning's notice and the taking of Casey are told.

The hanging of Casey and Cora are trifles compared with what may follow. The Vigilance Committee are now in full possession of San Francisco, and in a free American country, where we pay taxes of four per cent. on full valuation, we are now at the mercy of irresponsible masses. To be sure, the heads and guiders of this business are deemed some of our worthiest and best men, who profess to improve on the law and its administration. They may succeed; they say they did so succeed in '52 ['51], and a few days or weeks will demonstrate. There are vast numbers of men here, desperate, too lazy to work in the mines, unable to go away, strong for mischief and powerless for good. This class did not exist in '52. At all events, I am not implicated with it, and, though it may be impossible, I will endeavor not to provoke the special enmity of our new rulers.³

¹ This statement of Scannell's was in part inaccurate. The next demand, after taking Casey, was for Cora, and they gave the sheriff another hour to comply. The demand for "possession of the jail" was made as a formality, in writing, and *before* Casey was taken. — EDITOR.

² Rumors of such "division of purpose" were very soon abroad, and are mentioned by the San Francisco "Herald" of the next day. — EDITOR.

³ Rumor at this time also asserted that Governor Johnson had approved and consented to the seizing of

II.

W. T. SHERMAN TO HON. THOMAS EWING.

BANKING HOUSE OF LUCAS, TURNER & Co.,
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., May 21, 1856.

(In haste)

MY DEAR SIR: I take it for granted you will be sufficiently alarmed at the condition of affairs here as reported by the papers. . . . There is no doubt that James King of William was indiscriminate in his abuse, but the public offices heretofore having been controlled absolutely by politicians who did not scruple to use such men as Casey, Billy Mulligan, Charley Duane, *et hoc genus omne*, all graduates of New York prisons or political clubs, the public generally approved King's bold course in assailing that class of men, at the same time refusing to fight a duel.

Our courts here and our authorities are about as good or as bad as you would expect from the elements that make up our population. They have all been elected by the people themselves, either as Democrats or as Know-nothings. Nevertheless the merchants and people who despise the kind of men who hang around the polls, the public offices, the courts, etc., are and have been perfectly sick and tired of the class of men referred to; therefore, when James King began his career and pitched into the rowdies with such zeal and boldness, he met an unexpected encouragement which on several occasions upset his vanity. The murder of Richardson by a low gambler, Cora, and his acquittal raised the same feeling against the courts, and it is useless to talk to our best men here about them; they assert, with some show of truth, that any man with money can, through the sheriff, so pack a jury that they cannot agree. All these elements were rife when King was shot by Casey, one of the most skilful politicians of his day—he is a New York convict, editor of a newspaper established here to levy blackmail, and a member of the Board of County Supervisors, when he was not even a candidate. He himself admits that during the election he did not propose to have himself elected, but when they commenced counting the votes he found his opponent in wire-pulling and rowdism—Yankee Sullivan—had been stuffing a little too strong. He got tickets printed with his own name, and caused the inspectors to put them in the ballot-box, and to declare him (Jim Casey) elected. These facts, 't is said, are notorious, and were well known to the Board of Supervisors, when by vote they declared him elected. The Supervisors control the county expenditures, and it is said they share

Casey and Cora. The "Herald" (anti-vigilance), while not believing this rumor, speaks with great severity of Johnson's conference with the committee.—EDITOR.

every appropriation made. It is not then astonishing that this murder in broad daylight in the very center of the city should produce such commotion. I was not surprised to learn the next morning after the occurrence that the jail had been threatened, and that a deep-seated determination existed to hang him whether King died or not. By circumstances I was compelled to examine the jail and see how far the military companies could sustain the civil authorities. The military companies shared the general sentiment, and would not risk themselves to defend such rascals as Cora and Casey. The whole mass of the people were of like sentiment. The city police is small, mostly distributed about the courts as messengers, etc., and of the very class of men against whom the storm was brewing, and the sheriff, also a "shoulder-striker," was absolutely abandoned by his friends. At no time, by concentrating these discordant elements, could I count on more than one hundred inexperienced men. The jail, too, is a single-story yard, with a cluster of cells, covered with a roof of one-inch plank and tin; its front is above the grade of the street, but the hill rises so rapidly to the rear that its back wall and roof are absolutely flush with the ground, so that you walk down the hill and on the roof without losing step; the whole interior is overlooked by a great many houses all round it. With equal numbers I would rather have been outside than inside. I therefore advised the sheriff how to act should he be assailed by an indiscriminate mob. I had been appointed, by mere accident, the day before King was shot, a major-general of militia, but I have never attempted to exercise authority, because there were no forces, or what few there were in the shape of volunteer companies were on the other side, or so unreliable that none but a fool would count on their fidelity in time of real danger. Therefore, whenever called on I have advised, but have declined to attempt action without reliable men. As long as the matter rested with an unorganized mob there was little or no danger, but soon it was observed that all the discordant elements were drawn together under the name, and after the precedent, of the old Vigilance Committee. Long lines of men were seen passing in and out, oaths were administered, depots opened for recruits, muskets, rifles, and cannon bought, subscription papers carried round in broad daylight, and no one could help it. Over one thousand sworn men were banded together, and William T. Coleman, one of the largest merchants of this city, son-in-law to Daniel D. Page of St. Louis, and a man of fine impulses, manners, character, and intelligence, was made president. He has not much education and not the least doubt of himself, his motives

or intentions. The legal government of San Francisco was paralyzed, and the mayor in his helplessness telegraphed the Governor, who came and was as powerless as anybody else. The entire community was on one side. The new organization was the power, the only organized power here, and with the design of saving bloodshed we put ourselves in communication with them. They assured us as men, as acquaintances, etc., that they would commit no murder, no bloodshed, no violence; but that justice, summary justice, must be done. I cannot tell all that was done, and how futile that was. The papers will blame Johnson for treating with the enemy, but there was no other person, and he had to attempt that or nothing. Now King is dead and Casey is a murderer; Cora is a murderer; both must be hung; far better were it if they could be hung by law, but the Vigilance Committee cannot help themselves. All business is stopped, and immense masses of men idle in the streets watching for blood. Thus far the committee have been exceedingly cautious—a little too much so, for the masses may become uncontrollable; yet thus far no violence has been committed, and I have the most positive assurances from their leaders that none is intended—they even pay the passage to New York of such rowdies as cannot pay their own. They declare their intention to purge the city of rowdies and criminals, but they also have shown an enmity to the free expression of opinion that looks like other similar events of history. These events have shaken my confidence in this city, and once or twice I have wished that [my family] were in a safe place, and regretted that I ever incurred the expense of my dwelling-house, which must tie me down here. Of course I myself cannot leave here, but if matters do not improve, I may at some future time accept your kind offer to take them home till such time as I can properly return. . . . Understand, I fear no molestation of person, but I fear the effect of this on property, on money, and credit.

Your son, W. T. SHERMAN.

[The above letter was written to the Hon. THOMAS EWING, Lancaster, Ohio.—EDITOR.]

III.

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA,
June 16, 1856.

HON. THOMAS EWING.

MY DEAR SIR: *The Golden Gate* arrived yesterday, Sunday, and brought Ellen her home letters, which contribute very much to her happiness. I know full well that you will feel

a deep interest in events passing here, and that to a perfect understanding of the part I have played, you will want more exact relations than our newspapers will give. You already know of the hanging of Casey and Cora by the Vigilance Committee. When that was done we all supposed the Vigilance Committee would have adjourned and things be allowed to resume their usual course, but instead, they hired rooms in the very heart of the city, fortified them, and each day the papers announced some act that looked like a perpetuation of their power, such as constructing cells, arresting men who were supposed to have been concerned in previous ballot-box stuffing. On the 30th of May I received from Governor Johnson a telegraphic despatch dated at Sacramento, requesting me to meet him at Benicia, which you know is the site of the United States Arsenal. . . . I went up and Johnson came down, and we met at General Wool's room at the American Hotel. After some preliminary conversation Governor Johnson stated that in the discharge of his duties as chief executive of the State it might become necessary for him to call out the militia to enforce the laws, but that he had no arms or munitions of war, of which General Wool had control of an abundance, and he inquired if in the case stated he could depend on a supply, saying the same could be deducted from the next year's quota of the State of California, or that he would pledge the credit of the State to pay for any loss. . . . General Wool replied in substance that "no person except the President of the United States could grant arms or munitions to a State in case of an insurrection, but a case might arise when a general of a division might take the responsibility and this might be one."¹ The next day by invitation we all went with the general to inspect the arsenal, where we found an abundance of material. After the inspection the Governor, his brother, the Secretary of State, and myself rode over to the Navy Yard, where we found Commodore Farragut in command of the yard and Lieutenant Boutwell in command of the sloop of war *John Adams*. Our purpose was to ascertain whether we could get the assistance of the sloop of war, to drop down to the city to serve as a kind of depot, the city being in absolute possession of the Vigilance Committee. At the Navy Yard we were unsuccessful, the officers being unwilling to commit themselves to anything in a controversy of the kind. We returned to Benicia same day, and on our way back I impressed on Governor Johnson the necessity of having General Wool commit him-

¹ In a letter of June 9, addressed to Johnson, Wool admits having said in these interviews, when "strongly pressed," "that a case might arise when I might deem it proper to assume the responsibility of issuing arms

on your requisition." The same admission is made in a letter to Sherman which formed Inclosure No. 3, sent by Sherman with the present letter, but not printed here.—EDITOR.

self completely, and as we expected the boats along about 7 P. M., the Governor designing to return to Sacramento and I to San Francisco, General Wool accompanied us to the wharf, where Governor Johnson called him aside with me and said, "Now, General, all our plans turn on you; in case I am compelled to call out the militia can we depend on you for the arms?" General Wool said, "Yes." The Governor then asked "as to the form of the receipt or requisition," when the General said, "Never mind, when the time comes you send me a requisition and I will see that it is attended to." I was satisfied with this. On the 1st of June a writ of habeas corpus was issued by Judge Terry of the Supreme Court, in San Francisco, commanding the sheriff to bring before him the body of one Mulligan, known to be in the cells of the Vigilance Committee.

That writ was disobeyed or resisted, and the fact certified to the Governor at Sacramento, who on the 2d inst. wrote me the order which you will find embraced in my printed orders.

Although I supposed he designed to issue a proclamation, I of course acted on his orders to me, and issued mine, in which you will see that I declared that I did not commit myself to the past, but only undertook to enforce all writs issued after that time.¹

This order was put into the hands of the printers that afternoon, and about midnight I received from Governor Johnson a letter saying he would send his proclamation down by telegraph that night, and asking me to cause it to be published in all the morning papers. I waited until past one o'clock that night at the telegraph office, and received the proclamation and caused it to be published as directed. The proclamation was stronger than I expected and more than I would have advised. I did not think it necessary to declare the county in a state of insurrection. Still that was none of my business. The publication of the proclamation and my orders caused a tremendous excitement. Everybody supposed that civil war would forthwith be inevitable and the Vigilance Committee were alarmed at the course of things. They immediately despatched their prisoners, who were no loss to the country, and here things might have stopped. This occurred at the time of the sailing of our last steamer, viz., June 5.

Men began to enroll on the side of the authorities. Companies began to form, and the moderate people became much alarmed

as a conflict seemed to be pending. All the time, however, the Vigilance Committee were strengthening in numbers and in material. Messages came to me that the committee were done, with the exception of warning out of the country certain loafers and men against whom they had undisputed testimony of having been concerned in former election frauds.

As men were enrolling on our side pretty fast, the Governor sent by his aide-de-camp, Colonel Rowe, to General Wool a letter requesting him to issue to me, on my requisition, such arms and munitions as I might call for. That letter was handed to General Wool at Benicia, who replied to Governor Johnson in writing, a copy of which I send you, marked "1," and told Rowe that in the then state of feeling he thought it unsafe to send arms to San Francisco. When Rowe told me this I was thunderstruck, as I could look nowhere else for arms, and the idea of enrolling the militia without arms was an absurdity. I waited a day to hear from the Governor of General Wool's exact reply to him, and it not coming, I wrote to General Wool myself, on the 6th, a letter, a copy of which, marked "2," is inclosed herewith. This was on Friday. On Saturday I received from Governor Johnson Wool's reply to him, also a message to meet him again at Benicia.

That was the most eventful day of this affair. I had absolutely kept secret the refusal of arms by Wool. I had not yet received his answer to my letter, and hoped he would stick by his verbal promise. At the same time a committee of our best men were going between me and the Vigilance Committee, to see if at an interview with the Governor the whole matter could not be arranged without an appeal to arms.²

This committee ascertained that the Vigilance Committee would forthwith discontinue any military display on the streets; that they would make no more arrests; that they would submit to the service of any writs, either to take parties out of their custody, or for their own arrests to answer for past acts. They would not publicly disband, as they said they had to perfect their record to justify former acts of violence by them, and they wanted to coerce certain offensive men to quit the country, but to accomplish this purpose they would not seize their persons, or if they did the sheriff might take the men if he could find them. They wanted a back door out of which to escape, and I was willing to afford it to them, for I knew their strength, and our weakness. I did

¹ These documents inclosed with the present letter are not printed in the present publication, as they contain nothing previously unknown.—EDITOR.

² As to the negotiations for peace, compare the above with the article in the "Overland Monthly" for November, 1874, and with Sherman's "Memoirs."—EDITOR.

all I could to separate the principle from the facts. The Law and Order party, as we were styled, was in public estimation synonymous with the rowdies, shoulder-strikers, and ballot-box stuffers, and our only chance to undo the effect of such clamor was to admit the fact that crime had not been punished heretofore as it ought, and that the ballot-box had been in the hands of rowdies and loafers, but that instead of violent remedies the true course was to devise some legal mode of redress. I thought if we could array on our side all citizens who thought the committee had gone far enough, we would be able to take a bold stand.

My purpose was to use this committee as intermediaries between the Governor and the Vigilantes, if for nothing else than to establish the fact the Governor was right and the committee wrong, and thereby force the moderate men of the city to take our side. We went to Benicia, got there about one hour before the Governor came in the Sacramento boat. I conducted the committee, of which Mr. Crockett was chairman, to the hotel and introduced them to General Wool. I then asked General Wool for an answer to my letter, but he said, inasmuch as I was there he would only say that his answer was the same in substance as his to the Governor. I endeavored to get him to reconsider, but he would not, and it was with great difficulty I succeeded in getting from him the written answer he had before prepared, herewith marked "3," and which he wanted to withhold when he knew I had come up. About dark the boat arrived with Governor Johnson. I hurried to the wharf to meet him, and found him in company with certain gentlemen known to be of the most ultra kind, men of violent feelings and who were determined to bring about a collision of arms if possible. I withdrew him, and he wanted to know if it was true a Committee of Vigilantes were up to see him. I told him no, they were not Vigilantes, but moderate and respectable men, who as yet have not taken part one way or the other, and who represented that middle class out of which we would have to derive our strength. I hastily explained to him that the enrollment of men was proceeding slower than I wanted, and that our cause was hopelessly lost if Wool's decision got out. Governor Johnson was so incensed, and justly so, at Wool's course that he would not stop at the same house, and proceeded to the Soland Hotel, some two blocks further from the water. I talked with him till he reached the hotel and supposed I had disabused his mind of the impression he had received that the gentlemen who had come up to see him were Vigilantes; and when he said he would see them, I returned and told Mr.

Crockett that the Governor was ready to receive the committee. They started, and in some fifteen minutes I followed, and found the Governor in a kind of parlor over the bar-room at the Soland Hotel, and with him were Judge Terry, an editor from Sacramento, Colonel Baker, Jones, of Palmer, Cook and Company, the men against whom of all others in the State there lie the most violent prejudices, and who knew that I did not like them. On entering the room I asked, "Where is the committee?" "They are writing something in another room." I thought that was right, to reduce the points of their proposition to writing, that no further mistakes should occur, and was surprised when a subcommittee came in the room with a written application to come into the Governor's presence. I now inclose a slip of newspaper in which that interview is described by the committee itself. Johnson did not mean discourtesy, but the committee would not believe otherwise, and the whole effect was bad. I found myself strangely placed: under a militia commission to quell a civil strife, the mass of people against me, arms refused by the only authority that could give them, and the Governor under other influences than my own. I believe that night through the instrumentality of that committee I would have brought the Vigilantes to a dead standstill, with absolute submission to the law, or could have so placed them in the wrong that all good and moderate people would have joined us, but these men, Terry, Jones, Baker, etc., had made the Governor believe the committee was caving in, and that he must follow them up rapidly and force them to disband absolutely, to submit unconditionally. If he had the force or backing of the people such a stand would have been right, but at that moment, though he thought otherwise, I was convinced that nine tenths of the people of the State ratified the acts of the Vigilance Committee, but many, a great many, were willing to say they had gone far enough and should stop. General Wool having denied arms, and the Governor having assumed such high grounds against my known advice, I was forced to resign and trust to my motives being understood, and to that end I had published in all the papers Monday morning a letter, of which you will find a copy¹ in the same newspaper slip. . . .

With my resignation all show of resistance ceased here. Nobody but the most active would serve under Volney E. Howard, and the Governor holds out at Sacramento yet, sticking by his proclamation, but he has no person to enforce it, and at this moment the Vigilance Committee has absolute sway in this city. What they

¹ See a copy of the most of this letter in the supplement to the present one (p. 306).—EDITOR.

propose to do, how long their power is to last, or whether they will consent to the courts exercising any power, are questions that no one now asks. All men now hurrah and applaud their wisdom, and even such as Governor Foote, Baillie, Peyton, Mr. Duer, etc., etc., approve all they have done and all they intend to do without being able to answer even, who are they? who appointed them? what are their names? All these are trifles. The committee have published a sort of Declaration of Independence, a constitution. They, over the signature of "33 Secretary" announce their will, and it is bowed to. The preachers applaud their wisdom from the pulpit, although their armed bodies parade the streets on Sundays, and close up any thoroughfare they please by files of armed men. They have a perfect citadel, with cannon above and below, a perfect arsenal of muskets within, and I do not doubt that six thousand armed men will obey their decrees quickly, energetically, and cheerfully. Who are the men who have in a civilized city arranged and organized such a power? Why, very ordinary men. I know most of them, and individually or collectively they are no better than the heterogeneous crowd of which our city is composed. Some of them have been ballot-box stuffers, some of them are rowdies, and more than one is accused of having fled from other countries for forgery or crime. Yet others are good, intelligent, clever, well-meaning men, who are fanatic and believe they are serving their God and their country. . . . Steadily they have organized a power irresistible by any force at the Governor's call, and have wielded that power without violence. I never feared any danger from them as a body, if they could control their men, and my apprehension was that in case I were found to arm my side, a general battle would be drawn on by detached parties, in which event it would have been entirely ruinous to the city. It was this apprehension that made the committee agree to the terms they did.¹ Since my resignation I have purposely kept close to business, have not spoken to either party, and have announced my intention in any row to stand by and defend the Bank. . . .

June 17. I was interrupted so often yesterday that I fear I have not made myself as plain as I could have wished, but I have not the time to amend it now, trusting to your knowledge of men and motives to divine the truth. Governor Johnson is a young man elected by the Know-nothing party, and of a high personal character. When, however, this storm burst upon him his old friends left him, and he was found to ally himself with men who had private griefs to avenge, or who acted from extreme notions.

¹ That is, to the terms carried by the "conciliation" committee to the Governor.—EDITOR.

Few about him were governed by his high, pure principles. He felt as though the honor of his office might be stained whilst in his hands, and he strove to arrest it, but he miscalculated the strength of his adversaries. He is now powerless; for the militia, his only reliance to coerce obedience to his orders, have deserted him in mass, leaving him the naked, unsupported position of governor. Had I been otherwise situated, I might from sympathy have continued to aid him, but by so doing I would have driven off our business, for so high has this feeling run that all business men have yielded to it, and have regarded those who favored the cause of Law and Order as enemies of the people, and withdrawn their patronage from newspapers and all other interests controlled by Law and Order men. I don't think any man in California thinks the worse of me, for our business has not suffered, although I have been known from the first as an opponent of the Vigilance Committee. Though I was accused in the newspapers of threatening to lay the city in ashes, nobody believed it, and the most rabid had to admit that from no act of my life could I be classed as a rowdy or friend of the ballot-box stuffers. What is to be the end of this no one can tell. I fear no violence, but expect the Vigilance Committee will force away their present list of culprits, and then drop back into their business, for the expense of their organization must be heavy, and will as usual fall on a few of the most zealous, who, as soon as their zeal evaporates, will give in. How few the courts will disturb is a doubtful question, and on it may depend the future conduct of the committee.

Affectionately yours,

W. T. SHERMAN.

SUPPLEMENT TO III.

Inclosure (No. 1).

HEADQUARTERS, DEPARTMENT OF THE
PACIFIC,

BENICIA, June 5th, 1856.

To his Excellency J. NEELY JOHNSON,
Governor of California.*

SIR: I had the honor to receive last evening your communication of the 4th inst. by Colonel E. A. Rowe.

In reply I would remark that, on examination of the laws of Congress, I find that no person has the authority to grant the request therein presented but the President of the United States. In a recent contest in Kansas Territory, somewhat analogous to that which you state exists in the city of San Francisco, on application, I believe, of the governor of the Territory for arms and ammunition to aid in suppressing it, the President refused to grant them.

Under these circumstances I am constrained to decline granting your requisition.

I am, very respectfully,

Your obedient servant,

JOHN E. WOOL, Major-General.

Inclosure (No. 2).

SAN FRANCISCO, June 6, 1856.

GENERAL JOHN E. WOOL, United States Army, Commander Pacific Division, Benicia.

MY DEAR GENERAL: I was surprised beyond measure to hear yesterday from Colonel Rowe, who brought me a copy of Governor Johnson's letter to you of June 4, that you expressed a determination not to risk the issuance of arms to the militia of this State, under the present aspect of things.

After your assent to the Governor's request in my presence to issue such arms as would be required in the present emergency I cannot think that Colonel Rowe could have got the exact meaning of your reply.

Governor Johnson has issued a proclamation and I have issued orders for the enrollment of the militia. And already several companies have reported, and many more are known to be progressing in the work. Now if we cannot count on getting arms and ammunition as a certainty I should know it as soon as possible. I assure you on my honor that I will not call for a musket or a cartridge till I am dead certain that the arming the militia will at once restore authority to its legitimate channels. If the number of men or if the character of the men who offer their services are such as I am not willing to command, I will not receive their service.

But I think, my dear General, I should know at once—to-night if possible—by the Stockton Boat, whether in case I call for arms I can have them.

Your friend and servant,

W. T. SHERMAN,

Major-General, California Militia.

GENERAL SHERMAN'S CARD TO THE PUBLIC
ON RESIGNING HIS COMMISSION.

[The "San Francisco Evening Bulletin" of June 9, 1856, contains in its news columns what appears to be the most of this card, which it apparently does not publish entire. What is given reads: "I think I have already said and done enough to convince all that I am not an advocate of the Vigilance Committee; and whilst I would have contributed my assistance to expel from our midst all rowdies, ballot-box stuffers, and shoulder-strikers, it would only be by the application of some legal mode, which I believe does exist, and not by resorting to the organization of a committee, which in the enforcement of its decrees has been compelled to resist the sworn officers of the law.

"When, however, the Vigilance Committee had become installed in power, and I had received the orders of the Governor to organize the militia to aid the sheriff in the execution of his duty, I did my best to influence and command all good citizens to enroll themselves into companies, promising when a sufficient number were enlisted, provided the necessity still continued, to arm, equip, and muster them into the service of the State. I based my promise of arming the enrolled militia on a verbal assurance, given to Governor Johnson by General Wool, in my presence, to issue from the United States Arsenal, on a proper requisition, such arms and munitions of war as the emergency might call for. It is now no longer a secret that when the written requisition was made, General Wool had changed his mind, and had discovered that he had not the legal power to grant the request.

"I have at all times endeavored to calm the public excitement; I have counseled moderation and forbearance, but I was forced to conclude that these moderate counsels did not coincide with the views of Governor Johnson, and, in justice to him, I felt bound to afford him the opportunity to select some representative here whose ideas were more consonant with his own."

COMMENTS ON III.

THE controversy with Wool about the broken promise of aid continued for a good while. The Executive Documents above cited contain much correspondence bearing on the matter. Wool's position is sufficiently indicated by his letters referred to in a foregoing note.

To explain the warmth of feeling which the subsequent letters of this correspondence will show, it is well to point out, as an added motive from this time on, that the Vigilance newspapers, in the first week in June, contain very violent assaults upon Sherman. His proclamation calling for volunteers was burlesqued in the "Alta." "Bulletin" correspondents called him a "traitor" and his volunteers "mercenary hirelings," and much more of the sort appeared. Side by side with such attacks there are beseeching appeals to him as a man and a friend to come out from amongst such evil associates, and the "Bulletin" congratulates him warmly when he resigns; whilst he cheerily says, in the foregoing letter, that he believes that no man thinks the worse of him after all, yet these things wore on Sherman's patience, and the sense of failure was henceforth present.—EDITOR.]

IV.

BANKING HOUSE OF LUCAS, TURNER & Co.,
SAN FRANCISCO, July 2, 1856.

DEAR TURNER:

The last advices explained the condition of public affairs up to the 20th ult., at which time the Vigilance Committee were in full blast. There was an apparent submission to them

which looked like a perfect calm, but every thinking man knew that at any moment the whole might explode. Sure enough, on Saturday the 21st, occurred one of the most disgraceful scenes that can be imagined. It seems that General Howard, who succeeded me in the management of the military affairs here, was gathering arms and munitions, picking them up wherever they could be found. A small schooner, the *Julia*, had about one hundred and thirty muskets on board, and whilst on her way to the city was intercepted by another small vessel with Vigilance Committee men on board, headed by one Durkee, who took the arms and the three men in charge in custody, and on reaching the city the arms were taken to the fort of the committee, and the three men turned loose; these were named Phillips, Maloney, and McNab. These men went before the United States District Court and filed a complaint against Durkee for a piracy on the waters of the bay, and the committee, finding themselves about to be embroiled with the United States Government, discovered that Maloney was a bad character, a ballot-box stuffer, and accordingly issued their orders for his arrest. This order was placed in the hand of . . . Hopkins, who proceeded to the room of R. P. Ashe, navy agent—brother-in-law of Dr. Moses in your city. He has been a most violent opposer of the Vigilance Committee, and was captain of one of the companies enrolled under my orders.

His room is over Palmer, Cook & Co's bank, and Judge Terry of the Supreme Court was staying with him. Terry too is a most violent opposer of the committee, is the judge whose will was disobeyed, and who has honestly opposed the progress of the committee by all the influence he possesses. When Hopkins reached the room and asked Maloney to go with him, Ashe, Terry, and others present put Hopkins out. He immediately sent word to the committee-rooms for more force to arrest Maloney. Ashe, Terry, and others in the room with Maloney took such weapons as they could get, and started for one of the armories used by one of the State Volunteer Companies, on Jackson street, between Kearny and Dupont. On leaving Palmer, Cook & Co's buildings, they were followed by Hopkins and others, who endeavored to seize Maloney, but Ashe and Terry interposed, and they had nearly reached the armory, when Hopkins seized the gun in Terry's hands, a scuffle ensued, a pistol went off, and Terry, a strong fine-looking man, excited, announced himself a judge of the Supreme Court, commanded the peace, and endeavored to escape from Hopkins, who held his gun with his left hand, and with his right grasped Terry by the hair or neckcloth. Then Terry drew his

knife, showed it to Hopkins, and stabbed him in his left shoulder. Hopkins by this time had Terry's gun, with which he ran down the street, crying he was stabbed (or killed). Maloney, Terry, Ashe, and party thus reached the armory, which is in the third story of a fire-engine house. Then arose such a tumult as I never witnessed. The Vigilance bell pealed forth its wildest clamor, and men ran, calling, "Hang him! hang him!" All kinds of stories flew about that Terry had shot Hopkins dead, and indeed it was hours before the truth was known; all stores were closed; so wild was the tumult that I had the money put in the vault and locked, and commanded all the clerks to stand by. Crowds of people with muskets, and swords, and pistols poured by up Jackson street, and a dense mass of men filled the street from Montgomery to Stockton. Knowing Terry and Ashe to be desperate men, and hearing that about fifteen or twenty of their friends were with them, I took it for granted that blood would be shed; but after some talking they concluded to surrender, and were conducted under strong guard to the Vigilance Committee rooms. At the same time all the armories of the State Volunteers were surrendered, giving up their arms and accoutrements—a regular *coup d'état à la Louis Napoléon*. Thus from that day the State of California ceased to have any power to protect men here in defense of her sovereignty. . . . Since that day nothing has been done in the military way, except by the Vigilance Committee, who have their rooms fortified, and whose companies are marched through the streets at all hours. Some are being uniformed, and some bands of music are now being formed, so it may be they intend to keep up their military power a long time. In the mean time Terry is in the cells of the committee. At first they were disposed to treat him well, allowed his wife to see him, but of late they have changed, and now they permit no one to visit him. I inclose you a slip containing a letter from Mrs. Terry, and I know you will agree with me that this is a case of such cruelty that, without knowing, we could not believe such a thing could be enacted in an American city. For ten days Hopkins has been lying on his bed, with reports coming every hour that he was getting worse and even dying. The newspapers have been inflaming the public mind, and that "Bulletin," the cause of all this civil strife, announces its dictates, which are promptly obeyed. To it Judge Terry is indebted for the cruelty shown him. When it was generally understood that during his confinement he was to have a room and be allowed the company of his wife, the "Bulletin" announced that such would not be the case; and that the editor was *happy* to an-

nounce that Judge Terry would not be treated a bit better than Casey and Cora; that he was confined in the same kind of cell; that he would be tried by the same law; and, if found guilty, suffer the same penalty. It has now been acknowledged that if Hopkins died, Judge Terry would be hung; if Hopkins recovers, then he will be banished. At all events he must be made to resign; but he will not resign, he says; he would rather die than be dishonored. He was imprudent in this matter, for as judge he ought to have kept aloof on the score that the questions involved might come before him as judge. So satisfied was I of this that, when in command here, I requested Johnson to call him to Sacramento, which he did; but when I resigned he came again to the city, and the result is he is in the power of the committee. . . . I hope Hopkins may recover, in which case the committee can do nothing to Terry; but if he die we may have further commotion. I am sick of this whole matter, and I believe the community is fast becoming so, and therefore I will drop the subject, leaving the newspapers to keep you advised of the progress of this singular revolution. I am out of it, and believe that I have lost nothing in public estimation in what I did; at all events it is a lesson I will never forget—to mind my own business in all time to come.

Your friend,

W. T. SHERMAN.

TO HENRY S. TURNER,
ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI.

BANKING HOUSE OF LUCAS, TURNER & Co.,
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., July 7, 1856.

MY DEAR BROTHER: The steamer sails to-day and will bring you news of the same character as the two past. The Vigilance Committee is in full blast, still exercising full control; has Judge Terry in their power, and, had the man Hopkins died, they would have hung him. Now the probabilities are they will send him away. Where the matter is to end I cannot imagine; but I think the community is getting sick and disgusted with their secrecy, their street forts and parades, and mock trials—worse, far worse, than the prompt, rapid executions of a mob or lynch court. Since my resolution I have kept purposely aloof from all parties, either one way or the other. Being in a business where large interests are at stake, I cannot act with that decision that would otherwise suit me. I do not think that there is any necessity for the interference of the Federal authorities, but that before we can hear from Washington the matter will be over and forgotten. . . .

Your affectionate brother,
W. T. SHERMAN.

BANKING HOUSE OF LUCAS, TURNER & Co.,
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., August 3, 1856.

MY DEAR BROTHER:

Here in this country the democratic, common element prevails to such a degree that, as you will have observed, the influence of the Governor, Mayor, and all the executive authority has been utterly disregarded. For three months we have been governed by a self-constituted committee, who have hung four men, banished some twenty others, arrested, imprisoned, and ironed many men, and who now hold a judge of the Supreme Court in their power, the authorities being utterly unable to do anything. . . . There is no doubt we have had a bad administration of law here, and more than a fair share of rowdies; but I think the committee itself no better, and if we are to be governed by the mere opinion of the committee, and not by officers of our own choice, I would prefer at once to have a dictator. The committee is now in a bad fix. The man whom Terry stabbed is well. The Executive Committee of Vigilance are willing to acquit him; but before they can act in such a matter, by their by-laws they must submit the case to a Board of Delegates, composed of three (3) from each of their military companies. This Board of Delegates, of course, want action, and they insist that Terry shall resign his office and go away or be hung. There is a sloop of war here, the *John Adams*, whose commander says that he will intercept any ship that attempts to carry Terry off. So that it will be difficult for them to banish Terry, and it is not impossible that they may yet hang Terry to save themselves the consequences of his return to the bench. If there is not an entire revolution and withdrawal from the Union, then all these acts of violence must come up before our courts on action for civil damage; and it is likely if Terry returns to the bench he will have some feeling against the men who have kept him imprisoned for some two months with daily expectation of death or banishment. We are waiting to hear what President Pierce will do in this matter. I doubt if he will interfere as long as the trouble is local, and as long as those men do not try to bring about an absolute revolution, which I do not think they have yet contemplated. My own opinion is the committee is tired of its position, but finds it difficult to withdraw from the complications in which they are involved.

Affectionately your brother,
W. T. SHERMAN.

[We may close the correspondence with an extract from one later letter, written a short time after Terry's discharge and the final parade.—EDITOR.]

EXTRACT FROM A LETTER OF AUGUST 19.

It is pretty generally acceded to that Terry's friends in the committee had to log-roll and stuff the box in order to save him. I know that some of the most conservative of that committee hurried Terry aboard the *John Adams* at two o'clock at night to save him from

the vengeance of the more rabid faction. The committee yesterday had a grand jubilee, and for the time being are retired from the public gaze, but nobody can doubt that in any case of danger to themselves they will again come on the tapis.

Your affectionate brother,
W. T. SHERMAN.

TOPICS OF THE TIME.

The Christmas Century.

FOR the first time in many years THE CENTURY greets its readers with a regular old-fashioned Christmas number — with a difference. The difference may be felt in the absence of some of the approved conventionalities; but the Christmas quality, we think, will also be felt here and there throughout the number both in illustrations and text — sometimes ostensibly and objectively, sometimes subtly enough.

As one grows older in this world of realities, one begins to stiffen the back against the sentimental. True sentiment is upheld with force and arms against sentimentalism. As one grows older, still, in this world of realities, the back does not always so quickly stiffen even against the sentimental — even against the sentimental Christmas, even against the sentimental Christmas number. The present can hardly be said to be the "sentimental Christmas number"; but if the Christmas reader finds in it, and is pleased to find, a goodly share of the true Christmas sentiment, how well content will be those who shall have — then successfully — gathered together the art and literature of the CHRISTMAS CENTURY!

Charitable Reform of High Public Value.

THE State Charities Aid Association, which has done so much during the last nineteen years to improve the condition of the inmates of poorhouses, almshouses, and other charitable institutions in the State of New York, is engaged in several new movements, all of which are most commendable, and two of which are of such vital importance that we wish to call special attention to them. Surely no time more fit could be chosen in which to speak of the humane work of this Association than the Christmas season.

Let us say at the outset that it is to the organization mentioned that the State owes the passage of the humane and most desirable law transferring the pauper insane from the county poorhouses to the State institutions provided for such patients. This was merely the culminating reform in a long series, beginning in 1872, when the Association was formed, and including such notable achievements as the initiation of tenement-house reform, the establishment of the first working-girls' clubs, and the establishment of municipal lodging-houses, all in New York City, and the establishment of temporary homes in Ulster, Westchester, and Queens counties. It should be borne in mind that the Associ-

ation is a voluntary body, and is supported entirely in its work by voluntary contributions. In other words, it is a body of humane men and women who have voluntarily given their time and energies to the task of making more comfortable the lives of the most helpless of their fellow beings, relying entirely upon the sympathetic aid of other humane men and women to defray the pecuniary expense of their labors.

It is to an association of this high and unselfish character that we call the attention of THE CENTURY'S readers, in the hope that needed assistance may thereby be encouraged from many quarters. The first of the two objects of the Association upon which we wish to dwell especially is the establishment of a State institution for epileptics and their removal from the poorhouses and almshouses. There are at present about five hundred such patients in the county and city institutions, in which there is for them no special medical treatment, little employment, and no training or education. Under such conditions of neglect and idleness the result is almost inevitably to make the victims of the disease permanent paupers. Under skilled medical treatment it cannot be questioned that some of them might be restored to health, and others might be so far benefited that they could be restored to their homes or friends. Many of them, either because of their infirmity or lack of training, have no occupation, and are unfitted to compete with able-bodied laborers in case they are discharged from the almshouses. If they were taught some useful calling while in them, their prospects for making their own way in the world, and leading happy and useful lives, after leaving the institutions would be greatly brightened.

The epileptics are almost the only defective class for whom society has made no especial provision. In an earnest plea for separate asylums for them which Dr. Frederic Peterson, a high authority on nervous and mental diseases, made a few years ago, he said:

The sufferer from epilepsy has been left to shift for himself, often an outcast from his family, usually expelled from the schools, denied industrial employment, shunned to a great extent by his fellows, left to grow up in ignorance and idleness, companionless and friendless, a prey to one of the most dreadful and hopeless of maladies, refused admission to general hospitals, and only at last given refuge in either an almshouse or insane asylum.

He is driven to find shelter in an asylum, not, as a rule, because he is deprived of reason, but because there is no other place for him to go. There are thousands of epileptics in insane asylums to-day who do not belong there, for many will be found among them who are not

insane, and it is an injustice to them, as well as a detriment to the insane, to associate the two classes.

When we take into consideration the fact that a large majority of these unfortunates are gifted with as much intelligence as ordinary human beings, that they are as capable of education, as well adapted for every-day pursuits, quite as able to be self-supporting as most people, the unutterable woes of this class become more apparent. But the conditions under which they may secure their proper mental development and their need of occupation must be such as combine medical supervision with wise industrial teaching and training.

Foreign countries have been far ahead of America in extending kindly and sympathetic aid to these unfortunate fellow creatures. Twenty-five years ago a colony for epileptics was established at Bielefeld, near Hanover, in Germany, by Von Bodelschwingh. "It seemed to its benevolent founder," says Dr. Peterson, "that it was feasible to create a refuge where such sufferers might be cured if curable; where their disease might be ameliorated, their intellectual decay prevented; where they might find a comfortable home if recovery were impossible; where they might develop their mental faculties to the utmost; might acquire trades or engage in any occupation they saw fit to choose; finally, to grow into a community of educated, useful, industrious, prosperous, and contented citizens." These ideas have been completely realized. The colony has expanded until it has over one thousand inhabitants, covers more than three hundred and twenty acres of beautiful woodland and meadow, has over sixty houses and cottages, surrounded by pretty gardens, excellent schools, shops of all kinds for selling and manufacturing the necessities of life—in fact, is a village in all respects like to those of the more fortunate of God's people. Taking this colony as a model, nine others for epileptics have been established in Germany, one in Holland, one in Switzerland, and one in France, all of which are successful. The first of the kind in this country has recently been established in Ohio by the State. Surely New York and other States ought to follow in the good work at the earliest possible day.

The second of the objects to which the Association is bending its energies, and to which we most earnestly beg the attention of our readers, is the enactment of a law which will authorize a better system of commitments to the New York City Workhouse. A bill for this purpose was presented to the legislature last winter, but it did not become a law, though it had the support of all the charitable organizations in the city. The present system could scarcely be worse had it been designed especially to encourage and spread vice and crime. It sends chronic offenders over and over again on short sentences, which are often still further shortened by the committing magistrate in compliance with an order from a single Commissioner of Charities and Corrections. A former matron of the workhouse says of the influence of this system: "The workhouse has been since the first day of opening, and is now, but a place of recruit and a vantage-ground for a perfectly dissolute life. The daily changing element, the ten-day women, keep the links of information open between it and the haunts of vice in the city." The same thing is true of the men. As the Association said in a circular issued on this subject last spring: "It is an outrage against the unfortunate and young in vice that they should be forced into association with the criminal and vicious; it is an outrage against the community that

these old offenders should be allowed to spend their lives vibrating between the workhouse and these places of vice. Instead of being a moral quarantine, the workhouse is a place where contagion is nurtured and from which it is spread."

This is inevitable from the nature of the system. The constant entry and departure of chronic offenders brings about a perpetual changing in the population of the workhouse, which not only prevents all exercise of reformatory influences, but makes moral contamination easy and certain. Classification of a number of men or women who are in for only a few days is impossible. Over one half of all commitments are for ten days or less. A former warden says, with obvious truth, that "for many of the inmates a trip to the Island loses all terrors, and comes to be regarded as a rather pleasant diversion, giving them an opportunity to get thoroughly clean, a needed rest after a prolonged spree, and excellent medical attention." Statistics show that about 4000 persons were arrested, tried, and committed 10,000 times to the workhouse in 1887. As to commitments, the statistics show that about seventy per cent. of the women and forty per cent. of the men each year have been previously committed to the workhouse; 5895 women sentenced to the workhouse during the last six months of 1888 had aggregated since the beginning of the previous year (that is, twenty-four months) 23,126 sentences, an average of four apiece. One woman served twenty-eight sentences in twenty-five months, twenty out of the number being for ten days or less.

This is an outrageous condition of affairs to be found in a civilized community, and when we consider that the system described is in full operation, not in a small community, but in the largest city in the land, the imperative need of the reform becomes manifest. Last year's reform measure proposed a regulation sentence of six months for every case of intoxication, disorderly conduct, or vagrancy, and gave the Commissioners of Charities and Correction power to shorten the term in accordance with the record of the offender. A similar measure will be introduced again this winter, and it ought to be passed without opposition. It ought to be obvious to every intelligent mind that a vice-breeding and vice-spreading institution of this kind in the largest city in the country, a city to which the worst criminals drift as offering the most favorable field for their operations, is not only a disgrace to our Christian civilization but a peril to the well-being of the entire land.

We have selected these two from the list of the reforms proposed by the State Charities Aid Association, not because they were more deserving than the others, but because they seemed best calculated to attract public attention to the invaluable work in the cause of humanity which this excellent organization is doing. It is a work for the helpless and for the victims of criminal associations, and as such it commands very little popular sympathy, most people declining to take any interest in the work of improving the condition of portions of the population who are disagreeable for them to contemplate. For this reason, if for no other, the unselfish efforts of the members of the Association are worthy of the highest praise. There are, we are glad to believe, not lacking in this country, as in others, people who appreciate both the high importance of the work and the noble self-sacrifice of those who are

pushing it forward. We hope that many of our readers, as they contemplate this work, will take to heart the following impressive words, uttered by Bishop Potter at the public meeting of the Association which was held in Chickering Hall last May:

The post of mere observation in connection with charitable reform, if it goes no further, is a very dangerous position. As Bishop Butler, in substance, says, "Passive impressions, constantly repeated, unless they pass over into action, cease at last to touch the conscience or the will." It is a profound truth which no man or woman, in the midst of a Christian civilization like ours, threatened in so many ways, can afford to forget. You and I, my friends, must take the quickened feeling with which we have heard of this heroic work to-night, must be touched and moved by the fine examples of these men and women who, disdaining misapprehension and misrepresentation, without fee or reward, working always and everywhere without that stimulus of the large sympathy, of the more active and emotional sentiment of the community, have held on through all these years with such a fine courage, never losing their faith in the worth of their work, and making that work all the time larger and nobler and more real to every honest man or woman who looked at it.

All persons interested in the objects and work of the association can obtain its documents and other information by addressing Mr. Charles S. Fairchild, treasurer, 21 University Place, New York City.

The "Per Capita" Delusion.

THE *per capita* argument has always been a favorite method for sustaining a demand for cheap money. Such demands invariably arise when times are hard, that is, when money is scarce. The cheap-money advocates, acting on the knowledge that a great many people are wishing that they had more money in their pockets, come forward with the explanation that the real cause of the trouble is the smallness of the monetary circulation, the volume of currency not being adequate for the demands of the business of the country. They point to other countries, like England, Germany, and France, saying that they have a much larger *per capita* circulation than the United States, and claim that everybody in this country would have more money in his pocket if a great addition of some form of cheap money—either irredeemable paper, or depreciated silver, or sub-treasury notes—were made to the currency.

The fundamental defect in the argument is that it confounds small circulation with small distribution. The trouble is not that the circulation is small, but that so many people fail to get much of it. If the circulation were to be doubled, or trebled, or quadrupled, what reason is there for believing that the people who have least at present would have any more? *How would they go to work to get some of the increase into their pockets?* This, as we said many months ago in one of our earlier articles in this cheap-money series, is the crucial question in all schemes for making money cheap and plentiful. How can a man who wants some of it obtain it except he give labor or goods in return for it? If he have labor or goods to sell, does it make any difference to him whether the volume of currency be large or small? Is it not always large enough to furnish payment for what he has to sell? And if he has anything to sell, would not he rather receive his payment in dear money than in cheap money? Was

there ever a man yet who did not desire to be paid for his wares in the soundest and best money obtainable? Who are the men who hope, in some mysterious manner, to get money into their pockets through a great issue of cheap money by the Government? Are they not, almost invariably, men who have nothing to sell in exchange for it?

It is difficult to see why the *per capita* argument should influence any one who thinks about it carefully. When we say that the wealth of the country, if divided equally among all its inhabitants, would be so many dollars *per capita*, nobody is seriously disturbed by the fact. Nobody says that there is not wealth enough in the country. The most usual observation is that it is a pity it cannot be more evenly distributed. But when the statement is made that the circulation is only \$23 *per capita*, many people are inclined to think that this is not enough, and that if we had more everybody would be in more comfortable circumstances. But would everybody get some of the increase in his pocket? If not, what would be the advantage? If the wealth of the country were to be doubled, where would the increase go? The greater part of it would go to the millionaires and other rich people who have most at present, while the people who have least would get little or none of it. So it would be with an increase of circulating medium. If the *per capita* were to be doubled, the ratio of the present division would be maintained. The people who had the most before would get the most of the increase, while those who had none before would get none now. The great want of the people who have none is not an increase in the volume of currency, but the discovery of a new method by which they can get some of the currency already in circulation into their pockets.

Statistics published lately by the Treasury Department demonstrate conclusively the fallacy of the *per capita* argument. These give the *per capita* circulation for each year from 1860 down to the present time, and show that there has been a steady rise from \$17.50 in 1870 to \$23.45 in 1891. If prosperity is determined by *per capita*, this country ought to be vastly better off in 1890-91 than it was in 1870, but, as a matter of fact, 1870 was one of the most prosperous years the country has ever known, while 1890 and 1891 will be known in history as years of almost unequaled financial and industrial depression. All through the years since 1878 we have been swelling the volume of currency by coining silver and gold to the amount of \$945,000,000, and have been issuing many millions more of silver notes and gold notes, till we have now a circulation of over \$1,500,000,000 against only a little more than \$655,000,000 in 1870.

Those persons who were complaining a few months ago, when money was scarce, that even this immense volume of currency was insufficient for the business needs of the country, and that if we had a larger circulation *per capita* there would be no such scarcity, were laboring under a misapprehension. They were confounding contraction of the currency with contraction of credit. Ninety-two per cent. of all the business of the country is done on credit, and only eight per cent. with actual currency. When, therefore, credit is unsettled, as it was by the impending peril of free-silver coinage, which would have lowered the standard of value as well as destroyed its stability, instantly a

serious monetary contraction was felt throughout all the avenues of trade. Instead of the trouble being one which an issue of cheap money would have remedied, it was one which owed its existence entirely to the mere threat of such issue. As soon as the threatened danger was averted, the stringency disappeared, and there has been no complaint heard since about a scarcity of money, either for "moving the crops" or for anything else.

Suppose now that free coinage of silver were to be authorized, what would be the effect upon the circulation? It is estimated that \$12,000,000 would be the extreme amount that it could add to the circulation. If the increase of nearly a billion since 1870 has not helped us, would twelve millions do it? And if we were to have free coinage, into whose pockets would the increase go? Not into those of the people, but into those of the men who sold the silver to the Government at a price greater than it would be worth as money after being coined. Those men would not put it into the pockets of the people, but would add it to their own wealth, and the only benefit the people would derive would be the opportunity to pay off their debts in a cheaper money than that in which they were incurred, provided they were able to get some of it in return for labor or goods.

Per capita arguments from foreign countries are all misleading. Nobody can tell what the per capita circulation of Germany, France, and England is, because those countries have a metallic circulation of large and unknown volume, with no small bank-notes like ours. The systems in all these countries are so different from ours that intelligible comparison is out of the question.

If size of per capita circulation determines prosperity, how does it happen that the Argentine Republic, with a per capita of over one hundred dollars, is in such financial, commercial, and industrial collapse? How did it happen that repeated additions to its volume of currency did not check its downward march to ruin?

The delusion behind the per capita argument is the same one that is behind all cheap-money panaceas. It is a belief, not always clearly defined, that a large issue of money by the Government will carry with it in some mysterious way an instrumentality for getting some of that money into the pockets of the people without the people giving anything in return for it. It is based on the idea that the Government can *create* money, and is a perfectly logical deduction from that idea, for if the Government can create money, there is no reason why it should not distribute it freely among the people. In fact, if the Government can create money, and by its own edict maintain it in circulation as good as any other money, *why should the Government levy taxes?* This question has been asked before, but we have never seen or heard an answer to it. If the Government can take 75 cents' worth of silver, and by declaring it to be a dollar make it worth 100 cents, why should it not do the same with 50 cents' worth, or 10 cents' worth, or with a piece of paper? And having done this, having by its fiat made a piece of paper worth a dollar, why, we ask again, should it not abolish taxation and support itself with the money of its own creation? If it were to do that it would give us a per capita circulation greater than any the world has yet seen.

The World's Columbian Exhibition.

THE World's Fair at Chicago in 1893, in commemoration of the discovery of America by Columbus, has long since passed the experimental and critical stage of its development. Ample assurance is now given that it will be not only one of the most comprehensive and complete international exhibitions ever organized, but will surpass all predecessors in the architectural beauty and extent of its buildings and the natural charm of its location. It will be an exhibition worthy of the United States and of the closing years of the nineteenth century.

It is not our purpose in this article to enter into a detailed description of the proposed buildings and their surroundings, but to give in as concise a manner as possible a statement of what has been accomplished in the work of organization up to the present time. Our desire is to show the readers of *THE CENTURY* that the country is going to have an exhibition which, instead of being local, or Western, or national, will be international in the largest sense of the term, and will be a demonstration of the country's first century of development that will be viewed with just pride by every American. Not only will the nations of the Old World take part in it, but eighteen sister republics and various colonies of the New World which Columbus discovered will be represented. Nearly or quite all of these have officially accepted invitations to send exhibits. A large number of them will have buildings of their own, many having already given notification to that effect.

The amount of money which is likely to be expended will be far in excess of what has hitherto been used in any similar display, and will help, perhaps better than detailed description, to convey an idea of the magnitude of the exhibition. Chicago is to provide \$10,000,000. It is believed by the managers that the other parts of the country will contribute for their State and Territorial displays at least \$5,000,000. The nations of the Old World, it is believed, will expend a grand total of at least \$10,000,000. Japan alone has appropriated \$500,000, and Germany \$250,000. The Central and South American republics and colonies, with Canada, will expend several millions more, and the grand total which will go into the exhibition from all the participants is placed by the managers at nearly or quite \$40,000,000. The Local Directory and the National Commission estimate the amount to be expended upon buildings and surroundings, under their immediate control, at \$18,000,000. This is more than double the amount expended for the same purposes at Philadelphia in 1876, and more than three times that at Paris in 1889.

No exhibition that has ever been held has had a site of such great natural attractiveness as that which has been selected in Chicago, and when it shall have been occupied by its buildings and its natural advantages developed to meet the demands of the occasion, we think it can safely be said that it will be the most superb setting ever given to such a purpose. The space is far larger than that of other exhibitions, comprising about 1000 acres, with a frontage of two miles on Lake Michigan. The Philadelphia exhibition grounds comprised 236 acres, and those of Paris 173. The buildings will be grouped upon the lake front, and flowing between them will be a system of canals and lagoons, from 100 to 300 feet in width, which will add greatly

to the picturesque appearance of the exhibition. This system will connect the small lakes already in Jackson Park, which forms the site, with Lake Michigan, and over this waterway, which will be a circuit of three miles in length, many bridges will be thrown. It will flow around a wooded island twenty or thirty acres in size, and down to its edges will slope broad grassy terraces leading from the principal buildings. The canals will connect with Lake Michigan at two points. At the southern point of the site, where the great main building is to stand, upon a jutting strip of land which runs 1200 feet into the lake, piers will be constructed, at which passengers can be landed from the steamers. Within the lines of these piers will be formed a wide harbor in which pleasure-boats of all descriptions and nationalities, used for carrying passengers about in the canals from one building to another, can lie.

There will be no fewer than twelve great buildings, all designed by American architects of high rank, and exceeding in beauty as well as in extent anything of the kind ever seen in this country. The estimated cost of these, with their names, is given in the following table:

Administration	\$450,000
Manufactures	1,000,000
Agriculture	540,000
Machinery Hall	1,200,000
Electricity	375,000
Mines and Mining	250,000
Transportation	280,000
Horticulture	300,000
Fish and Fisheries	200,000
Woman's Building	120,000
Casino and Pier	150,000
Art Palace	500,000

Work on these buildings is already well under way, and by the time the new year arrives several of them will be under roof. The prevailing style of architecture is Italian Renaissance. In addition to wood, iron, and glass, there will be used in the construction of some of the buildings a kind of cement, or concrete, which will give an appearance of solidity, as well as a beauty of outline and color, quite unprecedented in structures of this kind.

Every effort will be made to secure in all departments of the exhibition the best expert service and the most complete displays possible. Especially it is believed that the electrical, art, and woman's departments will surpass all previous manifestations. All these will have magnificent buildings, and their displays will be in charge of people who have the highest qualifications for their work.

The time has more than come when all parts of the country should join hands to help the managers of the Fair, who have shown such energy and intelligence in its organization, to carry the enterprise to the full success which it merits. Those States, including New York, which have been backward in making their appropriations for exhibits, should not delay a moment after their legislatures meet in January to take action in the matter.

Chicago has shown that she possesses the public spirit necessary to give the Fair the widest international character and dignity, and we are confident that other parts of the country will not be found lacking in the same patriotic quality.

OPEN LETTERS.

John Boyle O'Reilly as a Poet of Humanity.

WHILE it is an excellent thing to apply our most exacting standards even to those writers, painters, architects, or sculptors of our time who are accomplishing what we believe to be the best work of their period or place, we ought to be quite as careful to perceive their special merit clearly and to give it cordial praise. On the same principle, when we find a strong, uncommon mind expressing itself perhaps with many imperfections, yet with singular force and sincerity, and with bursts of something akin to inspiration, it is wise to hold severe technical judgment in abeyance for a moment, in order to extract by sympathetic appreciation the largest measure of sterling value. In the first case, admitting a genius of commanding power and skill which easily makes malleable gold of its material, we may perhaps demand that he should have wrought it into still better form. In the second case we are examining the rough quartz, and our main business then is to appraise at its full worth the precious metal, only traces of which glitter in sight. John Boyle O'Reilly, regarded as a poet, must perhaps come under the quartz category, for much of his verse was written in haste and with a partial crudity due to the conditions. But there were occasions when, by the assay of strong emotion,

combined with his fine intellectual energy and the glow of a shaping imagination, he was able to separate the more valuable substance from its rock-bed in abundant purity.

As an artist in verse he too often fell short; yet the very marked increase of dexterity and delicacy in some of his later pieces demonstrated how well fitted he was by nature to rise to the higher plane of expression. His influence as a writer and as a man was very wide, not only among classes usually little affected by artistic literature, but also among many cultivated, refined, and sensitive minds. Yet his following was largely personal; and there is some danger that his influence, on this account, may pass quickly, or never be felt by those who did not know what he was. It is not of the artist in him, nor of his personality, that I wish here to speak particularly. It is rather the great, human, altruistic principle and sentiment for which he stood,—his impassioned conviction of human brotherhood, his desire to spread generous, unselfish maxims and ideals of manly, magnanimous thought and conduct,—which ought to be emphasized. For although there was not the slightest obscurity in what he wrote, literary people and the general public seem to be somewhat impervious to the fine, warm, noble spirit to which he so eloquently gave voice, often in such ringing music.

Quite early, in his first volume, he admitted that :

From soul to soul the shortest line
At best will bended be :
The ship that holds the straightest course
Still sails the convex sea.

But he persisted in enforcing the principle that if, at best, men find it hard in the nature of things to deal directly, and to understand each other fully, all the more reason is there for maintaining the highest standards, fostering the most humane, the tenderest, and most patient sympathies.

Steer straight as the wind will allow ; but be ready
To veer just a point to let travelers pass :
Each sees his own star — a stiff course is too steady
When this one to meeting goes, that one to mass.

In writing of the clash of two Irish brigades — one Federal, the other Confederate — "At Fredericksburg," he announced, praising both equally :

Who loveth the flag is a man and a brother,
No matter what birth or what race or what creed.

And, in "Resurgite," he said :

Earth for the people — their laws their own —
An equal race for all :
Though shattered and few, who to this are true
Shall flourish, the more they fall.

One of the most striking of his earlier pieces was "The Trial of the Gods," based on the episode of the Roman Senate voting to dethrone Jupiter in favor of Christ ; and after describing that episode, he applied the moral to present times, when, although we still give victims to Mars, and sacrifice to Venus, and honor Mercury, and Bacchus is not dead, still

We know the Truth ; but falsehood
With our lives is so inwove —
Our Senates vote down Jesus
As old Rome degraded Jove !

Such plain speaking as this is by no means always welcome. But if the reproaches, the appeals, and the warnings constantly uttered from our pulpits to counteract the evils of existing civilization be justified ; if the efforts of thinkers, scholars, humanitarians to evolve higher and more unselfish forms of social action be warranted — then O'Reilly's earnest sarcasms and trenchant condemnations may be not merely pardoned, but also heeded. To him Christ was real, and should be realized to-day by the complete embodiment in society and law of those great and tender principles which, nominally accepted, have not been truly carried out. Later, he returned to this theme in "Prometheus — Christ," exclaiming :

O dumb Darkness, why
Have always men, with loving hearts themselves,
Made devils of their gods ?

And then he says :

Christ walks with us to hourly crucifixion.

Justice ? The selfish only can succeed :
Success means power — did Christ mean it so ?

Mercy ? Behold it in the reeking slums
That grow like cancers from the palace wall.

But he finds hope in the truth that between us and the Darkness stand two forms, each "crowned eternally." One, wearing flowers and tender leaves, is Nature, smiling benignly ;

and the other One,
With sadly pitying eyes, is crowned with thorns.
O Nature, and O Christ, for men to love
And seek and live by — Thine the dual reign,
The health and hope and happiness of men !

Him we must follow to the great Commune,
Reading his book of nature, growing wise
As planet-men, who own the earth, and pass.
Him we must follow till foul cant and caste
Die like disease, and Mankind, freed at last,
Tramples the complex life and laws and limits
That stand between all living things and Freedom !

There is a touch here of Shelley's enthusiasm for actual universal freedom ; but it is a Shelley devout, religious, well balanced. Doubtless it was very shocking to some readers that O'Reilly should cry out, in his powerful poem, "The City Streets," —

Take heed of your Progress ! Its feet have trod on the souls it
slew with its own pollutions ;
Submission is good ; but the order of God may flame the torch of
the revolutions !
Take heed, for your Juggernaut pushes hard : God holds the doom
that its day completes ;
It will dawn like a fire, when the track is barred by a barricade in
the city streets.

And it could be no less painful to them to hear his arraignment of existing social wrongs and errors in "From the Earth, a Cry," where he wound up with,

God purifies slowly by peace, but urgently by fire.

But it should be remembered that when O'Reilly speaks of the "order of God" flaming revolution, he means the underlying harmony, the abiding and far-reaching law, which adjust things often by sudden and violent force.

I know well, from my talks with him, that no man deprecated more than he did riotous disturbance and upheaval for the correcting of wrongs. Others know as well that in a certain Irish convention at Philadelphia he more than any other was the active factor in fettering and crushing the "dynamite" party. And in "The Word and the Deed," he expressed his philosophy thus :

The Word is great, and no Deed is greater,
When both are of God, to follow or lead ;
But, alas, for the truth when the Word comes later,
With questioned steps, to sustain the Deed.
Not the noblest acts can be true solutions ;
The soul must be sated before the eye,
Else the passionate glory of revolutions
Shall pass like the flames that flash and die.
But forever the gain when the heart's convictions,
Rooted in nature, the masses lead :
The cries of rebellion are benedictions
When the Word has flowered in a perfect Deed.

Elsewhere he wrote :

Sorrow, next joy, is what we ought to pray for,
And, next to peace, we profit most from pain.

So, too, in "The Statues in the Block" (a remarkable piece of strong and polished blank verse, handled with fine skill, yet alive with deep reflection and exquisite feeling), he presented in another way the theory of unselfishness :

True love shall trust, and selfish love must die,
For trust is peace, and self is full of pain.
Arise, and heal thy brother's grief ; his tears
Shall wash thy love, and it will live again.

The moral which he instilled into the individual he prescribed also for the whole race. His teaching was that every one must be gentle, just, generous.

Hunger goes sleeplessly
Thinking of food ;
Evil lies painfully
Yearning for good.
Life is a confluence :
Nature must move,
Like the heart of a poet,
Toward beauty and love.

But now and again the revolt against things which are not as they ought to be and the fierce spirit of appalled prophecy would take hold upon him and move him strongly, and at such times he launched terrible words of admonition or spoke more mildly as a dispassionate seer of

The People's strength, the deep alluring dream
Of truths that seethe below the truths that seem.

At other moments he took the sagacious, practical view, reminding us tersely that

Like a sawyer's work is life:
The present makes the flaw,
And the only field for strife
Is the inch before the saw.

In epigram, indeed, he excelled, and I wish it were possible to quote here some of his diamond-pointed sayings. But throughout all his moods, whether those of the lyrist pure and simple, caroling joyously; the prophet and philosopher; the wit; or the enthusiast for real human advancement, he upheld unflinchingly the ensign of idealism, as in "The Cry of The Dreamer."

I am tired of planning and toiling
In the crowded hives of men;
Heart-weary of building and spoiling,
And spoiling and building again.
And I long for the dear old river
Where I dreamed my youth away;
For a dreamer lives forever,
And a toiler dies in a day.

Yet in his poem on the "Pilgrim Fathers," delivered at the dedication of the monument to the founders of New England at Plymouth, he spoke of them as

Dreamers who work — adventurers who pray!

He believed in having the dreamer work, after all. But he likewise believed that labor must be futile unless inspired by great and lofty idealism. His own life had been full of adventure, but he had learned that adventure was useless without prayer and a purpose. The breadth of Boyle O'Reilly's thought and the sincerity of his aim are evidenced in this poem. It was not one of his best, speaking technically, but it contained lines which will probably live after us. For example:

They had no model; but they left us one.

And, again, these:

No deathless pile has grown from intellect.
Immortal things have God for architect,
And men are but the granite he lays down.

O'Reilly's brighter side, his wit and fancy, his rude and stirring or picturesque presentation of Australian themes, cannot be touched upon here. But it has seemed worth while to point out the vital element of splendid humanity in many of his poems—the sterling democracy and fervor of liberty, tempered by far-sighted wisdom and true gentleness, that inspired him. It is seldom that we get in our poetry, nowadays, anything so genuine, so outspoken, and, above all, so true to the supremacy of idealism.

George Parsons Lathrop.

The New England Kitchen.

IN one of the most thickly populated parts of Boston there is a corner store over the door of which one reads, "New England Kitchen." On entering the place a novel sight is found. Two long, narrow, high

tables, placed at right angles, answer for a counter over which food is sold. Within the inclosure made by these tables are placed a desk and a chair for the accommodation of the lady who has charge of the work done here. Along the walls there are shelves on which are placed glass jars and cooking-utensils. Farther down the room the lower shelves give place to tables, sink, boiler, etc. On the opposite side of the room some large windows and a door take about half the wall space. By the blank space are set two large steam-kettles for making soup, and a steamer for cooking vegetables. In the middle of the room there is a large gas-table on which boiling can be done. On one end of this table is a large flat vessel, partly filled with hot water, in which stew-pans filled with soup and chowder are placed to be kept hot. Large tables stand near the steam-kettles and the sink. At the upper end of the store, near the windows and doors, are two large Aladdin ovens. In other parts of the room are placed small cooking-apparatus, the fuel for which is either gas or oil; but these are not often used now. The whole room is flooded with light from the three windows and the two doors.

On descending a short flight of stairs there is found a basement of the same size as the upper room. Here there are three large Aladdin ovens in which beef stock is cooked, the two in the upper room being used for pressed and spiced meats, puddings, etc. All the meats are cut up in this room. The steam-boiler is placed here.

It was about eleven o'clock in the morning when I visited the kitchen. Said the young lady in charge: "The next two hours are the most interesting in the day. Will you sit here and watch the people come and go, or do you wish to ask me questions?"

As I wished to do both, we chatted while the work went on. Four persons were busily engaged in filling cans and pails with chowder and soup, wrapping them in some non-conducting material, and placing them in boxes or in fiber pails. These soups were to be delivered. The question of the economical delivery of the soups has not yet been settled, but that will come in time.

"We have to plan all sorts of ways to get the food hot to its destination," said the attendant. "You see those muff-boxes? They are for the teachers in the high and normal schools. Small cans are wrapped in non-conducting fiber and placed in these boxes. Of course the boxes wear out quickly, and have to be replaced, making their use expensive. Those large cans go to manufacturing establishments where women are employed, to some of the dry-goods stores, clubs, etc."

"Do you keep a man to deliver the food?" I asked. "Our man does the greater part of it, but he could not do it all. There is a junkman across the way who delivers the school orders. Ah! here are my errand-girls. These two little girls take small orders from twelve to two o'clock. Some people are willing to pay five cents extra to have their lunches delivered, so the little girls take these small orders. Sometimes they have only one order, and sometimes four or five apiece. They each earn about eighty cents a week, which means a great deal to such poor children. It is wonderful how they improve in dress and general appearance when they have been doing the work for a few

months. They are honest and prompt in bringing back the money for the articles delivered."

Between eleven and one o'clock men, women, and children of all sorts and conditions come and go. A well-dressed gentleman takes a quart jar from his hand-bag, and has it filled. Is it for himself, or is he a doctor who is taking this nutritious and savory beef-broth to a patient? A feeble old man brings in his pail to be filled. Dainty-looking young women, who perhaps are workers in shops, or teachers, or possibly students who provide their own meals, take away in their shopping-bags soups, stews, chowders, pressed beef, and health bread. Little children, black and white, come with their pails, plates, bowls, and pitchers. Old and middle-aged women appear, some apparently prosperous, and others with the stamp of poverty and hard work fixed upon them. All the people are a most interesting study. The perfect cleanliness, the gracious manner in which customers are served, the quiet, order, neatness, and despatch with which the vast amount of work is done, are marvelous.

The reader may ask, What are the origin and aim of this New England kitchen? Is this a charity or a money-making enterprise? It is not exactly either; its object is to cultivate a taste for good, nutritious food, scientifically prepared from the cheaper food-materials. It started in the following manner. In 1888 Mr. Henry Lomb of Rochester, New York, offered two prizes, \$500 and \$200, for the best essays on practical sanitary and economic cooking. Seventy essays were submitted, but only one met all the conditions. This was entitled "The Five Food Principles, Illustrated by Practical Receipts."

Mrs. Ellen H. Richards of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, a member of the committee, had been interested for many years in the scientific selection and preparation of food. It seemed to her that if such a wide-spread publication of the conditions and rewards for essays on the selection and preparation of simple foods brought such poor returns, there was great need of some work to develop the knowledge and practice of scientific cookery. This undertaking was not a light one, and many things were necessary for the success of such an experiment—costly apparatus for laboratory and kitchen experiments; a woman with a taste for, and a practical knowledge of, cooking; a scientific training; the money to defray the expense of the project.

At this point Mrs. Richards thought of the author of the prize essay, Mrs. Mary Hinman Abel. Mrs. Abel is a college graduate who had spent five years in Germany with her husband, Doctor, now Professor, Abel of Michigan University. She had absorbed enough of the scientific spirit to flavor the work. Mrs. Richards met her in New York, and found that she would give six months to the work. At the end of that time she must join her husband.

As soon as Mrs. Abel's services were secured friends of the cause pledged the financial aid. The next thing was to find the proper place in which to start the work. The store at the corner of Pleasant and Winchester streets, Boston, was leased, and for six months Mrs. Abel and Miss Bertha Estey, her valued assistant, devoted themselves to the work of developing dishes and getting the kitchen into working order. This work was so admirably done that there has been no change

in the methods, although the work has been much enlarged and is still growing.

During the first six months there were perfected six standard dishes which stood the test of daily sale. They were nutritious, palatable, easily made and served, and suited to the popular taste. Others were soon added. Besides the many experiments made at the kitchen, analyses of some of the dishes were made daily or weekly at the Institute of Technology. These prices were fixed upon for the various articles: beef broth, 18 cents a quart; beef stew, vegetable, potato, and tomato soups, 12 cents; pea soup, 10 cents; fish, clam, and corn chowders, 16 cents; evaporated milk, 7 cents a half pint; pressed beef and spiced meat, 16 cents a pound; cracked wheat, oatmeal mush, corn mush, boiled white hominy, and boiled yellow hominy, 5 cents; hash, 8 cents; rice pudding, 12 cents a quart; Indian pudding, 15 cents; health bread, small loaves, 5 cents each; white bread, 5 cents a loaf.

Mrs. Abel's report covered the first six months of the work, a period which was largely experimental. When she joined her husband, her place was taken by Miss Wentworth, a cultivated young woman, graduated from Vassar College in 1879, and later a student at the Institute of Technology. The work grew to such an extent that the steam-kettles and gas-table became a necessity. The beef-broth is still cooked in the Aladdin oven, but the soups that require to be brought to the boiling temperature are made in the steam-kettles. The methods and standard of the work are kept as Mrs. Abel left them. From ninety to one hundred quarts of soup are sent out every day, and from seventy to one hundred and fifteen quarts are sold over the counter.

A particularly interesting fact came to light in the course of the conversation the day I visited the kitchen. Miss Wentworth said that on holidays and Saturdays the sale is very light, showing that the children of the greater part of the poor people are in the habit of doing much of the housework when out of school, and therefore at such times there is no need of going to the kitchen. On Mondays, too, the sales are light, a part of the Sunday dinner serving for the midday meal on Monday.

To the hard-working woman and her family the New England Kitchen is an inestimable blessing. Here on her busiest days she can get nutritious and savory food nearly as cheap as she could prepare it herself, even if she knew how. A branch of the kitchen has been established in another tenement-house region at the North End of the city. It is hoped that many such branches may be planted in various places.

But Boston is not the only city that is to be benefited by this work. Mr. Havemeyer has pledged six thousand dollars to Professor Eggleston for the establishment of a kitchen in New York. A superintendent has been engaged, and it is thought that the work will begin before the end of this year. A kitchen has just been opened in Providence, Rhode Island, and there is talk of establishing one in Buffalo, New York, as well as in several other places in various parts of the country.

I believe that the scope of the kitchens should be much larger; that, beside soups, it should be possible to prepare and sell the cheaper cuts of meat in the form of braises, and some combinations of meats and

vegetables which require long cooking, and therefore are out of the reach of the woman who must work outside of her home many days in the week. The managers of the New England Kitchen do not feel that they have reached a point where the work can go on without any addition or improvement; on the contrary, they are still experimenting slowly and carefully, and no doubt before many years pass they will have solved one of the greatest problems of the age—how the masses may be economically and well fed. When the people who to-day depend for two thirds or more of their food upon bakers' bread, pies, cake, and doughnuts, with tea or beer as a drink, are educated up to the point where they choose soups, well-cooked cereals, and good milk instead, there will be a great gain in their physical and moral condition. It is not that this country lacks the raw materials with which all the people could be well fed, but the material is ruined in the cooking. One has only to spend a little time in a few of our large institutions to see that immense quantities of food are spoiled in the unscientific methods of cooking. I think the New England Kitchen will do for good cooking what the Fleischmanns have done in the last fifteen years in this country for good bread. When they started the Vienna Bakery at the Centennial Exposition in Philadelphia they set the right example of bread-making. People acquired a taste for good bread, and demanded it, and they have been getting a better article every year. This will be the case with the people as they acquire a taste for savory, nutritious foods scientifically cooked.

Maria Parloa.

Parks and Playgrounds for Children.

THE New York Society for Parks and Playgrounds for Children was incorporated on November 18, 1890. Mr. Abram S. Hewitt is the President. Its purpose is to provide healthful recreation for the 500,000 boys and girls in this metropolis, and thereby help to counteract in New York the physical and moral degeneration which follows the crowding together of people in great cities. The movement began in an effort to open Rutgers Slip for the children of the Seventh Ward. In this division of the city are 75,000 people, most of them living in tenements, and there is not in the ward a foot of ground where children may play without interference by the police. Rutgers Slip is an open plot of ground 320 by 174 feet. For twenty years it has been covered with rubbish, and until a young man, walking summer before last through the overcrowded East Side in search of sites for possible parks, happened upon it, nobody seems to have thought of the place except as a potter's field for broken-down wagons and decrepit tinware. Through the efforts of the new society Rutgers Slip has been set aside for playground purposes by the city authorities, and the Park Board is now devising plans for improvement.

Meanwhile several ladies secured from the Astor estate permission to fit up as a playground a plot 50 by 100 feet in West Fiftieth street, near the North River. This is the first public playground in New York. At the time it was laid out Boston had 19 playgrounds, exclusive of the Common, and London had 365. New York has 5157 acres of parks for grown-up persons and

children on dress-parade. It had then no spot belonging to the children.

In 1887 the legislature of the State of New York, at the request of Mayor Abram S. Hewitt, passed the "Small Parks" Act, permitting New York city to expend a million dollars yearly in acquiring land and laying out small parks in the crowded districts. The provisions of this law are not being carried out as rapidly as the promoters of the project desire, and one object of the society is to induce city officials to purchase land for new parks to the extent permitted by the statute.

In August of last year a meeting was held to advocate turning the "Old Ball Ground" and "The Green" in the southwest corner of Central Park into a public playground. This meeting started a general movement which found expression in public meetings in halls and the open air, and in parades of workmen. At a meeting of the Park Commissioners held September 24, 1890, the matter was referred to Superintendent of Parks Samuel Parsons, and to the landscape-gardener, Mr. C. Vaux. These gentlemen, with Chief Engineer Kellogg, reported that the scheme was entirely feasible. They recommended the erection, at a cost of \$50,000, of a combined playhouse and bridge over the driveway which separates the two meadows, and the expenditure of \$25,000 in providing means for outdoor sports. The issue is still undecided.

On January 8 was opened the first public playground of the new society. William R. Stewart secured from the Rhinelander estate the indefinite free lease of a plot of ground 200 feet square and extending from 91st to 92d street in Second Avenue. This plot has been graded at a cost of \$1000 and inclosed by a high board fence. Two young enthusiasts have been placed in charge, and the playground has been fitted up with swings, wheelbarrows, shovels, toy wagons, and saw boards for small children. For the older boys games like foot-ball and "pull-away" are organized, and races and other athletic exercises encouraged. The most popular diversion is a parade with drums, banners, and American flags. The first parade ended in a riot, in which one of the well-meaning but unappreciated organizers was pelted with stones; but the boys have now learned the practical value of discipline, and the parades are successful.

Individual life in New York is so active that friendships between old and young, which are common and helpful in the country, are almost unknown. Parental influence is also very slight, and this condition obtains not only among the working masses but among the pleasure-seeking classes. Children are isolated in New York. Those of the poor are constantly subject to the contaminating influences of the street without the tonic of a healthy home life. The tendency of modern living is not toward the home, but toward the street, the saloon, the school, the lecture-hall, the restaurant, the reading-room, the night classes, the vices of the dark—toward everything and every place that means aggregation. The children live in a state of imperialism while in the school-room, and lapse at once into a state of anarchy when they leave. To them law and discipline are tyranny and disobedience is freedom. The Society for Parks and Playgrounds believes that the easiest way to teach children ethics is by object-lessons, and it proposes adding a course in democracy to the

lessons in autocracy and anarchy which children imbibed in the schools and streets. The society intends to furnish not only playgrounds but organizers of games. It purposes to find instructors who will join with the children in their sports, teach them the economy of organization, and demonstrate that the happiness of the individual depends upon the harmony of his relations with his associates. All this must be taught by example and not by lecture, and tact, patience, and enthusiasm are necessary in the teacher. The society believes, however, that the result in bodily health and mental discipline will repay the effort.

Briefly stated, then, the objects of the New York Society for Parks and Playgrounds are these:

To furnish eventually, for all boys and girls, at pub-

lic expense, the playgrounds which not even wealthy parents now provide for their children.

To invoke immediately private liberality in furnishing temporary playgrounds which shall be models for municipal imitation.

To secure, in public parks, plots specially devoted to children's recreation.

To obtain the coöperation of labor-unions and political organizations.

Similar societies should be formed in all large cities. The smaller towns and villages should set apart large open spaces for the children now while land is cheap. The physical welfare of the children means the happiness of future humanity; and this deserves one thought even in the rush and whirl of modern business.

Walter Vrooman.



IN LIGHTER VEIN.

Understood.

I LOVED a maiden once as well
As she was passing fair,
And that is more, the truth to tell,
Than now to love I'd care;
And she would let me kiss her hand
When I'd been very good—
That is, if I would "understand."
At length I understood.

I asked her for her photograph
To light my lonely room;
She laughed a merry little laugh,
But left me to my gloom;
For that was such a "strange" demand
She did not think she could—
Because I might not "understand."
And then I understood.

I wooed her in the morning, noon,
And afternoon, and night,
I would have fetched the very moon
And stars for her delight;
She said my love was truly grand,
And that some day she would—
And hoped that I would "understand."
How well I understood!

At last I took by force of arms
The kisses she denied;
Her dimples were her chiefest charms,
And so she never cried,
But faltered as with nimble hand
She rearranged her snood,
"I knew you would n't understand!"
But I had understood.

William Bang McVickar.

Smithy Song.

WHEN I am half a-dreaming,
And only half asleep;
When daylight's grayest gleaming
'Gins through the blinds to peep,
Oh, then I hear the dingling
Of the smithy hammers ringing,
Ching ching, ching ching,
Ching ching, ching ching.

At eve when I'm returning
From labors of the day,
Their forges yet are burning,
And still their hammers play;
And oft the smiths are singing
To that measured, merry ringing,
Ching ching, ching ching,
Ching ching, ching ching.

Often with rhythmic bending
Of bodies to and fro,
They toil in couples, sending
The sparks out, blow on blow;
One hammer always swinging
The while the other 's ringing,
Ching ching, ching ching,
Ching ching, ching ching.

O merry anvils sounding
All day till set of sun!
It is by steady pounding
That noblest tasks are done.
By sturdy blows and swinging
That keep the world a-ringing,
Ching ching, ching ching,
Ching ching, ching ching.

George Horton.

Jack Frost.

THY pencil lend me, Jack,
And with it, pray,
Thy cunning etcher's knack.
I too would play
The artist on my lady's window-pane;
So shall she deign
To read my verses pricked in sparkling ice,
With quaint device
Of wreathed fern and frond and feathered grass.

But stay, alas!
My burning fingers mar thy tempered tool;
Thy heart is cool,
And doth not spoil thy knack.
Here, take thy pencil, Jack!

Esther B. Tiffany.

The Blue and the Gray.

HER eyes were blue and his eyes were gray.
Gray challenged Blue, and Blue entered the fray.
Hitherto Gray had fought for the rights of his state;
To fight for the union at last was his fate.

R. W. P. Noble.

The Little Tunker Bonnet.

A MAIDEN came driving a sleek black mare
Into the town, into the town;
And the light wind lifted her raven hair
In innocent ringlets hanging down
To the neck of her fleecy, lead-colored gown,
From under the puckered, silken crown
Of her little Tunker bonnet.

She 'd a red-rose lip and an eye of brown,
And dimples rare, and dimples rare;
But the lassies laughed as she rode in town,
For the graceful gown that she wore with care
Had never a flounce upon it,
And they made remarks on her rustic air,
And wondered what country hulk would dare
Make love to that "queer old bonnet."

O merry town girls, you do not know,
Acres are wide, acres are wide;
And wheat- and corn-fields lying a-row
Are the Tunker's wealth and the Tunker's pride;
And the farm and the houses on it,
The cow for milk, and the horse to ride,
Are gift and dower for the bonny bride
That wearth the Tunker bonnet.

But the merchant beau in the dry-goods store
Welcomed her in, welcomed her in;
And the sweet little face with smiles ran o'er
As the cunning purse of crocodile skin,
With the clicking clasp upon it,
She drew at each purchase, and from within
Coaxed arguments that were there to win
Sure grace for the Tunker bonnet.

Then she mounted her buggy and drove away
Through meadows sweet, through meadows sweet,
Where her graybeard father raked the hay
By the Tunker church where the turnpikes meet
The church with no steeple on it.
Said the merchant, musing, "Her style is neat.
I 'll join the Tunkers, raise beard and wheat,
And win that little bonnet."

Benjamin S. Parker.

A Paradox.

If white be "all the colors combined,"
And black their "absence" be,
Then are n't the whites the colored folks,
The blacks from color free?

Lydia C. Heckman.

Friends Only.

A REPLY TO "NEIGHBORS," BY E. T. W. DUKE, JR., IN THE
CENTURY FOR JUNE, 1889.

My name is Helen; so far you are right.
My eyes are neither blue nor dark as night,
As in your "notes and queries" you suggest,
And optics black and blue I quite detest.
Believe me, I 'm no pugilistic miss,
To warrant a suggestion dark as this.

My form, you ask—large, medium, or petite?
Well, over five, and under seven feet.
And then you ask me where I live? How queer!
But since you wish to know, I live—right here.
So we *are* neighbors, but please understand
You need not follow the divine command.

Your query as to hose I must rebuke;
I scarce expected it from you—a Duke!
I 'm but a modest lass, and think it shocking
To ask the color of a lady's stocking.
My song is sung to please the editors
Primarily, and then my creditors.

Don't speak of hope deferred, for this I ask it—
It calls up memories of that awful basket.
Now I 'll interrogate. Please let me know
If you at times affect a "cameo."
I know not why I ask you this, and yet
Your name suggests to me a cigarette.

If so it be I 'm sorry that I spoke;
We 'll let our friendship end—like them—in
smoke.
Not friendship, though; that name too sacred be
For those who meet once in a CENTURY.
As you suggest, we met by chance alone,
So I 'll remain, at least to you, unknown.

So you 're a married man! So much the worse.
Your wife, not I, should animate your verse.
You should not waste on me your thoughts—
and ink.
Whatever would her Grace the Duchess think!
I hope they sent the check; your grief 't will
smother,
For 't is n't Helen writes this, it 's her brother!

F. H. Curtiss.

Embarrassing to a Modest Man.

IN misery most deep am I immersed;
I 'm saturated so with Shakspeare's wine,
I really cannot tell—and hence am cursed—
Which thoughts are gentle Will's, and which are mine.

John Kendrick Bangs.

IN LIGHTER VEIN.

Christmas Day.

(Uncle Seth *loquitur*)

A GOOD old-fashioned Chris'mas, with the logs upon the hearth,
The table filled with feasters, an' the room a-roar 'ith mirth,
With the stockin's crammed to bu'stin', an' the medders piled 'ith snow —
A good *old-fashioned* Chris'mas like we had so long ago!

Now *that's* the thing I 'd like to see ag'in afore I die,
But Chris'mas in the city here — it's different, oh my!
With the crowded hustle-bustle of the slushy, noisy street,
An' the scowl upon the faces of the strangers that you meet.

Oh, there 's *buyin'*, plenty of it, of a lot o' gorgeous toys;
An' it takes a mint o' money to please modern girls and boys.
Why, I mind the time a jack-knife an' a toffy-lump for *me*
Made my little heart an' stockin' jus' chock-full o' Chris'mas glee.

An' there 's *feastin'*. Think o' feedin' with these stuck-up city folk!
Why, ye have to speak in whispers, an' ye dar's n't crack a joke.
Then remember how the tables looked all crowded with your *kin*,
When you could n't hear a whistle blow across the merry din!

You see I 'm so old-fashioned-like I don't care much for style,
An' to eat your Chris'mas banquets here I would n't go a mile;
I 'd rather have, like Solomon, a good yarb-dinner set
With *real* old friends than turkle soup with all the nob's you 'd get.

There 's my next-door neighbor Gurley — fancy how his brows 'u'd lift
If I 'd holler, "Merry Chris'mas! Caught, old fellow, Chris'mas gift!"
Lordy-Lord, I 'd like to try it! Guess he'd nearly have a fit.
Hang this city stiffness, anyways, I can't get used to it.

Then your heart it kept a-swellin' till it nearly bu'st your side,
An' by night your jaws were achin' with your smile four inches wide,
An' your enemy, the wo'st one, you 'd just grab his hand, an' say:
"Mebbe *both* of us was wrong, John. Come, let's shake. It 's Chris'mas Day!"

Mighty little Chris'mas spirit seems to dwell 'tween city walls,
Where each snowflake brings a soot-flake for a brother as it falls;
Mighty little Chris'mas spirit! An' I 'm pinin', don't you know,
For a good *old-fashioned* Chris'mas like we had so long ago.

Alice Williams Brotherton.

To a Southern Girl.

HER eyes
Would match the Southern skies
When Southern skies are bluest;
Her heart
Will always take its part
Where Southern hearts are truest.

Bright pearls,
The gems of Southern girls,
Her winning smile discloses;
Her cheeks,
When admiration speaks,
Wear only Southern roses.

Her voice,
By nature and by choice,
E'en those who know her slightest
Will find
As soft as Southern wind
When Southern winds are lightest.

Her laugh,
As light as wine or chaff,
Breaks clear, at witty sallies,
As brooks
Run bubbling through the nooks
Of all her Southern valleys.

Such youth,
With all its charms, forsooth,—
Alas, too well I know it! —
Will claim
A song of love and fame,
Sung by some Southern poet.
But she,
In future years, maybe,
These verses may discover,
Sometime
May read this little rime
Sung by a Northern lover.

James G. Burnett.

A Christmas Toast.

HERE 's a round to thee, Dan Chaucer,
At the festal Christmas time.
Pledge me, poets — to the master
Of our gentle art of rime.
To the eldest of our brothers,
To the honor of his name,
To the sweetness of his spirit,
To the glory of his fame;
To that voice whose music echoes
All the centuries along,
Prophesying art triumphant
In eternity of song.

John H. Boner.





DRAWN FROM LIFE BY A. J. GOODMAN.

ENGRAVED BY T. JOHNSON.

CHARLES FRANÇOIS GOUNOD.

